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APRIL
1935

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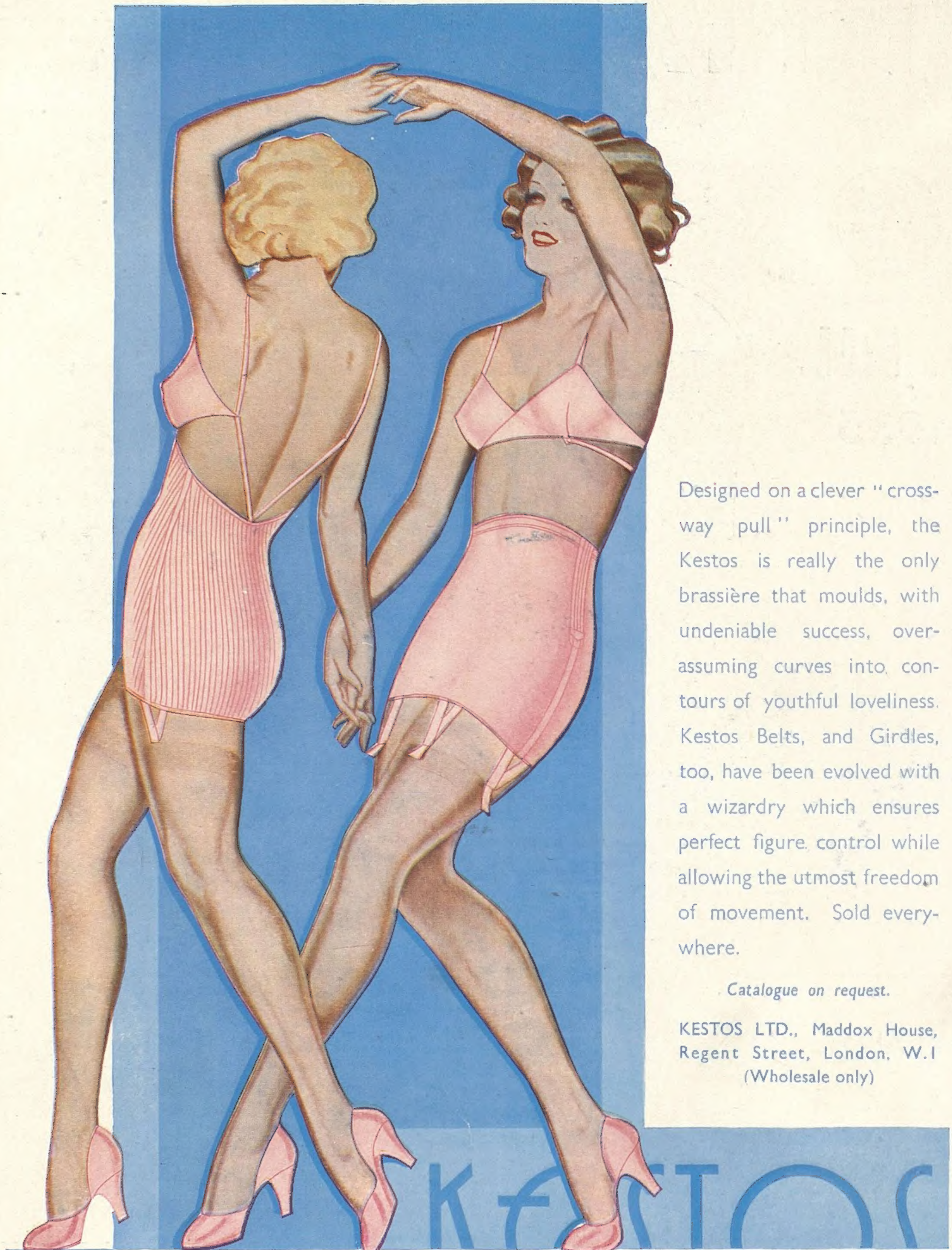

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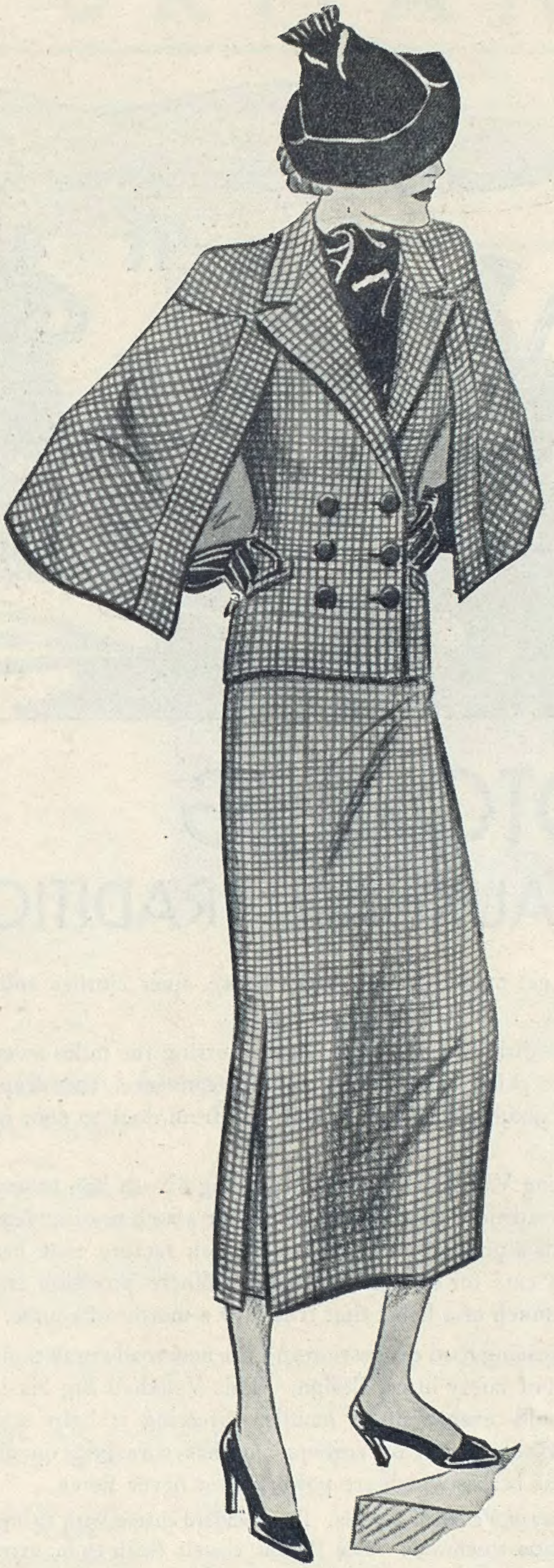

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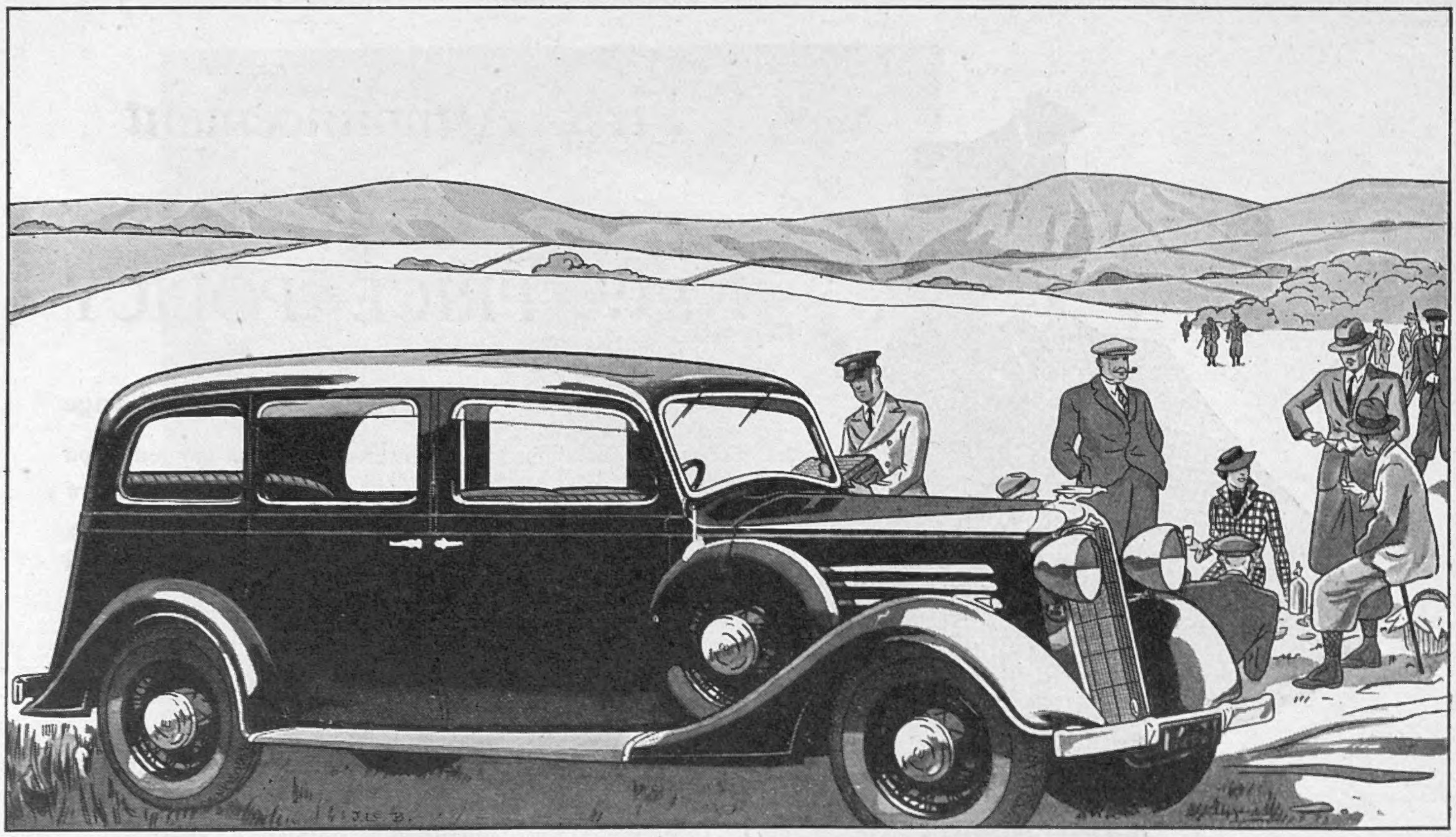

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 10, No. 4. APRIL, 1935

Contents

Cover Design

by *Angrave*

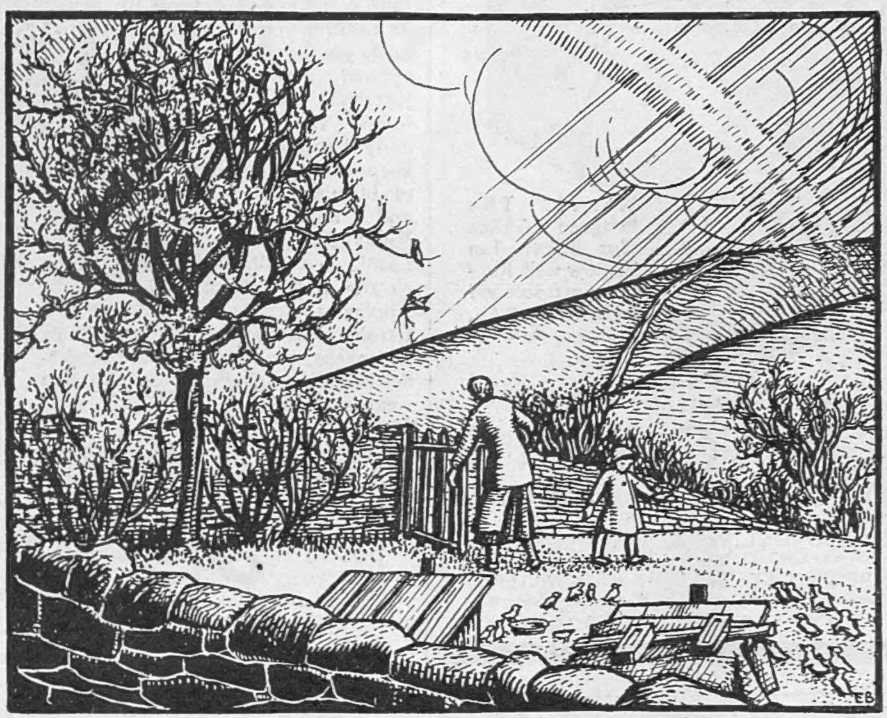
Articles

Pink Dynamite: by *Peter Forrest* Illustrated by *Batt* 14, 15 and 142
Bringing Home the Gas: by *Trevor Allen* 16, 17 and 125
An Odyssey of Sport: No. 2. By *Ben Bennison* 22, 33 and 86
Old Tales Re-Told: Benvenuto Cellini, Fanatic of Honour: Written and illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 44-49 and 108

Home Section

Health and Beauty: by *Chrysis*

Spring in the Blood . . . 38
The Way to Smooth Legs . 39
I'll Tell You All I Know . . 42, 43 by *Mary Young*
What I Have Bought this Month 56
Look with the Camera at Some New Ideas in Furniture . 61
A Day in the Life of a House-Proud Woman: by *Audrey Hughes* . . 62, 63 and 106
The Artist in the Home . . . 64
Wear this Smart Jumper in Washing Cotton: by *Bonella* . . . . 65 and 108
Other People's Houses: Loxborough Manor, The Home of W. Clayton Russon . . 66, 67



April, by Enid Butcher

Stories

Spies in Jericho: by *F. Britten Austin* Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier* 8–13 and 130
Re-Union in Hollywood: by *Laurence Kirk* Illustrated by *Hailstone* 18–21 and 90
Yellow Streak: by *B. L. Jacot* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 24–27 and 120
Frightened Lady: by *Stenson Cooke* Illustrated by *D. Lloyd Wynne* 28, 29 and 110
White Rabbits: by *Hannen Swaffer* Illustrated by *Clive Upton* 30, 31 and 124
Landmarks: by *Marjorie Bowen* Illustrated by *Jack M. Faulks* 32–37 and 114
The Red-Headed Wench: by *Richard Keverne* Illustrated by *Gilbert Wilkinson* 52–55 and 96

Home Section
(*continued*)

Left-Overs into Triumphs 68 and 106
Plan for a Party by *A. H. Adair* 69 and 106
If Your Child is Naughty: Written and photographed by "*Lisa*" 72 and 94
A Page of Kitchen News, Especially for Housewives 77

Fashions

We Choose for You 40, 41
Paris Fashion News by *Jean Burnup* 57–59 and 118
Country Life 60
Making it Easy to Dressmake at Home 70–71

General

Editorial: How Times *do* Change. No. 4: Furniture . . 7
Books: Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer* 50, 51 and 118

Motoring Section: Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan*

Some Don'ts for the New Motorist 79
An Attractive Small Sports Car 81 and 84
A Successful New Lanchester 83 and 84
Ranee's Character Delineations from Handwriting . . 88

Photogravure Section

21–24, 45–48 and 57–64

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 152. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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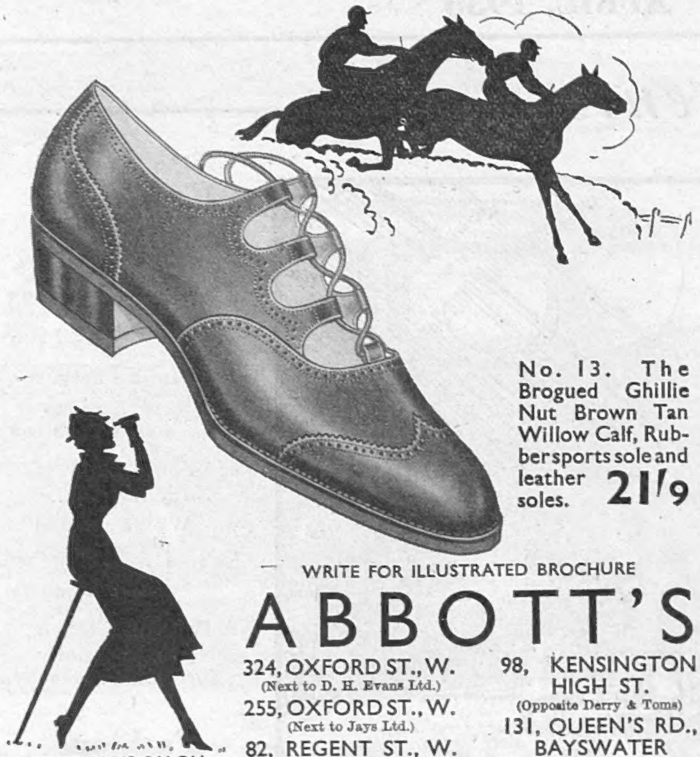

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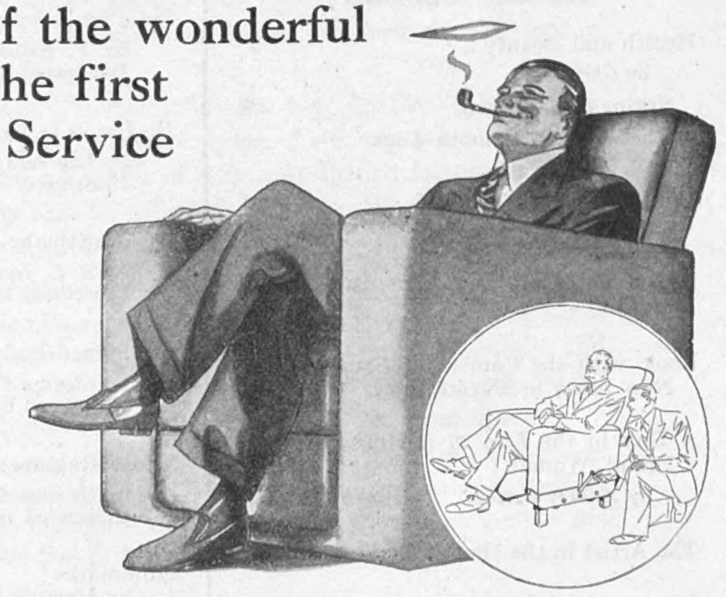

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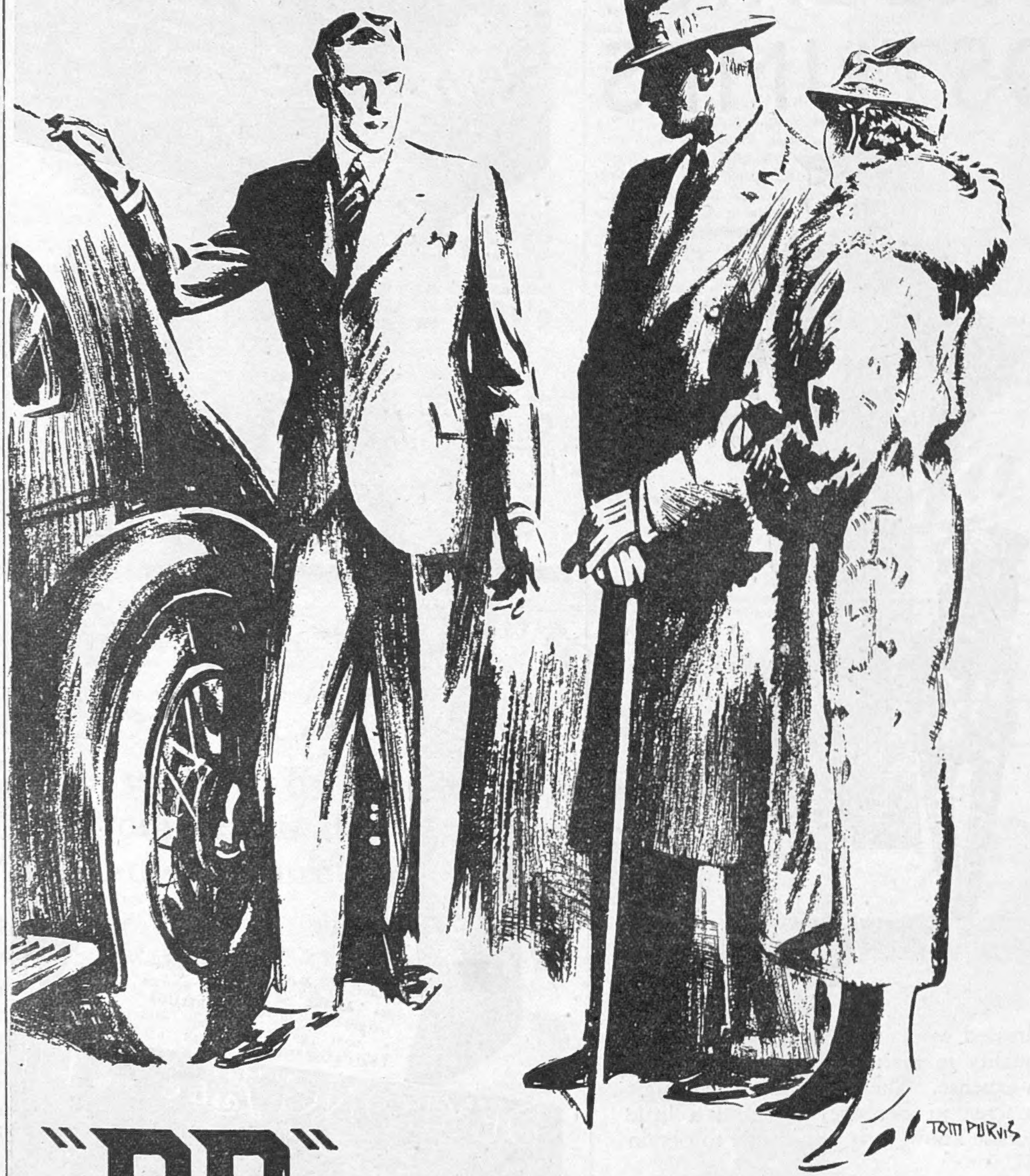

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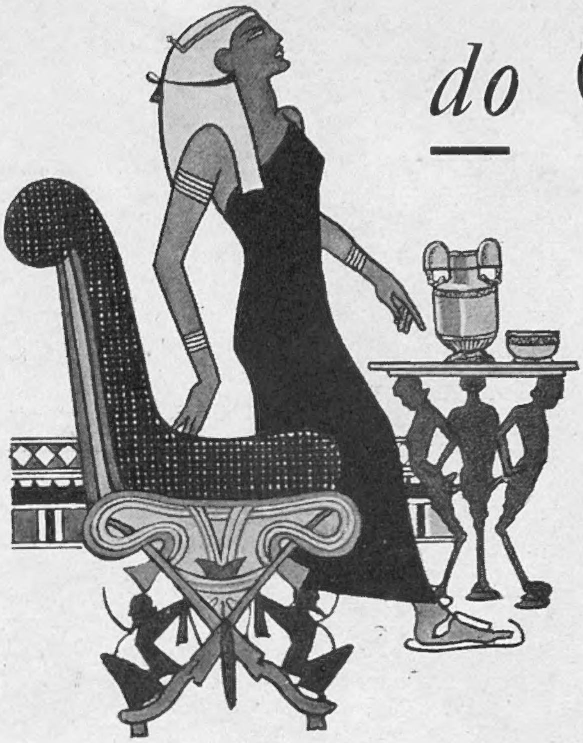
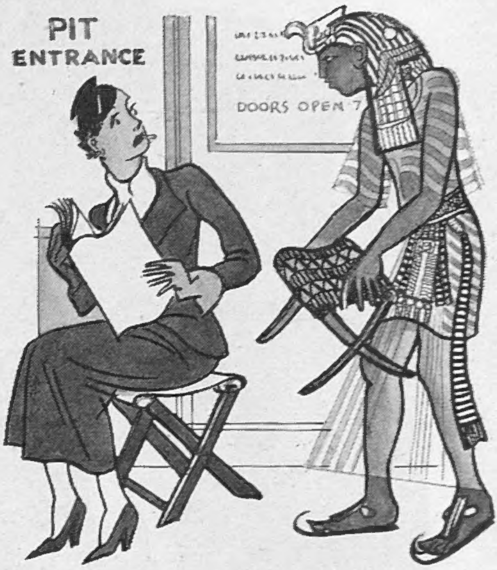
How Times do Change

No. 4:

Furniture

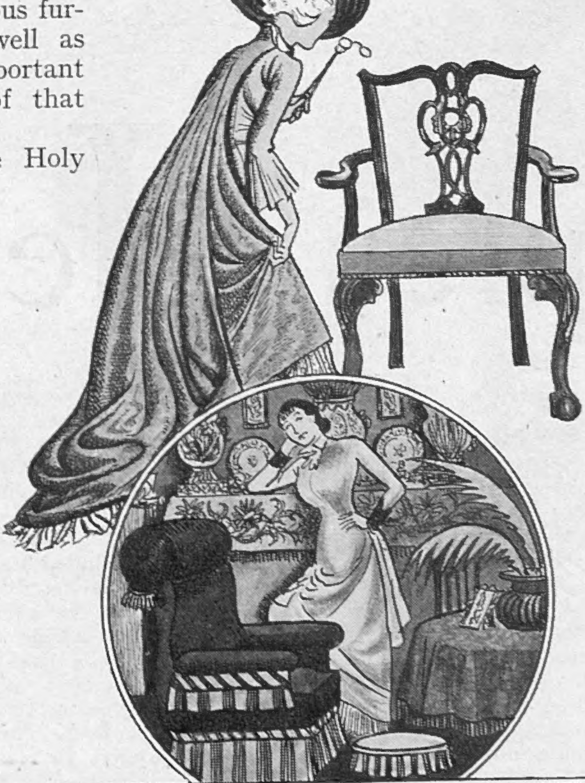




If one comes to think of it, furniture has been one of the essentials of civilisation from time immemorial. The ancient Egyptians, for instance, appreciated comfortable and even luxurious furniture, and decoration as well as utility was considered important by the skilled craftsmen of that time.

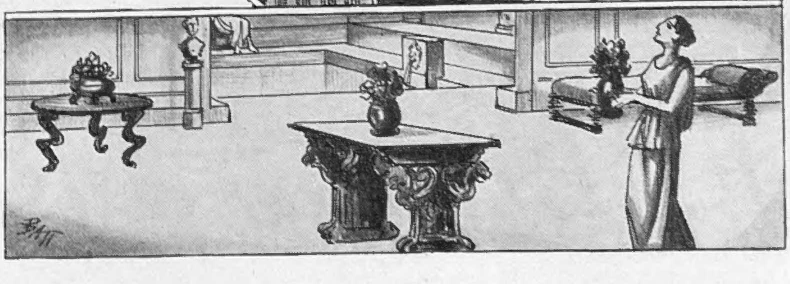
There is mention in the Holy Bible that in 895 B.C., when Elisha visited the Shunamite, "a bed, a table, a stool and a candlestick" were set for him, almost suggesting also that reading in bed is no modern habit. Indeed, throughout the ages the design of furniture has hardly changed at all, for examination of the shape of an Assyrian chair or couch dating from 860 B.C. shows that both bear a close resemblance in their main features to a chair or couch of the reign of King George the Fifth, while even the camp stools which one sees reserved for pit patrons outside London theatres can be matched in design by the ancient Egyptian exhibits in the British Museum.

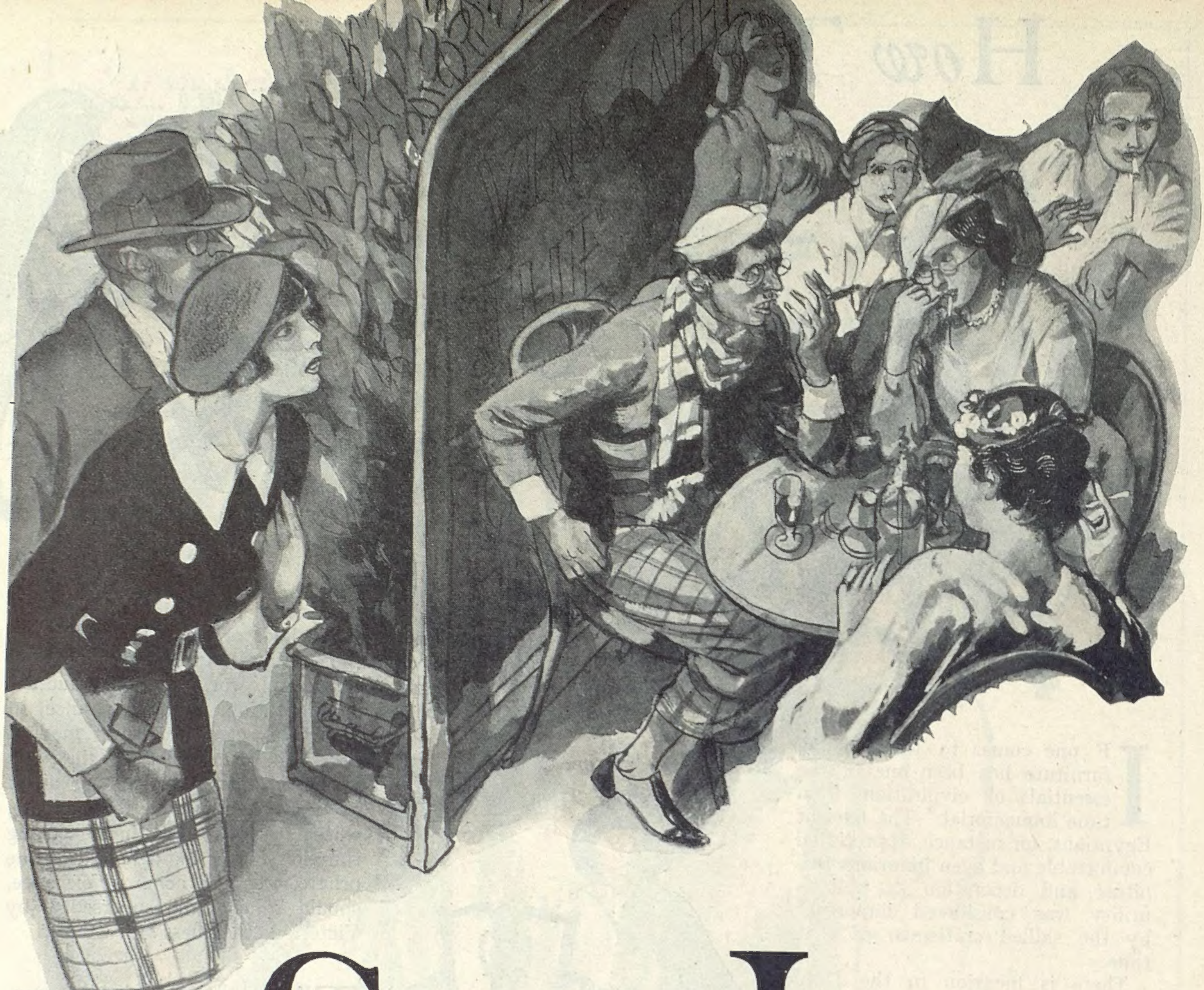
But though form throughout the ages remains, in essentials, the same, yet decorations and details in design have differed enormously, and it may be more than a coincidence that the influence of one school or craftsman may become entirely superseded before it is considered worthy of reproduction or adaptation. As an instance, to come to comparatively modern times, is it not strange that the influence of so supreme an artist in our country as Chippendale, whose work, whether seeking simplicity or indulging in the ornate, was the acme of elegance, should so soon be superseded by Victorian stodginess?



This stodginess, in its turn, gave way to the æsthetic period, which hardly lasted long enough to make much permanent change in the design or decoration of furniture except, perhaps, to inculcate a love for Japanese art; while, coming to 1935, the biggest change seems to be the threat to wooden furniture, thanks to the advent of chromium.

But whether made of wood or metal, the greatest change in taste lies in another direction. Forty years ago rooms were crowded to excess with furniture; to-day the less the furniture the more attractive the room is considered and, just to show that there is little new under the sun, it may be pointed out that this effect of generous space was a feature of ancient Roman houses in 20 B.C.!



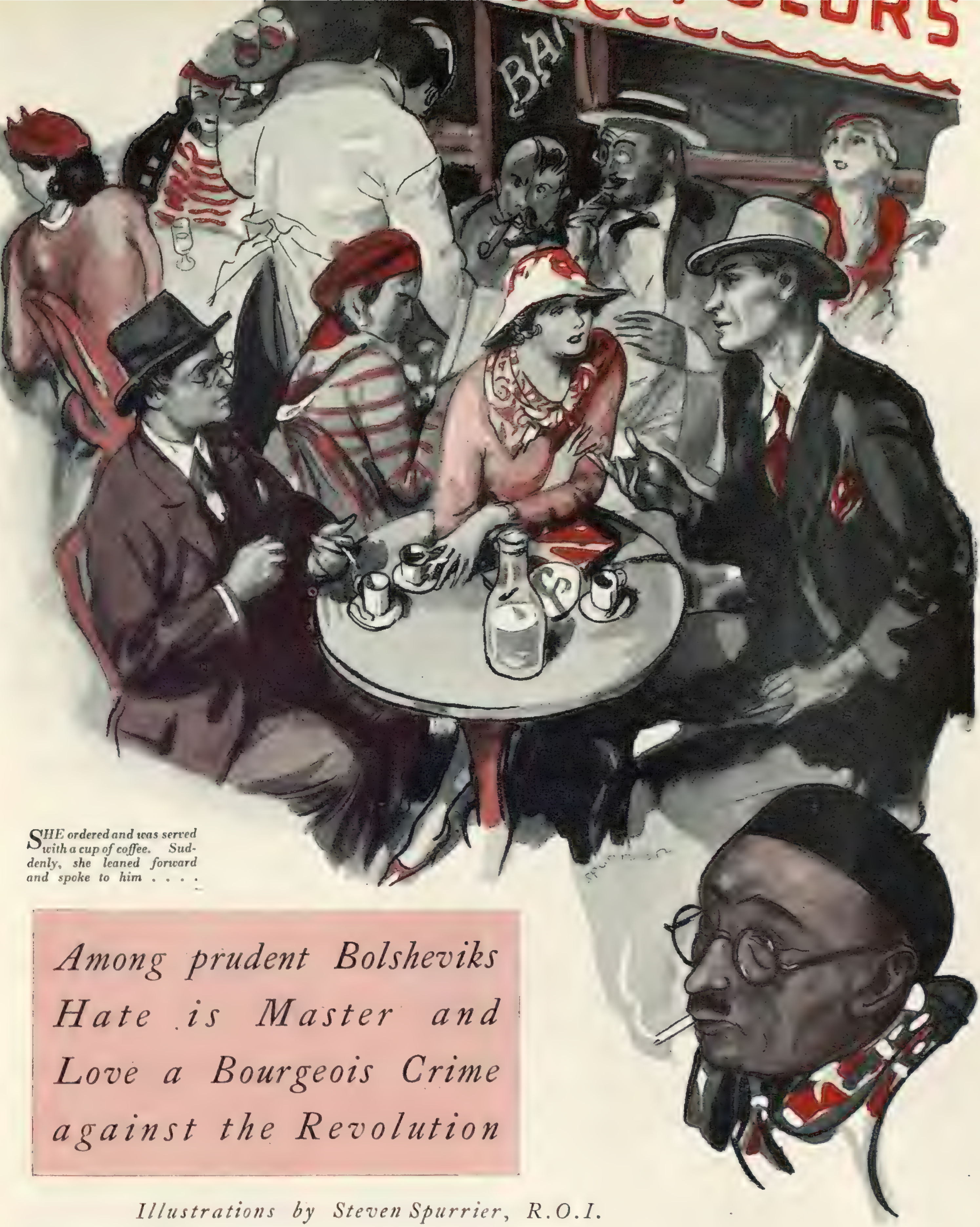


Spies *in* Jericho

THEY had changed from the Russian broad-gauge train at the frontier-station of Negoreloj. The unfamiliarly narrow international express had passed under the flag-decked triumphal gateway of the Soviet Union, had passed through No Man's Land, with its barriers of barbed wire, had stopped at the Polish frontier-station, had rolled on again. To Comrade Ivan (familiarly Vania = Johnny) Andreievitch Migunov, staring out of the train-window, it seemed that he was abruptly on another planet; precisely identical with that of Russia, though, was the flat dreary landscape. This was the mysterious outside world into which no non-official Soviet citizen might go, the enemy capitalistic world surrounding the Republic of the Proletariat with its unquenchable hatred, the world which one day the Red hosts of the Sickle and Hammer would surely conquer, emancipating its myriad slaves. Comrade Migunov submerged a twinge of vague apprehension under a conscientious hostility. Peasants grouped on wayside stations laughed foolishly as the train went by. What had they to laugh about? In Russia, people rarely laughed. Life was too serious. There were all sorts of great tasks to achieve—the Second Five Year Plan, for instance. These frivolous slaves of capitalism had no conception of them. It was strange, after the uniform drabness of the Russian masses, to see these brightly coloured costumes; they reminded him of a performance at the theatre, devoid of genuine reality. Illogically, he resented them.

He glanced across the compartment to his new friend Ilia Mikhailovitch, also staring fascinatedly out of the window. Like himself, Comrade Ilia Samoilenko was being sent to a subordinate employment in the Soviet Embassy in Paris, was for the first time seeing a non-Russian world. What was Ilia thinking? From their first meeting, only a few days back, he had surrendered to an enormous admiration for Ilia Mikhailovitch, a year older than himself—twenty-four against his twenty-three. Not only was there something attractively audacious in Comrade Ilia's handsome freckled face, but he was easily the most intellectual Party-man Vania had ever met.

By F. Britten Austin



SHE ordered and was served with a cup of coffee. Suddenly, she leaned forward and spoke to him . . . .

Among prudent Bolsheviks Hate is Master and Love a Bourgeois Crime against the Revolution

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

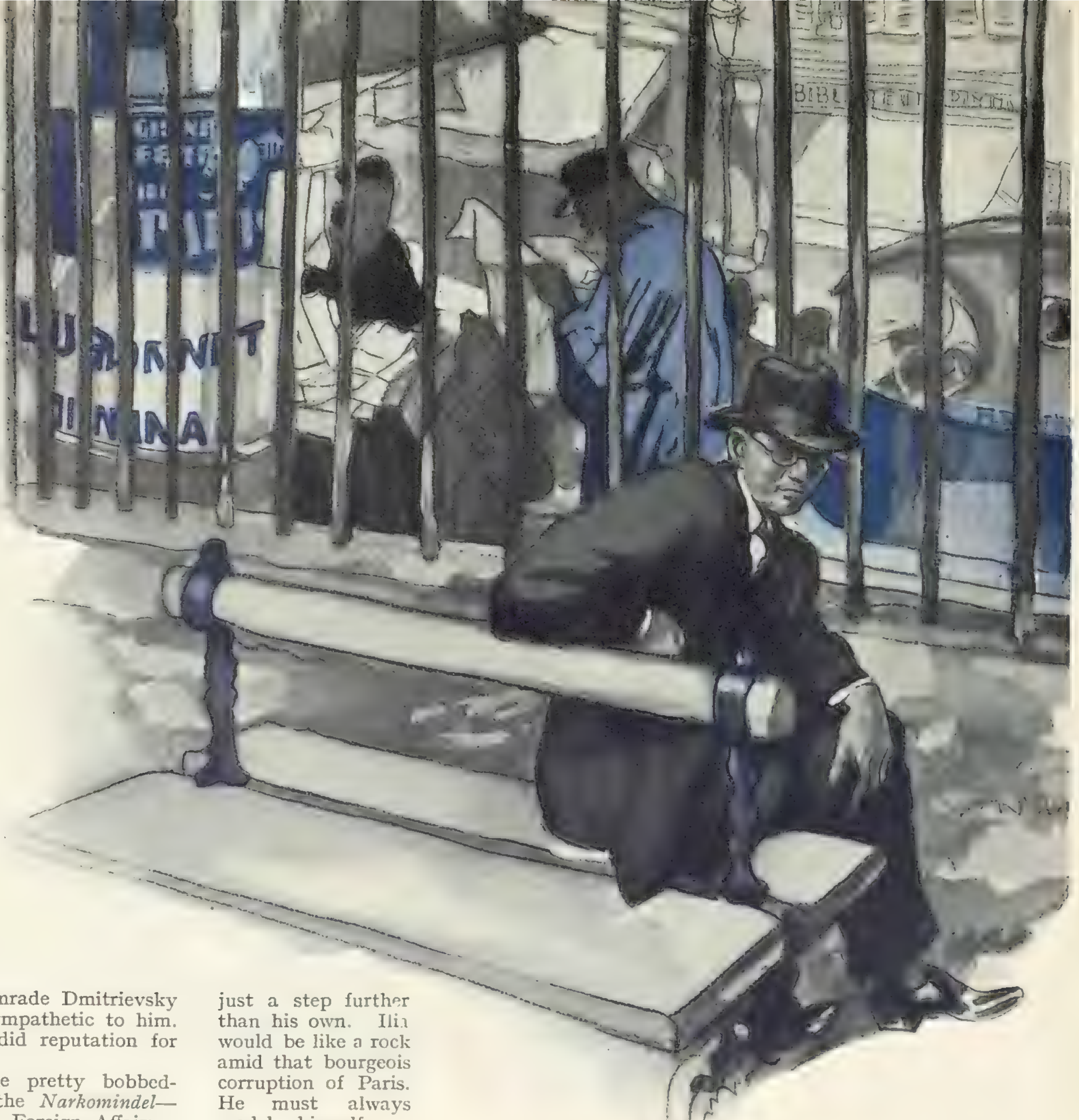
He had an answer for everything, a formula that made every difficulty as clear as day. At the University he had written a paper which completely demolished the counter-revolutionary ideology of the traitor Trotsky. Vania was a good Party-man himself, of course, knowing almost all Lenin's writings by heart. The revolutionary ideal, to which he had been dedicated since his days as a boy Pioneer, burned passionately in him, the sole thinkable purpose of his life. But he felt himself like a child beside Ilia Mikhailovitch, who would surely be a People's Commissar one day. Ilia turned and gave him a friendly smile.

" What do you think of it, Ilia ? " he asked.

Ilia pursed his lips in a gesture of scorn.

" One day we'll show them ! "

Comrade Dmitrievsky, in a third corner of the compartment, plump and amiable, smiled in agreement. Dmitrievsky was about thirty, one of the secretaries of the Paris Embassy. People had whispered that he was G.P.U. It was quite likely. Comrade Migunov accepted the G.P.U. as a normality. Entirely



FROM the bench he watched them as they stood together, Ilia's head bent down to her, his face impassive

apart from that, Comrade Dmitrievsky was indefinably unsympathetic to him. But he had a splendid reputation for efficiency.

Comrade Olga, the pretty bobbed-haired typist from the *Narkomindel*—the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs—who was also going to Paris for the first time, looked up from rouging her lips and sent a swift smile to Ilia. The knee-high shortness of her skirt, universal in Soviet Russia, where textiles were always scarce, had looked suddenly odd in comparison with those of the bourgeois Polish ladies who had boarded the train at Stolpce, but it revealed attractive, shapely legs. From the beginning of their journey, Comrade Vania had considered the possibility of making love to her. Now, as he intercepted that smile, he resigned himself. It was only natural that she should prefer Ilia.

" I wonder what Paris will be like ? " she said.

Ilia was still scornful.

" A hotbed of bourgeois corruption we'll sweep away one day."

Comrade Vania ventured a remark.

" All that world is obsolete. It can't touch us who belong to the new world of the future. D'you remember what Lenin said about 'the heritage we renounce.' "

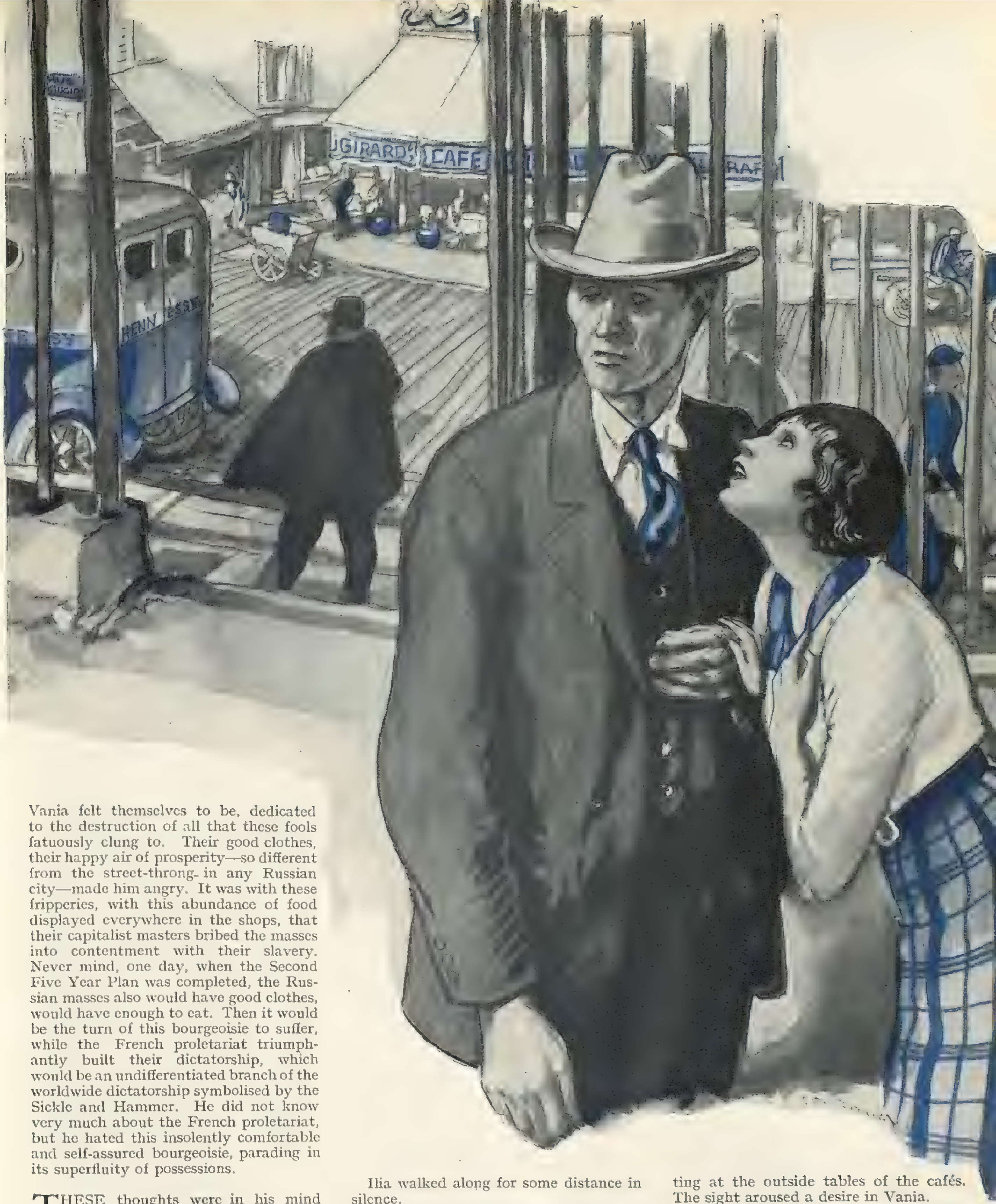
Ilia laughed shortly.

" We do more than renounce the heritage. We're going to destroy it—all over the world. Wait till the Second Five Year Plan is finished ! "

Ilia was always right, thought Vania, his revolutionary thought always went just a step further than his own. Ilia would be like a rock amid that bourgeois corruption of Paris. He must always model himself on Ilia.

THEY had been for some weeks in Paris. The Embassy was in a huge eighteenth-century mansion of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, behind an immense architectural entrance whose doors were always closed. It gave Vania an ironic pleasure to think that they were thus installed, like a bomb, in the very heart of the superannuated pride they existed only to destroy. The work was hard, but not very interesting—mere clerical routine. Of anything important that was happening the rank and file were as ignorant as if they had been in Moscow. Nor was the Party " cell "—to which it was obligatory for all the Embassy employees to belong—much more interesting. Comrade Migunov went, of course, to the meetings, but they exasperated him by their futility ; hours were taken up with insignificant carpings at this or the other member of the Embassy staff, a malicious raking up of household scandals, jealous attacks on someone thought to have an easier time. Never did they discuss anything worth while. It seemed sometimes that they had forgotten their great mission to destroy this effete capitalistic world around them—until Ilia got on his feet and reminded them of it, squelching these unworthy petty bickerings. He admired Ilia more and more every day. Ilia was the incarnation of militant Communism as he stood there, tall and handsome, incorruptible, impervious to seduction (it was notorious that some of the Embassy staff had a scandalously " good time " on the sly). He spoke with fiery eloquence, quoting Lenin with sledgehammer effect. Comrade Olga also came always to the meetings. She was an uncompromisingly " pure " Communist too, of the genuine brand. Always she supported Comrade Samoilenko, indignantly. To Vania's surprise, it seemed that Ilia did not take much notice of her.

One evening, after the meeting, Vania and Ilia went out for a walk together, as they often walked. They turned out of the ancient narrowness of the Rue de Grenelle into the broad Boulevard Raspail. It was midsummer, and the late sunset suffused everything with rose and gold. No one heeded them ; with their salaries paid in French francs, they had bought new suits to replace their noticeably foreign, shoddy, Moscow clothes. Girls, it is true, smiled provocatively as they passed, but only as if they belonged to the population, quite unconscious that they smiled on enemies. For enemies



Vania felt themselves to be, dedicated to the destruction of all that these fools fatuously clung to. Their good clothes, their happy air of prosperity—so different from the street-throng in any Russian city—made him angry. It was with these fripperies, with this abundance of food displayed everywhere in the shops, that their capitalist masters bribed the masses into contentment with their slavery. Never mind, one day, when the Second Five Year Plan was completed, the Russian masses also would have good clothes, would have enough to eat. Then it would be the turn of this bourgeoisie to suffer, while the French proletariat triumphantly built their dictatorship, which would be an undifferentiated branch of the worldwide dictatorship symbolised by the Sickle and Hammer. He did not know very much about the French proletariat, but he hated this insolently comfortable and self-assured bourgeoisie, parading in its superfluity of possessions.

THESE thoughts were in his mind when Ilia suddenly spoke.

" We've got a big job in front of us, Vania, to smash all this—a bigger job than I thought."

That was like Ilia. Always, every moment, he was militant.

" Yes," Vania answered. " But that makes our task all the more worth while. I wish they'd give us some real work to do. But we must be patient. Think of Lenin's patience all those years ! "

Ilia walked along for some distance in silence.

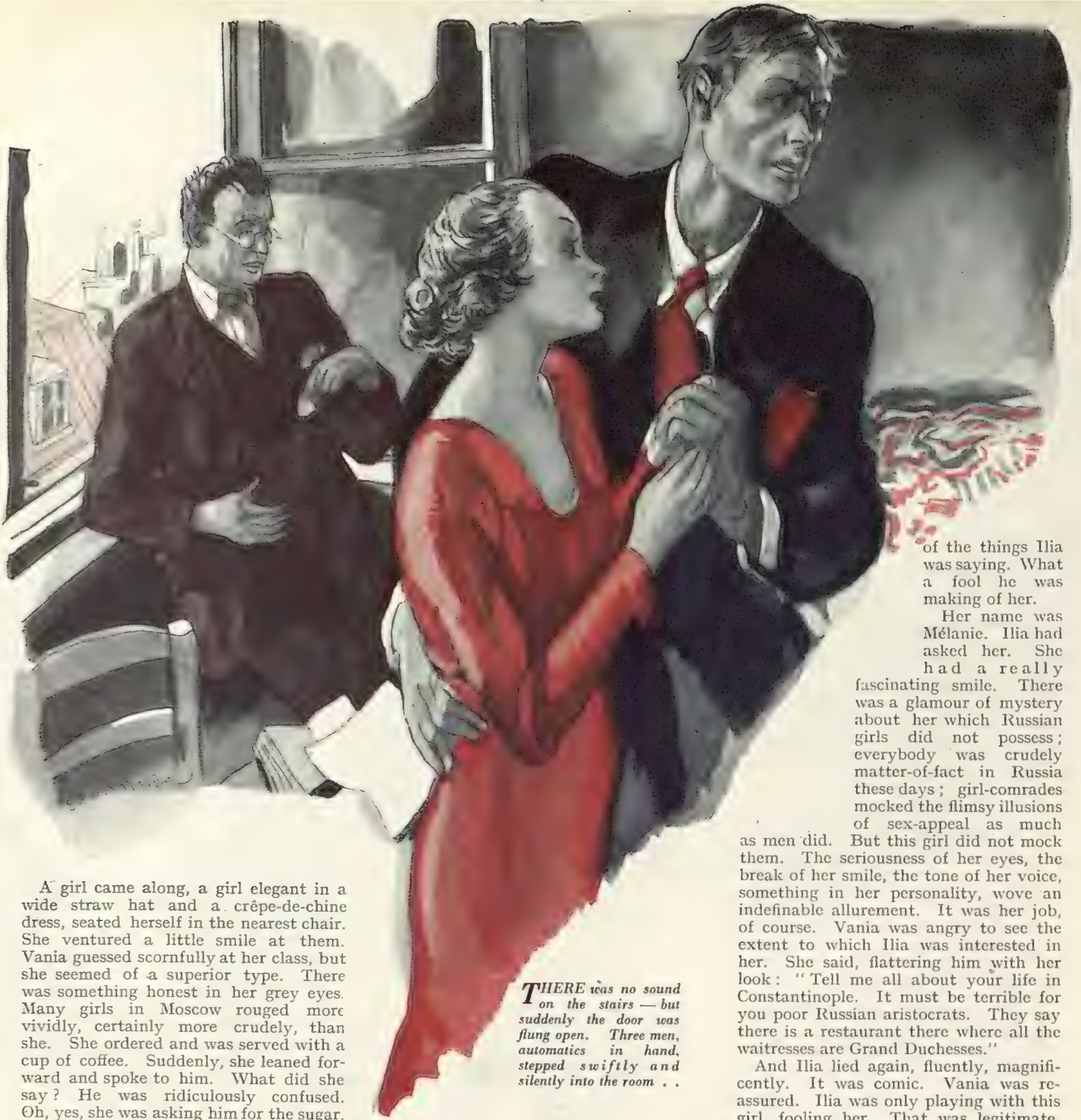
" Lenin," he muttered, as if to himself. " Lenin. Not to be man, but a revolutionary appliance. Vladimir Ilyitch set a high ideal."

" The highest of all ideals ! " said Vania, emphasising his agreement. " If only one could attain to it. But that's what Communist discipline is for."

They walked on, up the Boulevard Raspail. At the intersection of Montparnasse, people sat smoking and chatting at the outside tables of the cafés. The sight aroused a desire in Vania.

" Let's sit down and have a coffee, Ilia." This French coffee, miraculously excellent after the substitute coffee of Russia, was still an irresistible temptation to him.

They picked a small café where only a few people were under the awning, sat down to a table, ordered their coffees, lit their cigarettes—also miraculously good. These bourgeois countries denied themselves nothing. Bah !



THERE was no sound on the stairs — but suddenly the door was flung open. Three men, automatics in hand, stepped swiftly and silently into the room . .

A girl came along, a girl elegant in a wide straw hat and a crêpe-de-chine dress, seated herself in the nearest chair. She ventured a little smile at them. Vania guessed scornfully at her class, but she seemed of a superior type. There was something honest in her grey eyes. Many girls in Moscow rouged more vividly, certainly more crudely, than she. She ordered and was served with a cup of coffee. Suddenly, she leaned forward and spoke to him. What did she say? He was ridiculously confused. Oh, yes, she was asking him for the sugar, which the waiter had omitted to put in front of her. His heart thumped. It was exciting, disturbing, to speak to a woman who was not a member of the Embassy. He had so far spoken to none, except the people in the officially recommended little hotel where he lodged. One had to be careful. It was inadvisable to talk to strangers. And one never knew when one was being watched by a G.P.U. agent. She smiled to him as he stumblingly essayed a word of French whilst passing the sugar-basin.

"*Monsieur est russe?*" she asked.

Ilia answered promptly for him. "Yes. We're 'whites,' of course," he said, in a fluency of French that Vania admired; Ilia, always so much cleverer than himself, had made great progress in the language. Vania admired also the prompt cleverness of his reply. The lie, obviously prudent, would not have come to his own tongue so readily. Ilia was unbeatable.

THE girl was evidently attracted. She shifted her chair, put her coffee-cup on their table. In a moment, she and Ilia were talking. Vania could not understand much of her rapid speech. Ilia was easier to follow. He was telling her a magnificent mass of lies. Their parents were Russian aristocrats who had been driven out by the Bolsheviks, and they had only just come from Constantinople, where they had lived since the Revolution. That was priceless. Ilia cursed the Bolsheviks most convincingly. The girl's grey eyes rested on his handsome face. She was more than pretty, Vania thought; he was unable to find a word for that quality which transcended prettiness. She had a nice voice. There was a refinement about her which embarrassed him. One of the damned bourgeoisie, whatever her calling.

He wanted to laugh out loud at some of the things Ilia was saying. What a fool he was making of her.

Her name was Mélanie. Ilia had asked her. She had a really fascinating smile. There was a glamour of mystery about her which Russian girls did not possess; everybody was crudely matter-of-fact in Russia these days; girl-comrades mocked the flimsy illusions of sex-appeal as much as men did. But this girl did not mock them. The seriousness of her eyes, the break of her smile, the tone of her voice, something in her personality, wove an indefinable allurement. It was her job, of course. Vania was angry to see the extent to which Ilia was interested in her. She said, flattering him with her look: "Tell me all about your life in Constantinople. It must be terrible for you poor Russian aristocrats. They say there is a restaurant there where all the waitresses are Grand Duchesses."

And Ilia lied again, fluently, magnificently. It was comic. Vania was reassured. Ilia was only playing with this girl, fooling her. That was legitimate. One owed this bourgeoisie nothing but war.

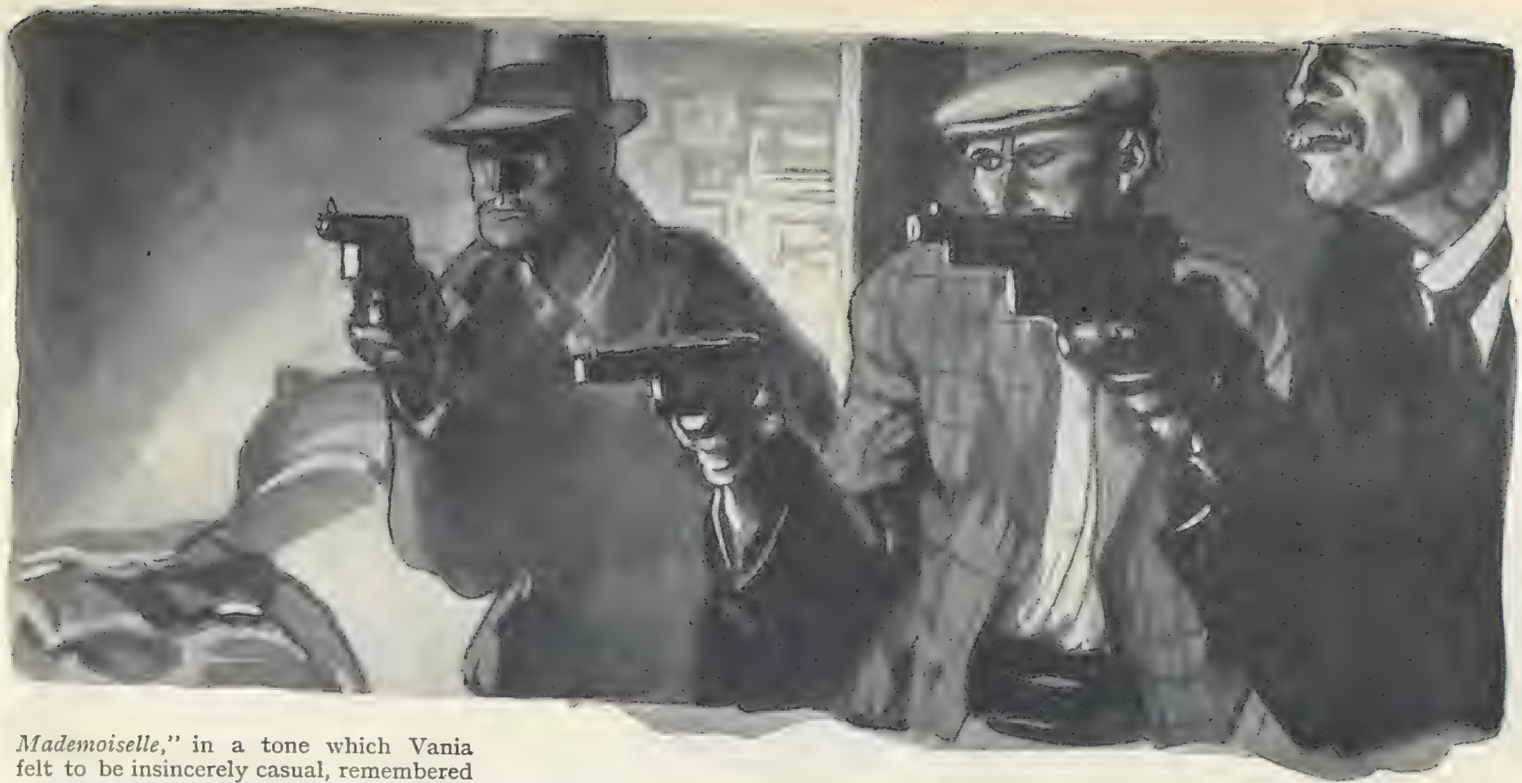
Something made Vania look up suddenly. Comrade Olga, with a man from the Embassy, had halted among the throng drifting past the café, was staring at Ilia. She met Vania's eyes, moved on again. It made Vania feel uncomfortable. It was foolish to sit here like this, talking to a stranger. He whispered it to Ilia.

Ilia nodded, stood up.

The girl looked at him in surprise. "You are going?" she said, reproachfully.

Vania could see that Ilia was tempted to stay, but he was firm with himself. "Yes. We have an important engagement. Another time——"

The girl extracted a card from her handbag. She smiled at him. "Here is my address," she said, handing it. Ilia took it negligently, said: "*Au revoir,*



Mademoiselle," in a tone which Vania felt to be insincerely casual, remembered to raise his hat. Vania was glad to get him away.

As they returned down the Boulevard Raspail, Ilia was silent for a considerable distance. Presently he spoke.

"It's really a damned shame to have told her all that nonsense," he said, as if angry with himself. "I've never met anybody like her before. Suppose we had told her who we really were? It wouldn't have mattered. We have a legal right to be here as Soviet citizens —members of the Party. I'm not ashamed of it. I'm proud of it. And it's our duty to be propagandists. Who knows? One might make a Communist of her, too—if one told her all the great things we're doing—the liberation of the masses all over the world—the Second Five Year Plan—all our sacrifices——" He broke off.

Vania had a spasm of anxiety, illogical, absurd. Ilia Mikhailovitch was beyond all suspicion of being a sentimental opportunist.

"Don't be foolish, Ilia. One can never trust these *bourjui*. Better not see her again."

"Of course I shan't see her!" replied Ilia, with an exasperated vehemence. He was again silent.

Vania ventured another word.

"You know, Olga Petrovna saw us—she was with Vorontsev."

Ilia shrugged his shoulders.

SOMEHOW, in the next few weeks Vania saw less of Ilia. There was a lot of work in his department of the Embassy which kept him until late at night tabulating statistics and co-ordinating reports received from Soviet agents. It was amusing how stupid these bourgeoisie were; in Russia, such agents would have been shot out of hand. That was where the necessity of the G.P.U. came in. The Russian Revolution could not be maintained, the World Revolution could not be made, without the G.P.U. Even here, in the Embassy, he knew that every movement of the staff, from the Ambassador downwards, was spied upon and docketed. Dmitrievsky, the plumply amiable assistant-secretary, was almost certainly the local head of the organisation, but of course no one outside the G.P.U. knew for sure. It was a part of Russia that was transplanted here, carrying out its mysteriously ordained punishments, sometimes even its executions, under the very noses of the French police. Once there had been a scandal, when the first secretary, Bessedowsky, for whose corpse a big trunk had been prepared, had scrambled over the wall and put himself under the protection of the French authorities. The G.P.U. had taken good care not to make such a mess of it a second time.

This sense of the omnipresent G.P.U. clung to Vania as one evening he walked with Ilia after "cell"-meeting. That very day one of his fellow employees had mysteriously vanished; no one in the department had dared whisper about it nor had it been mentioned in the "cell."

"You heard about Pavel Alexandrovitch, Ilia?"

"Yes," Ilia replied shortly.

They walked on in silence. It was not safe to discuss such matters in the street. If only they could get somewhere alone together! It was so long since he had been able to exchange confidences with Ilia. The jostling pedestrians exasperated him. It was a beautiful summer evening.

"Let's get on a bus, Ilia, and go somewhere."

Ilia nodded.

"All right. We'll go to the Bois. We can talk there."

They leaped on to the crowded rear-platform of a bus, were hurtled swayingly, noisily, through the streets of this vast capital whose bourgeois throngs moved naïvely unconscious of any menace.

At the Porte Maillot they descended, walked into the Bois. Luxurious autos, containing elegantly dressed women, swirled soundlessly along its broad avenues.

Comrade Migunov looked at them with eyes of hate.

"It is disgusting, the way these capitalist robbers show off their wealth!" he remarked. "I can't understand why the proletariat doesn't rise and murder them!"

Ilia nodded.

"Yes. In Russia, only Commissars ride around in autos like that."

There was something in Ilia's tone which made Vania glance round sharply. What did Ilia mean?

"At any rate," he countered, sensitively loyal to everything that was Soviet, "the People's Commissars represent the proletariat."

Ilia smiled, a little grimly.

"Of course," he said.

An alarm shot through Vania. What was the matter with Ilia Mikhailovitch? His comrade was subtly different from his old self. Overwork, perhaps.

THEY came to a secluded spot, seated themselves on the ground, under a tree. Ilia lit a cigarette. Vania imitated him.

Presently Ilia spoke, as if from faraway thoughts.

"Have you ever thought much about love, Vania?"

Vania grinned.

"You mean making love to girls?"

"No. That's not love. Not in Russia, anyway. Nowadays, you just go up to a girl and say 'I want you'—and she has to show she hasn't any bourgeois prejudices; we all know that. I mean love—the thing the old-time writers used to write poetry about—the poetry that seems so silly to us. Have you ever thought about that?"

"No. Why should I? I don't bother my head with such bourgeois superstitions."

"You don't think it was more than a bourgeois superstition?"

Vania shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if you like—a biological illusion, from which we to-day are emancipated. It was all explained to me, over and over again, in the Komsomol classes and at the University."

"It was all explained to me too. But lately I've been thinking. It's just possible our professors didn't know everything."

Vania was startled. He answered a little hotly.

"Everybody

(*Continued on page* 130)

Gamblers, beware! When you corner the Market don't forget the stuff you hold may turn out to be—

“Pink Dynamite”

“I TOLD him to leave it alone. I told him it had been tried twice before. But I hadn't time to argue. We were at the airport then; I had been staying with him overnight to fix up some business, and he drove me over. We were only just on time, and those air boys won't wait. I had to run, but the last thing I said to him—I turned round and shouted to make him hear—I said: ‘Leave it alone; it's pink dynamite!’”

“But he didn't, eh?”

“No; and it cost him fifty thousand pounds. I told him: ‘Didn't I tell you not to fool with it?’ He admitted it, but he said it looked a sitter. I said: ‘Sitter, my eye! I told you it was pink dynamite, didn't I?’”

It was nice and cosy in the club at 3.30. In my internal apparatus the oysters and the double cutlet, the baked potato and the Stilton, a '21 hock, port and coffee, were harmonising sweetly. The traffic hum in St. James's Street sounded far away. I resumed my fragrant cigar and looked benevolently at my two companions, the sun-tanned, genial man and the small, astute-eyed, wary man, denizens of the strange world of high finance. I listened to their talk as one does to a traveller's tales of wild adventure in far-off romantic places.

Certainly life was incredible, and men capable of greater feats of magic than the fabled alchemists of old. One day a man had looked at a little pepper-pot—perhaps in the dining-room of this very club, one of the rendezvous of the princes of the City—and out of it had eddied a thought. This thought had expanded to vast dimensions, like the genie from Aladdin's lamp. In next to no time the dried ripe seeds of the East Indian *Piper nigrum* plant had been woven into an immense drama of men, money and markets, laughter and tears, ruin and riches, a drama whose threads reached out over half the world. My knowledgeable companions had been taking me behind the scenes. They had also given me a glimpse at the sideshows.

The gentleman who had lost fifty thousand pounds was a sideshow. He had not been in the pool, but, knowing what the pool was doing, he had launched his own private and personal barque on the tide created by the pool, confidently calculating to profit mightily thereby as the price of pepper rose steadily from 8d. to 1s. 3d. a pound, and seemed inevitably destined to reach and be held at from 2s. to 3s. a pound. His calculations had, however—like the pool's—gone awry. He had suffered immense disaster. Why?

The small man with the astute eyes and wary expression had unconsciously given me the clue. Of course, those fellows had made a great fundamental error. They thought they were operating in white pepper. An illusion. What they were really playing around with was pink dynamite. All the commodities that groups try to corner turn, under the immense pressures of the complicated cornering operations, into pink dynamite. And when pink dynamite explodes . . .

It does not, of course, always and inevitably explode. There have been men adroit enough to handle it safely and make it pass through the final transformation process which turns it into gold. Just after the war, for instance, an alert group of Japanese financial wizards spotted an acute shortage of that type of shellac known in the market as Orange T.N., the most speculative of the three categories of this resinous substance used in the preparation of varnishes, the manufacture of gramophone records, and for other important industrial processes. Quickly buying up or securing an option on all available supplies, they forced the price up to £50 a case. Some say their profits aggregated £4,000,000, which is rather more than double what the pepper pool hoped to clear.

Some Cautionary Tales for the Get-Rich-Quick Men

By Peter Forrest

IN important financial quarters, and in a number of private offices and homes as well, it is about as tactful to mention shellac as it is to utter the name of Mr. X's first wife at the house-warming given by his newly-married second wife. For two big financial groups, about two years ago, thought that they could repeat the Japanese coup aforesaid, and started out to buy all the shellac in sight, and as the news got around (the Westerns, unlike the Orientals, being talkative) the public was drawn into a gamble which looked anyway more promising than the Irish Sweep. What was back of this shellac gamble? The big operators thought the supply would fall far short of the demand, and before it could catch up, the users of shellac, needing the stuff, would be obliged to come into the market and pay whatever the owners of the available stocks thought they could stand. It was the pepper story all over again. The operators had entirely misjudged the situation. They had about a million locked up in this gamble before they began to realise that there was a plenitude, not a scarcity, of shellac.

The economic price at the time operations were at their peak was calculated by market authorities at 80s. a case. Public and pool speculative buying had shoved the price up to 120s. The cornerers had to go on buying all

(*Continued on page* 142)

A NEW still being built at Rouen. (Right) An aerial view of the large number of oil containers at Shellhaven, the oil port for London

(Left) TRAVELLING light. The M.V. "Murena," a Shell tanker of 4,782 tons, launched in 1931, outward bound to Curaçao

Bringing Home

The Peril of Fire: A "submarine" in rough weather: The loneliness of the tankerman's life: Skippers who jump overboard

"ENGINE rooms swept by fire. Two lifeboats lost. Doubtful if crew can hold out much longer."

"Flames now on deck. We are keeping into wind to keep fire from cargo. Burning fast."

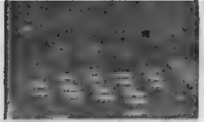
"Fire spreading rapidly."

An oil tanker—the Glasgow *Valverda*, of 8,807 tons—on fire in mid-Atlantic, helpless in heavy seas, with 8,000 tons of crude oil and 4,000 of petrol in her tanks! Frantic S O S's calling ships to her aid. An engineer killed. A terrible fear that the fire may reach her cargo and explode it before aid can reach her . . .

That is how ocean-going oil-tankers "come into the news." At other times we hardly give them a thought, not even though we are car-users and "step on" the gas they carry, every day of our lives. Like the Navy, they are the Silent Service. Yet there are 13,000,000 tons of tanker craft plying the high seas. The average tonnage is 10,000; the average crew thirty. That means there are 40,000 tankermen, officers and crew, continually running this grave risk of fire and disaster in "bringing home the gas" without which modern combustion-engine locomotion would be impossible.

Only a few weeks previously I had voyaged over the same route, from Curaçao in the Dutch West Indies, in the Swedish tanker *Gustav E. Reuter*, a 9,000-tonner, right down to the load-line with 8,700 tons of petrol aboard. An accidental flash-back in the Diesel-engine room, and a like fate might have been ours. And not merely a technical fault; carelessness with a match or cigarette, the spark from a lighter or spanner or other piece of metal accidentally dropped, say, in the pump-room amidships, where a certain amount of gas is always hanging about.

This constant danger of explosion and fire intimidates everyone aboard a tanker. When you go to board your ship at the loading or unloading installation you usually have to give up your matches at the gate. So long as she remains at the quay, no smoking, no naked light, is allowed anywhere; the fires in the cook's



galley are damped down; food has to be cooked in a specially isolated hut on shore; at some places, like Rotterdam, the crew is not allowed to remain on board. On the voyage smoking may be allowed in cabins, never on deck. Not for a moment may you forget that, for the space of three weeks, you are living over thousands of tons of oil or petrol which is continually giving off gas with a dangerously low flash-point.

Despite these precautions, fires occur from time to time. The Installation Manager at Bullen Bay, Curaçao, told me of narrow escapes there. An American tanker overflowed a tank in loading through an oversight on the part of the officer in charge, whose job it is to watch carefully the rising level as the oil is pumped in—usually at the rate of 400 to 500 tons per hour. At that moment a motor-boat happened to come alongside. The overflow was ignited by a spark from the engine; flames rushed up the side of the ship to the deck, leapt towards the hatch, the sight-hole of which was open for taking "ullages." Just in time, the mate saw it, ran forward, clapped the cap on the hole, and avoided, by a split second, an explosion which would have fired the whole outfit and blown him and others on deck into the sea.

THE tanker "Charles Watson," on which an explosion occurred when loading petrol at San Francisco. The blast killed three men and injured fifteen. The cause of the explosion was a leaky hose joint

ON another tanker a boiler-room hand who had been on shore for a meal hurried back to effect some repairs. In his haste he dropped a cigarette-lighter—in most tankers now men are forbidden to carry them; I had to give up mine—and there was an explosion and fire. The captain rushed to the poop, kicked the fanlights to, so that the flames should not spread to the decks, and dragged the man out. He died from severe burns; it took hours to subdue the fire. To protect the installation, with its thirty-five tanks holding 100,000 tons of oil, every available hand was rushed to the jetty to loose the mooring cables and let the tanker drift farther off shore.

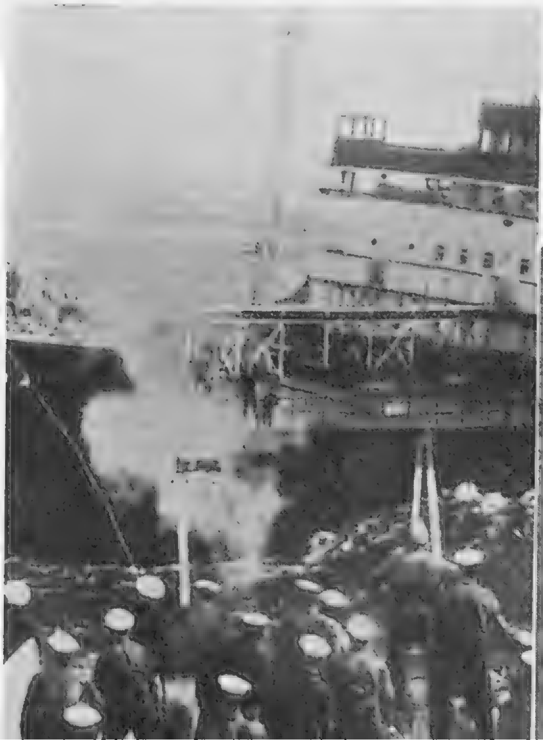
But explosions and fires have resulted merely from a spark caused by momentary (*Continued on page* 125)

the "Gas"

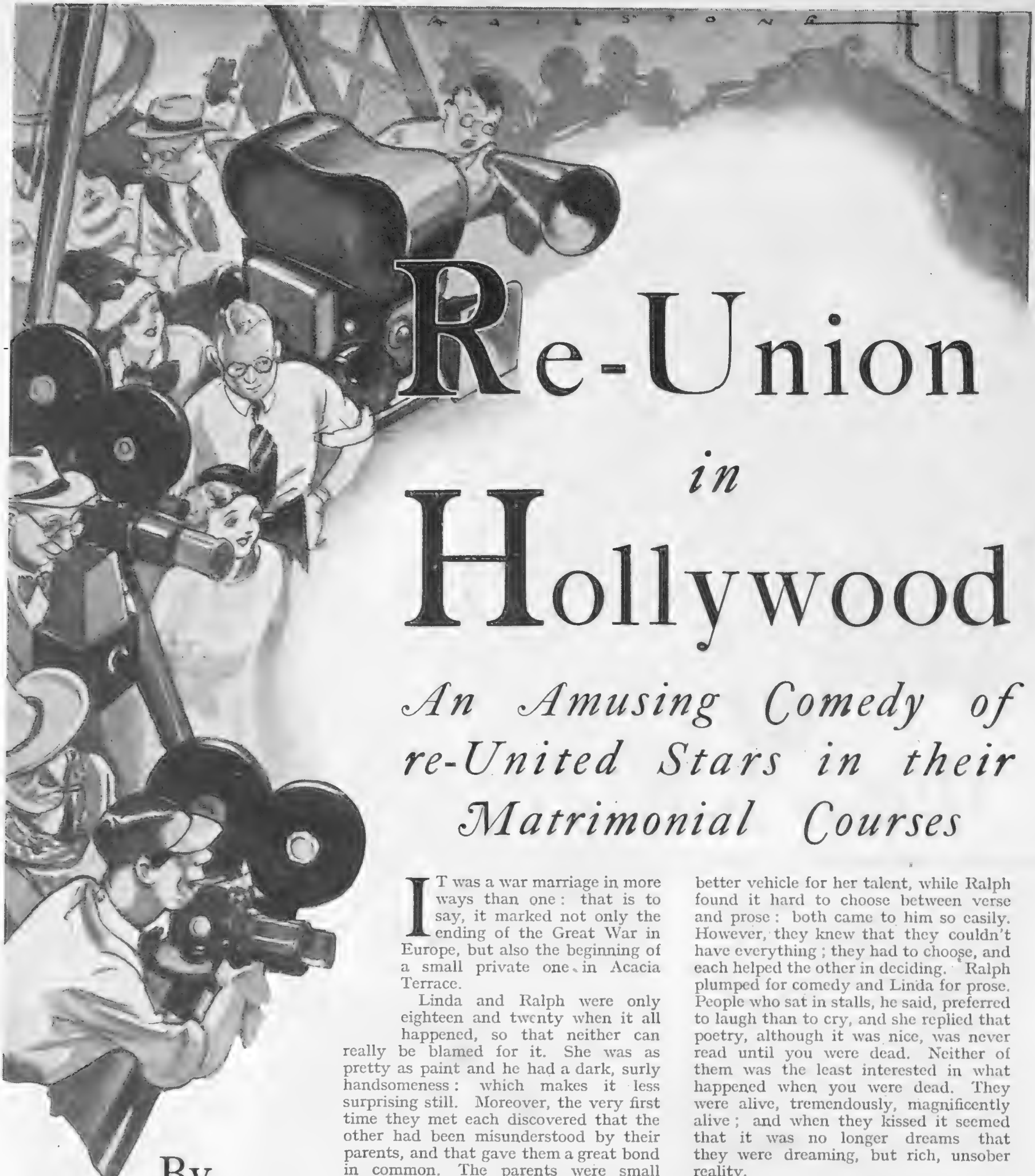
A Voyage on an Oil Tanker

By Trevor Allen

AN oil barge on fire. A picture taken just before the explosion which split the vessel into pieces. It had 5,000 gallons of fuel oil as cargo, but fortunately the crew were all saved



GETTING a line aboard the Glasgow tanker "Valverda," which had its engine room burnt out, leaving the ship at the mercy of the sea. Several vessels answered the S O S calls, and the tanker was eventually picked up and towed to Bermuda by H.M.S. "Frobisher." This tanker was making its maiden voyage



Re-Union in Hollywood

An Amusing Comedy of re-United Stars in their Matrimonial Courses

By

Laurence Kirk

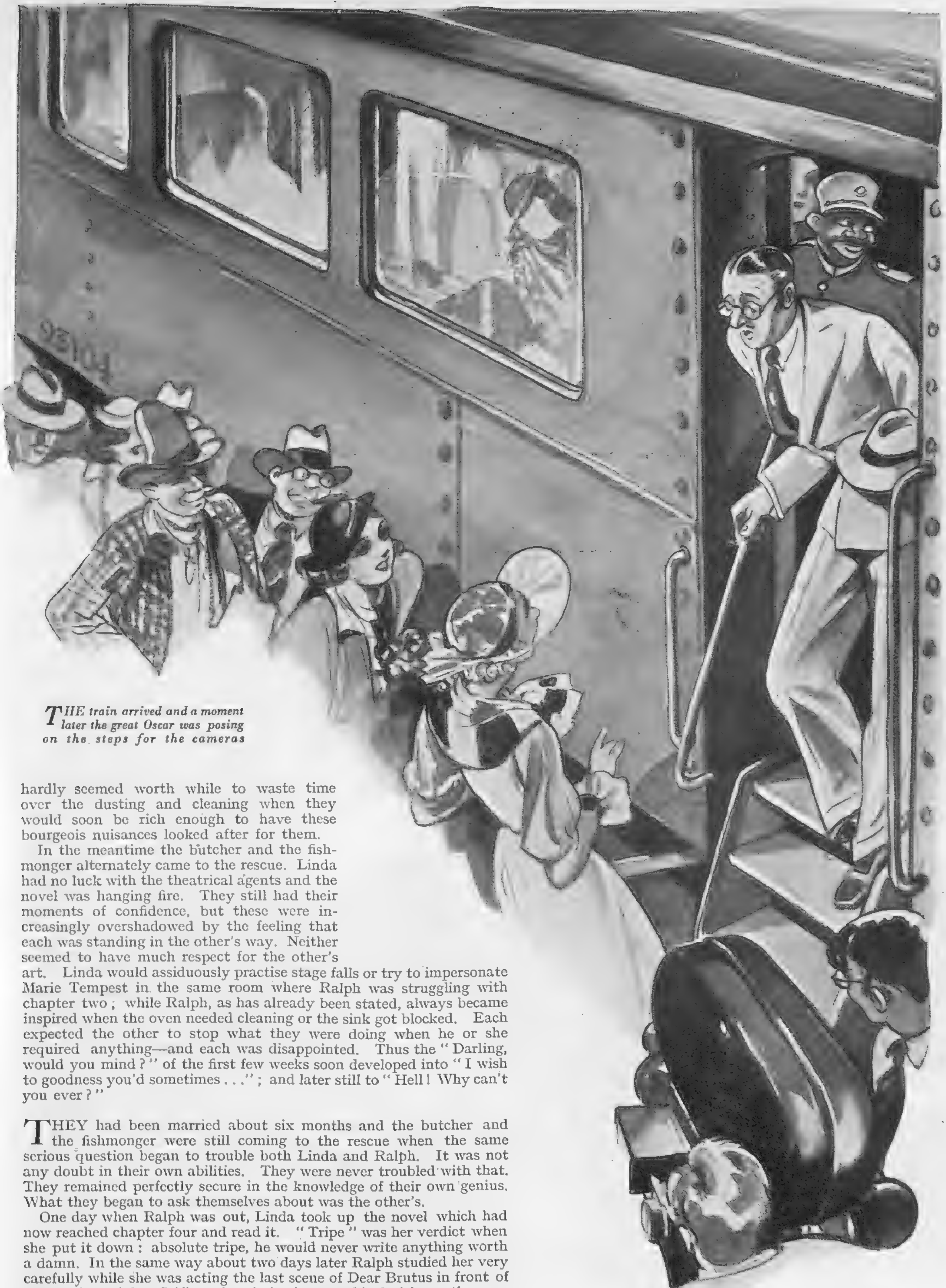
Illustrated by Hailstone

IT was a war marriage in more ways than one: that is to say, it marked not only the ending of the Great War in Europe, but also the beginning of a small private one in Acacia Terrace.

Linda and Ralph were only eighteen and twenty when it all happened, so that neither can really be blamed for it. She was as pretty as paint and he had a dark, surly handsomeness: which makes it less surprising still. Moreover, the very first time they met each discovered that the other had been misunderstood by their parents, and that gave them a great bond in common. The parents were small tradespeople, his a butcher and hers a fishmonger, and Ralph and Linda each had souls that were above both meat and fish. They suffered at home. Not that they were vegetarians or anything like that: their appetites were splendid. But they couldn't stand the humdrum adjustments of bourgeois life. Linda at the age of fourteen had acted as the chief fairy in the local pantomime, while he a year later had had a poem of no less than four verses published in the local paper. Fish and meat indeed! Couldn't anyone see that they had genius?

Those were great, those early days, when they were dreaming their dreams and making plans. Linda's only difficulty was whether tragedy or comedy was the better vehicle for her talent, while Ralph found it hard to choose between verse and prose: both came to him so easily. However, they knew that they couldn't have everything; they had to choose, and each helped the other in deciding. Ralph plumped for comedy and Linda for prose. People who sat in stalls, he said, preferred to laugh than to cry, and she replied that poetry, although it was nice, was never read until you were dead. Neither of them was the least interested in what happened when you were dead. They were alive, tremendously, magnificently alive; and when they kissed it seemed that it was no longer dreams that they were dreaming, but rich, unsober reality.

Unfortunately Society designed an ending to such dreams and called it marriage. The flat was small and poky, and if the poetry in it was hidden from view, the dust was visible to any eye. Neither of them was clever about the house. Ralph was always inclined to have his moments of inspiration whenever there was any cleaning up to be done, while Linda was liable to forget to leave any food in the house when she went out to interview theatrical agents. The idea was that she should get some minor part to keep the house going while Ralph finished his novel; and that when that was a success, he should then keep the home fires burning while she looked for the opportunity which was to bring her fame. It



THE train arrived and a moment later the great Oscar was posing on the steps for the cameras

hardly seemed worth while to waste time over the dusting and cleaning when they would soon be rich enough to have these bourgeois nuisances looked after for them.

In the meantime the butcher and the fishmonger alternately came to the rescue. Linda had no luck with the theatrical agents and the novel was hanging fire. They still had their moments of confidence, but these were increasingly overshadowed by the feeling that each was standing in the other's way. Neither seemed to have much respect for the other's art. Linda would assiduously practise stage falls or try to impersonate Marie Tempest in the same room where Ralph was struggling with chapter two; while Ralph, as has already been stated, always became inspired when the oven needed cleaning or the sink got blocked. Each expected the other to stop what they were doing when he or she required anything—and each was disappointed. Thus the "Darling, would you mind?" of the first few weeks soon developed into "I wish to goodness you'd sometimes . . ."; and later still to "Hell! Why can't you ever?"

THEY had been married about six months and the butcher and the fishmonger were still coming to the rescue when the same serious question began to trouble both Linda and Ralph. It was not any doubt in their own abilities. They were never troubled with that. They remained perfectly secure in the knowledge of their own genius. What they began to ask themselves about was the other's.

One day when Ralph was out, Linda took up the novel which had now reached chapter four and read it. "Tripe" was her verdict when she put it down: absolute tripe, he would never write anything worth a damn. In the same way about two days later Ralph studied her very carefully while she was acting the last scene of Dear Brutus in front of the kitchen sink. Stiff, stodgy, imitative, was his decision: the poor girl couldn't act for nuts.

From that moment the marriage was doomed. Both were much too impressed with the sanctity of their own art to make any compromise possible. Linda thought Ralph ought to go into an office and provide for her like an ordinary husband. Ralph thought that Linda ought to stay in the house like an ordinary wife and make it less like a pig-sty. Probably each was aware of the inflammable material with which they were dealing, for it was nearly another six months before either of them set a match to it. On that occasion it was Ralph who caused the flare up, but it might easily have been the other way about.

Linda—who, to do her justice, possessed enormous perseverance—had just come in on a cold December night from her hundredth abortive tour of the theatrical agencies. There was no food in the house except a stale loaf, no wood to start a fire with, and Ralph was waiting for her.

"Well?" he demanded

Linda's pretty little face was looking chilled and drawn. She was about to take her coat off, but seeing the cold black grate she kept it on.

"You might at least have had a fire going," she complained, "when I've been out all day looking for work."

"You shut up!" Ralph said.

"I won't shut up," she retorted. "I suppose the great author is afraid to soil his delicate hands."

There was a table between them with some dirty plates on it. Ralph kicked this viciously out of the way, and the crockery fell on the floor and broke into pieces. He looked at the shattered pieces with a certain satisfaction for a moment, then he began to shout.

"I tell you this has got to stop—stop—stop!"

Linda smacked his face, and he took her and shook her until she dropped submissively into a chair by the fireplace. For a moment it looked as though he were going to beat her into surrender.

"It's got to stop," he went on shouting. "Nobody wants you to act. You can't act. D'you hear me? You can't act. You're no damned good. Your place is in the kitchen. D'you hear me? It's all you're good for. You can't act."

Linda was no longer submissive after that. She slid out of the chair and crept towards him with nails outstretched: there was such concentrated feline venom in her appearance that he retreated step by step before her.

"I can't act, can't I?" she hissed at him. "I'll show you. I'll show them all. You damned idle, scrounging loafer!"

"How dare you call me that? I won't stand . . ."

"Can't act! Working my fingers to the bone for you. And you say I can't act!"

As he retreated before her, she passed the desk and saw his manuscript upon it. She picked it up and flung it in his face.

"That's what I think of your tripe," she screamed. "Chapter nine! Chapter nine after twelve months. That's all you can do, and you say I can't act."

"Well, how d'you expect a man to work in this pig-sty?"

"Work? You couldn't work anywhere, you dud. You can't work. You can't write."

"I can't write! Let me tell you . . ."

"Tell me nothing. I've had enough of you. Excuse for loafing—that's all it is. Clerk in an office. That's all you're good for."

"Clerk in an office! Me!"

"Yes, you. You're dragging me down."

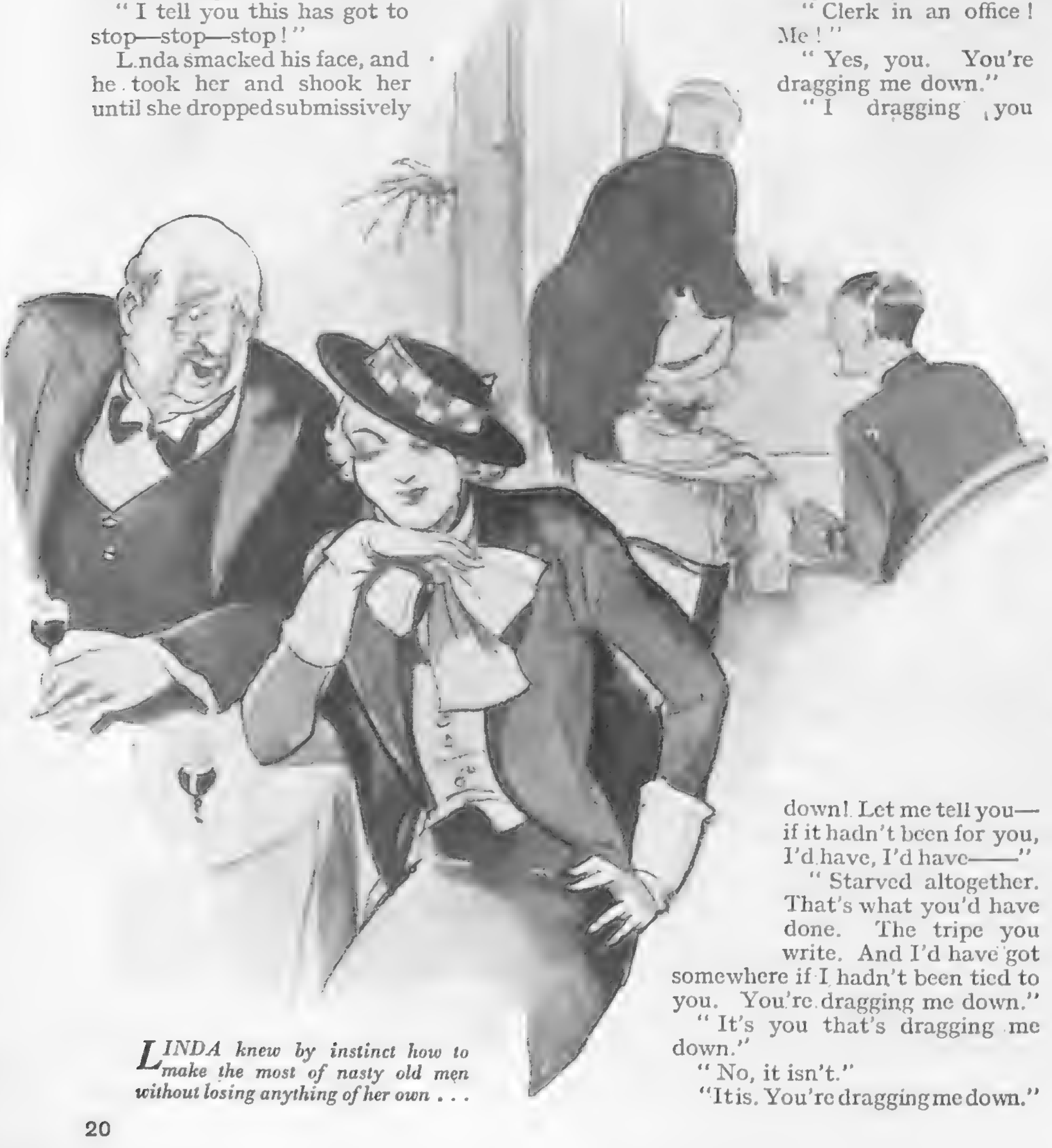
"I dragging you down! Let me tell you—if it hadn't been for you, I'd have, I'd have——"

"Starved altogether. That's what you'd have done. The tripe you write. And I'd have got somewhere if I hadn't been tied to you. You're dragging me down."

"It's you that's dragging me down."

"No, it isn't."

"It is. You're dragging me down."



LINDA knew by instinct how to make the most of nasty old men without losing anything of her own . . .

The shouting match went on. It was not an edifying spectacle, but such things are liable to occur when two people of temperament are joined together and things aren't going too well. The only point that was unusual about this encounter was that it was final. Ralph ended the discussion by gathering his things together, including the remains of the manuscript, and walking out of the house. Linda was left in possession with the broken crockery, the stale loaf of bread, and the knowledge that the rent was two months overdue.

LINDA'S subsequent career did her great credit in many ways. While it never conclusively proved the one thing that she wanted proved—namely, that she could act—it showed abundantly that she had the will to success. All that was known about Ralph was that he had touched his father, the butcher, for a hundred pounds, and disappeared. Linda was made of sterner stuff. She only demanded fifty pounds from the fishmonger to pay her immediate debts, and her next move was to become a lift girl at the Sovereign Stores. Most girls in that position would have sought the dull and obliging peace of resignation to their fate. Not so Linda. Although in a refined tone she chanted "Hosiery-Underwear—Gents' Boots and Shoes" or "Cutlery-Glass-Ironmongery and Hardware" for a good eight hours a day, she still used to act scenes in front of her washstand and never lost sight of the far-distant objective.

Her opportunity came six months later when an old gentleman pinched her leg and told her she was too pretty to be working in a lift. Linda knew by instinct how to make the most of nasty old men without losing anything of her own, and in a short time she was walking on at Elstree under the name of Leda Poole. She discarded the disappointed old man the very moment she set foot in the studio and turned her pretty eyes thereafter on to anyone who was likely to be useful. Her progress was the slow, tense progress of getting on to a crowded bus. It took her three years before she was on the bus at all, another two straphanging before she could get a seat; but once she got a seat, she stuck to it. Others wavered and fell ill and fell out. But Linda never missed a day. Her success was the reward of ruthless physical endurance. It was an undying fire that Ralph had kindled that night when he told her she couldn't act.

She hardly even thought of Ralph till stardom came, but then in the midst of her brilliant success she had her moments of sentimentality about him; at least she wanted to know that he was alive and could see how strikingly she had made good. She was sorry for him too. She wondered how long that hundred pounds had lasted and what he had done when it had gone. After all, compared with some of the men she had met since, he wasn't such a bad sort. Lazy, incompetent, good-for-nothing certainly. And stupid. Fancy saying that Leda Poole couldn't act. Still it was awful to think what might have happened to him. Sometimes when she came out of the studio at night and saw some lean, drawn, hungry face in the darkness, she used for a moment to think that it was Ralph. It became a favourite nightmare with her.

A star's life, however, is a busy one, and she had little time for such thoughts as these. Soon Hollywood heard of her and she was translated there with due pomp and ceremony. Her prehensile toes took a firm grip of the Californian soil the moment they arrived. The same process of getting on to a larger and grander bus was gone through with the same result. Some disappointed rival was rude enough to give her the nickname of the "Streamlined Juggernaut"; but that was pure jealousy. Very soon she was recognised as one of the three reigning queens of Hollywood. In her magnificent boudoir she kept a number of curious diagrams on the wall, showing dark zigzag lines on a squared background. These were the sound records of the crowd's applause as the stars arrived at a first night. Linda's line was always darker and longer than her rivals'.

One of the many duties of a Hollywood queen was to meet celebrities when they arrived at the station. But they had to be real celebrities; kings or emperors or something like that. When Director Schossnig requested Linda to meet the great Oscar Rheinwort, she made quite sure that she wasn't being fobbed off with anyone beneath her dignity.

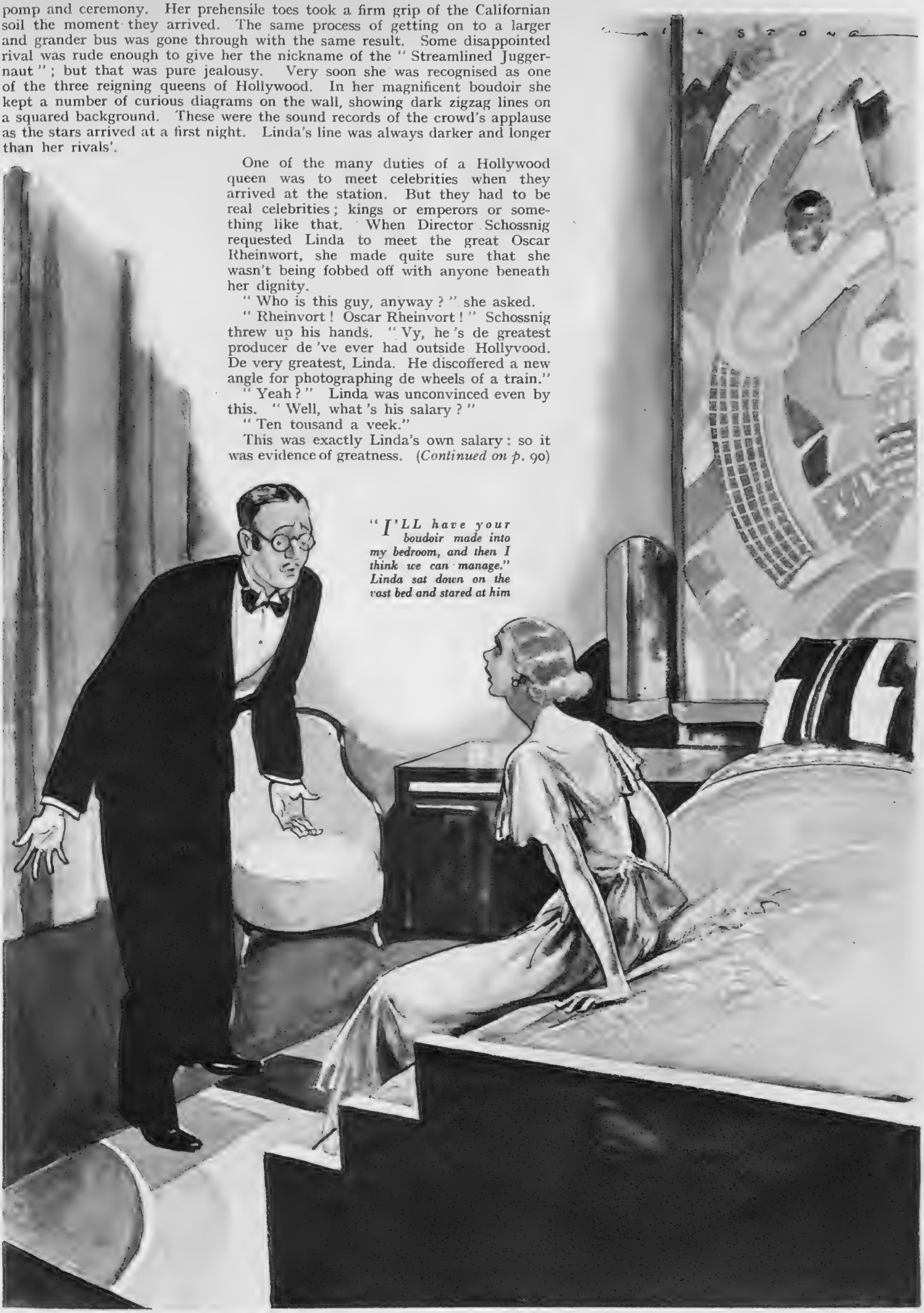
"Who is this guy, anyway?" she asked.

"Rheinvort! Oscar Rheinvort!" Schossnig threw up his hands. "Vy, he's de greatest producer de've ever had outside Hollyvood. De very greatest, Linda. He discoffered a new angle for photographing de wheels of a train."

"Yeah?" Linda was unconvinced even by this. "Well, what's his salary?"

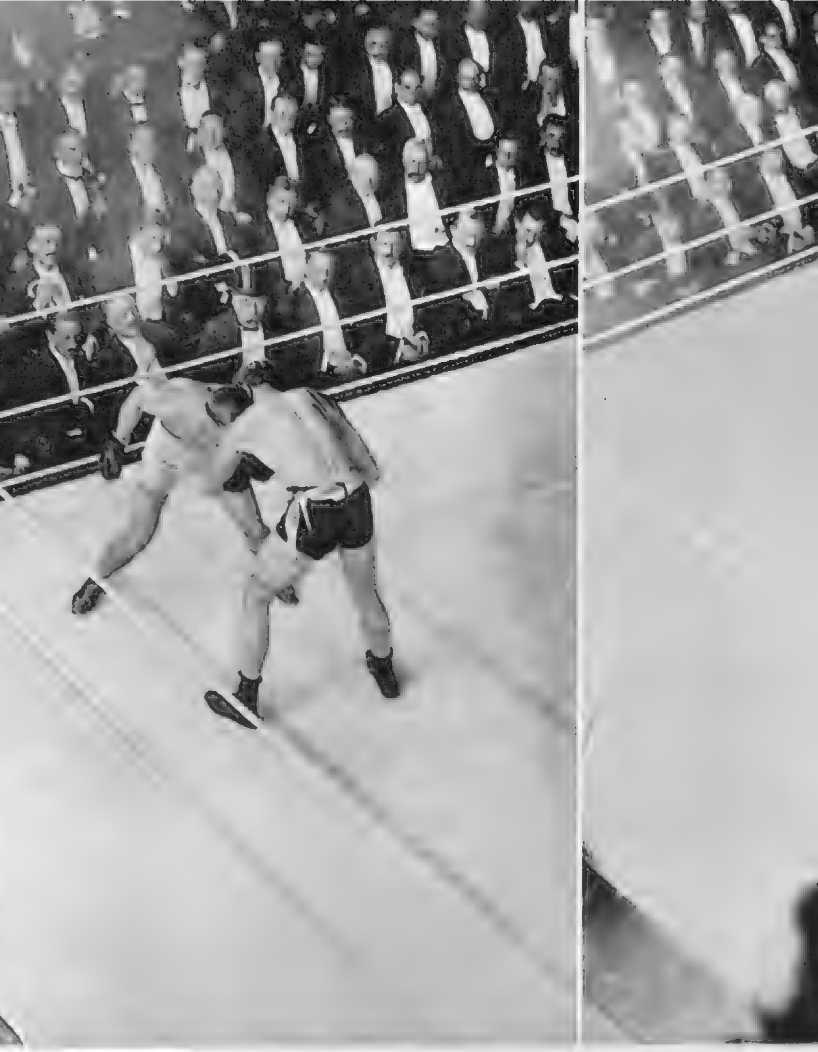
"Ten tousand a veek."

This was exactly Linda's own salary: so it was evidence of greatness. (*Continued on p. 90*)



"I'LL have your boudoir made into my bedroom, and then I think we can manage." Linda sat down on the vast bed and stared at him

JAMES J. CORBETT. A birthday portrait on his sixtieth birthday. He won the heavy-weight championship from John L. Sullivan in 1892 and, right up to the time of his death, he looked a young man in the thirties



TWO views of the sensational fight at the old Nation Carpentier. The first picture shows the Frenchme second, Wells on the floor being counted out after on

An Odyssey of Sport

No. 2.

By B. Bennison

GENTLEMAN JIM CORBETT when he was a fighting man

JAMES J. CORBETT has passed on. . . . It is as if it were yesterday that, in the cool and welcome shade of a Long Island garden, we talked, the lure of the ring hard upon us. Death, which was so soon to come, seemed immeasurably remote, for though the old champion had travelled far beyond his fiftieth year, there was in him the straightness of a giant rush. And his still-generous hair was brushed high, Pompadour fashion, as in the days when he was king: there was fire in his deep-sunk eyes, his jaw squared, challenging.

"It is strange," he drawled in his soft, lazy, musical Californian way, "that once a fighter, always a fighter. Is it blood, breed, race, or vanity? Which? I wonder! But why puzzlement? It is enough that the bug bites: when it ceases to nip and nibble and I have no longer the itch for fighting, I shall be all ready and prepared to kick in. Queer philosophy, perhaps, but it is the only philosophy: it is not peculiar to the pugilist, active or retired.

"We are built that way. And in the quiet we have sought, and, for the moment, found, let us, as old cronies will, put on parade Then and Now without falling to a temptation to credit the past with all the virtues, though for myself, I am decided that there was never a fighter, white or black, greater than Peter Jackson. Nor is it the arrogance that is in all of us that makes me equally certain that the fight we had at 'Frisco (sixty-one rounds it went, you will remember, and then left drawn), was the most terrific in history.

"I came near to breaking my father's heart by fighting what, in his blind prejudice, he saw 'just a nigger.' But though coal-black, Jackson, in everything that goes to make a hundred per cent. man, was white—rich in chivalry, matchless in skill, magnificent in courage, as a monument erected to his memory in Queensland will ever testify."

—The Great Jim Corbett speaks tersely of Fighting now and in the Good Old Days; and tells the Author about that enigma, Bombardier Wells, and wonders why he didn't beat the World

Sporting Club between Billy Wells and forcing an inside position; and the 1. minute and 13 seconds' fighting

" Jim," I broke in, " there was a day when the world was yet at war that Frank Slavin stole into our National Sporting Club, sheepishly, shyly.

" ' I 'm Paddy Slavin,' he explained. ' Maybe I 'm forgot. I 've come from " Out There." '

" He was remembered though dressed in khaki, and upon his whitening head the bonnet of the Canadian Scottish. And, to the few of the Old Guard who remained, he told, with the diffidence of his kind, of the years that had gone since he gambled and lost his all to Jackson; how, sullen and soured, with a cut heart, he rushed away from London into the wilds, now on a mad helter-skelter to the then-untamed Klondyke, anywhere, everywhere, to flirt with and mock at death, so that he might forget.

" Slavin could not forget; nor was his appreciation of the handsomest negro who ever put on a glove the less profound or the more lasting than your own. But his tribute to the master he would have had no one bear witness. There was a morning, however, when I found him, unbeknown to his rugged self, standing at attention before a life-size portrait of Peter, his heels clanked, his still-doughty right hand at the salute, and this is what I heard him say:

" ' I never told you before, Peter, but I knew I was finished when you beat me. You were unbeatable, but I did not know; I would not believe!'

" And, down his weather-beaten, deep-lined face, tears trickled; the first tears, I am sure, he had shed since he made forfeiture demanded of a crushed and helpless fighter."

PETER JACKSON. Though coal-black, was, in everything that goes to make a hundred per cent. man, white. Rich in chivalry, matchless in skill, magnificent in courage, as a monument erected to his memory in Queensland will testify

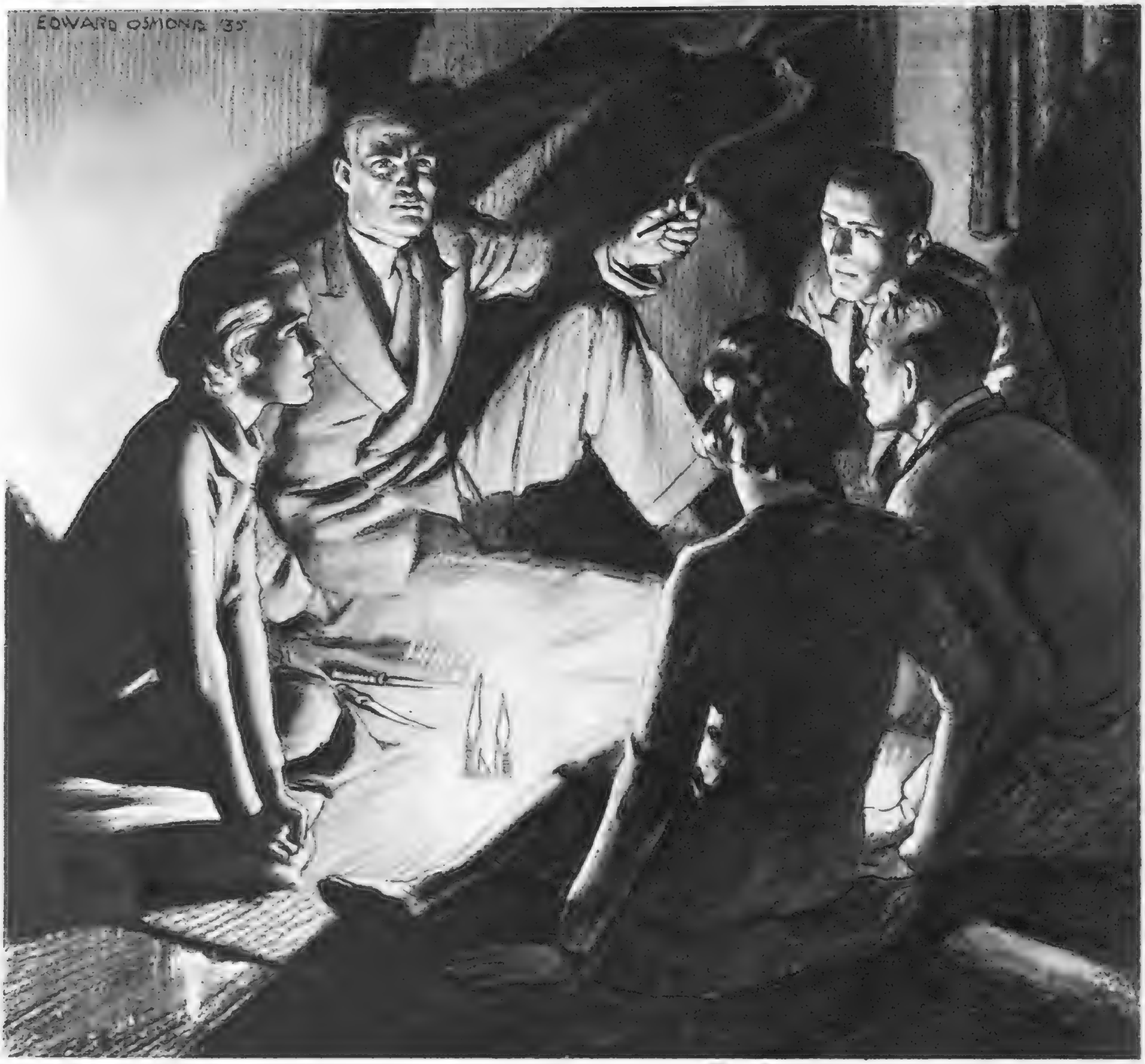
(Right)

BOMBARDIER WELLS. Probably the greatest enigma the ring has ever known

" Your story of Slavin, though new to me, is an old and familiar one," ventured Corbett. " It is at least life as I have known and lived it—biffs, bangs, joys, sorrows, triumphs, tragedies. My mood, however, is receptive, and I would have you tell me more of your ring, its personalities. Tell me this: If there is the least sanity in fighting, why was it that your Bombardier Wells did not beat the world? For clearly, if appearances count at all, he should have done so. I recollect well his coming to America and seeing him against Al Palzer, a discovery of silver-haired Tom O'Rourke, who, in his younger

(Continued on page 86)

Yellow Streak



SHIFTING his eyes from the matting, Cairns saw that the girl, Sheila, was watching him

FROM where he crouched, in darkness, behind the sill of the open clubhouse window, Cairns could see the Chinese gathered in ugly groups round the camp fires that were starting along the fairways and up the grassy slopes of the hill beyond. In spite of the distance, he could make out rifles and an occasional military cap.

One of the armies of General Feng, Major Harrison had said. With the setting of the sun a chill had come in the air, and the lumber room had taken on a shivery unreality that fitted in with the fantastic position in which he found himself. For the thousandth time Cairns was telling himself all this could not possibly be true.

A board creaked behind him, and he jumped at the sound. It was the American boy, Reamer. "The Chief says 'Come on down,'" he reported, speaking softly, and, released from his vigil, Cairns followed him along the passage and down the creaking stairs.

In one of the guest-rooms at the back of the country club was the girl Cairns had just met when the Chinese servants had sounded the alarm. With her was this Major Harrison and another girl whom the American boy, Reamer, called Pam. The window was curtained and the room lit by two candles stuck on the brick of the hearth. They were all sitting on the floor.

"Any change, Cairns?" the Major asked.

He took a seat on a cushion, trying not to look scared. "They're getting their fires going. Those two soldiers seem to have settled down on the bridge by the car park."

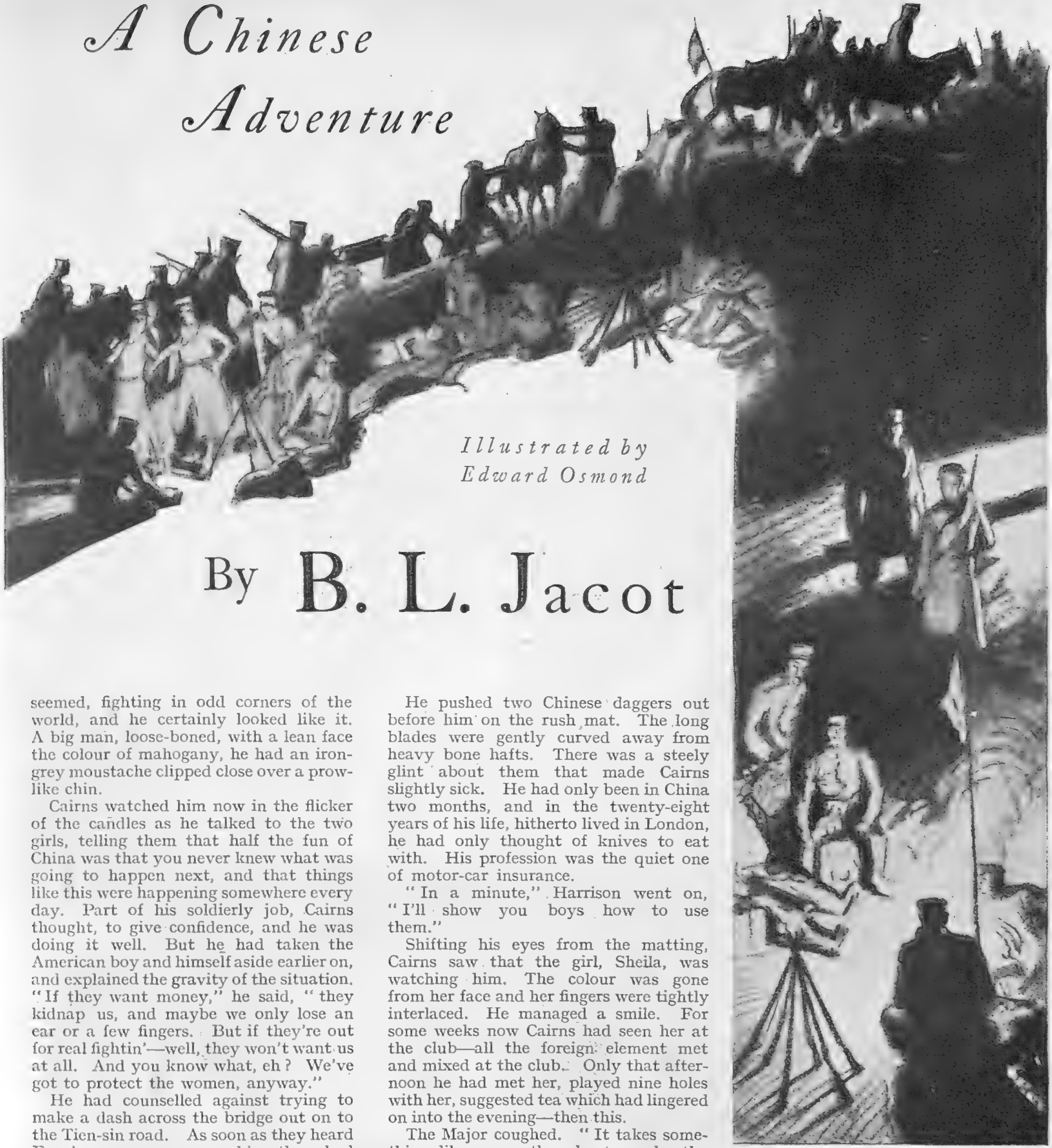
"Which end?"

"This."

Cairns had no idea who this man was, but he was telling himself that it was luck that an old soldier should have happened to be in the club when this marauding army of Chinese cut-throats came straggling up to within shooting distance of Tien-sin. After that Chinese steward had burst into the lounge, only two hours ago, to spread the news, the native staff of the club had vanished into thin air.

Major Harrison had immediately taken charge. He knew the Chinks, and had fought against them more than a time or two. He had spent all his life, it

A Chinese Adventure



Illustrated by
Edward Osmond

By B. L. Jacot

seemed, fighting in odd corners of the world, and he certainly looked like it. A big man, loose-boned, with a lean face the colour of mahogany, he had an iron-grey moustache clipped close over a prow-like chin.

Cairns watched him now in the flicker of the candles as he talked to the two girls, telling them that half the fun of China was that you never knew what was going to happen next, and that things like this were happening somewhere every day. Part of his soldierly job, Cairns thought, to give confidence, and he was doing it well. But he had taken the American boy and himself aside earlier on, and explained the gravity of the situation. "If they want money," he said, "they kidnap us, and maybe we only lose an ear or a few fingers. But if they're out for real fightin'—well, they won't want us at all. And you know what, eh? We've got to protect the women, anyway."

He had counselled against trying to make a dash across the bridge out on to the Tien-sin road. As soon as they heard Feng's army was approaching there had been soldiers on the golf course. Harrison ordered them all—the five white people trapped in the clubhouse—up into the lumber room, and his plan was effective. The ragged, dirty Chinese bandits straggled into the place, looked it over and found everyone, not unnaturally, fled, and after looting what they wanted went back to camp on the fairways.

"Now I expect you're all wonderin' what we're going to do," Harrison was saying. He began filling his pipe. "I'm going to have a smoke and go over things and explain. The Chink is easy enough to handle if you know him. He's the laziest devil alive, and he clings closer to his habits than anything I've met yet—bar the big cats. We've got no guns, and nothing to defend ourselves with bar these two knives."

He pushed two Chinese daggers out before him on the rush mat. The long blades were gently curved away from heavy bone hafts. There was a steely glint about them that made Cairns slightly sick. He had only been in China two months, and in the twenty-eight years of his life, hitherto lived in London, he had only thought of knives to eat with. His profession was the quiet one of motor-car insurance.

"In a minute," Harrison went on, "I'll show you boys how to use them."

Shifting his eyes from the matting, Cairns saw that the girl, Sheila, was watching him. The colour was gone from her face and her fingers were tightly interlaced. He managed a smile. For some weeks now Cairns had seen her at the club—all the foreign element met and mixed at the club. Only that afternoon he had met her, played nine holes with her, suggested tea which had lingered on into the evening—then this.

The Major coughed. "It takes something like an earthquake to make the Chink fight at night. He believes the night is for sleeping, and so do his sentries, as a rule. But we can't take any chances on that. Reamer's car will get us clear all right, once we can get it over the bridge and on to the road. I take it, Reamer, you can make it go?"

The American boy laughed. He did not seem scared to Cairns. "If I can get my toe on the gas," he said, "and a road to run on, she'll go! Who's wanting to stay, anyway?"

Harrison grunted, and in the candle-light his weathered skin drew tight over his high cheek bones as he pulled at his pipe. "To get that car out we have to get rid of the sentries. Once over the bridge they'll spot us and there'll be the devil of a shindy, but the chances of being hit by rifle fire aren't worth bothering about. We'll leave the speeding to Reamer."

"That's easy." The girl Pam had pushed over the matting to Reamer's side. She was holding his hand, and as Cairns watched them huddled close he saw now that the boy was white and over calm.

THE building was strangely quiet, and in the night air was that faintly aromatic smell which Cairns had come to recognise was as essential to China as is the tang of salt to the sea. It still seemed incredible to him that Tien-sin, with its London-made motor omnibuses, its American super-cinemas, its taxis and night clubs, could be only five miles away.

"We've got to get rid of the sentries—without noise," the Major warned. "It would only need a gunshot, or a shout to upset the applecart completely. One of us must stop with the women here." He looked across at Cairns and the American. "I must show you two boys how to use these knives."

For a moment Cairns did not grasp the significance, then a cold tremor coursed down his spine. He tried to speak, but his lips were dry

"Say! I wouldn't know how to stick a knife in anyone," Reamer protested.

"Before you go I'm going to show you how we used to do it up on the North-West Frontier. You snick it in under the ribs from the back, then lean all your weight against the haft."

"You mean . . . you come up behind the man?" The look of those knives made Cairns's stomach turn.

"From here to where those fellers are is a matter of two hundred yards with cover most of the way. You'll have to wait for clouds to curtain the moon before breaking cover, but the sentries will probably be asleep anyway. Get up behind your man without being heard, then slug him with something. As he falls snick the point of your knife in, then lean against him. It's easy. Much easier than if he turns before you hit him."

In the silence that followed Cairns thought: "It's easy for fellows like him who have been through it all before."

From the first moment when Harrison had taken command in his brisk efficient way Cairns had sensed a growing admiration for the man. Now that he was telling himself that he could never bring himself to use that knife, his respect for the older man grew to the point of schoolboy reverence. In humdrum everyday life high, steely courage is forgotten and unsung. Major Harrison made a fine, grim picture in the candlelight.

It was Sheila's voice that cut in on the silence. "How are you——" she began. "I mean, who's going out to—to do it?"

Harrison looked up from feeling the edge of a knife. "Who's goin' out? I've just been explaining to Cairns and Reamer——"

"You're not going to draw lots?" Reaching out, she gripped Cairns's hand hysterically. "I could never stand it! Oh, isn't there some other way?"

A few hours back this girl had trimmed Cairns over nine holes. With her wide shoulders, slim hips, and slender limbs, she had seemed to him then all that could be dreamt of in the way of a modern, athletic girl. "We'll leave the Major here to look after you—or draw lots who's to go," he told her. "There's nothing to worry about."

Catching the Major's eye, he felt suddenly prouder.

"Certainly we'll draw lots," the older man agreed.

"Suits me," said Reamer, tensely. "I've got a deck of cards. I was playing when—when it began to happen."

Harrison took the pack and flicked it out on the matting between them. "Ace high, highest stays," he said. Picking a card, he tossed it face up away from him. Cairns's heart was fluttering weakly as he noted that it was the ten of hearts. He drew his own card.

Reamer pulled out a card, and like the other, held it face down for a moment. "Here goes Dickie Reamer!" he laughed, and turned up the king of spades.

It seemed an age before Cairns could force himself to turn up his draw. It had to be an ace . . . or else . . .

"What d'yeh get, Cairns?" the Major asked abruptly.

His hand shook in spite of himself as he turned it up. The three of spades.

"Cairns and I go," announced Harrison. "We start in an hour, before the moon's too high, and while there's still a certain amount of noise to hide our movements. Come along up to that observation post upstairs, Cairns, to see how the land lies, and I'll put you up to a wrinkle or two in the meantime. Take care of the ladies, Reamer."

THEY had their first surprise when they cautiously looked out of the lumber-room window. One of the sentries had disappeared. The only entrance to the country club was over the bridge crossing the River Pi-lung. At the bridgehead on this side of the stream was the entrance to the car park, and in the gap in the bicycle sheds which formed the car park entrance was now a solitary sentinel, seated on a condensed milk box, looted from the kitchens. A blanket was wrapped round his legs and he was crouched over a fire.

"The other feller has a fire to himself round the back somewhere," the Major prophesied, and he was right. From a bedroom window round at the back they spotted the second man squatting before a fire he had lit by the wicket gate on the eighteenth green.

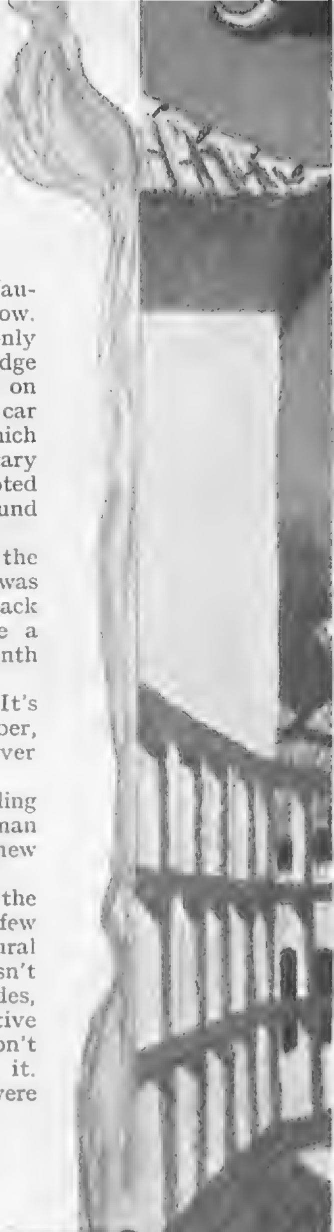
"I'll take this johnnie," Harrison decided. "It's easier for us with them separated. But remember, m'lad, get your man without any noise. Ever handled a knife?"

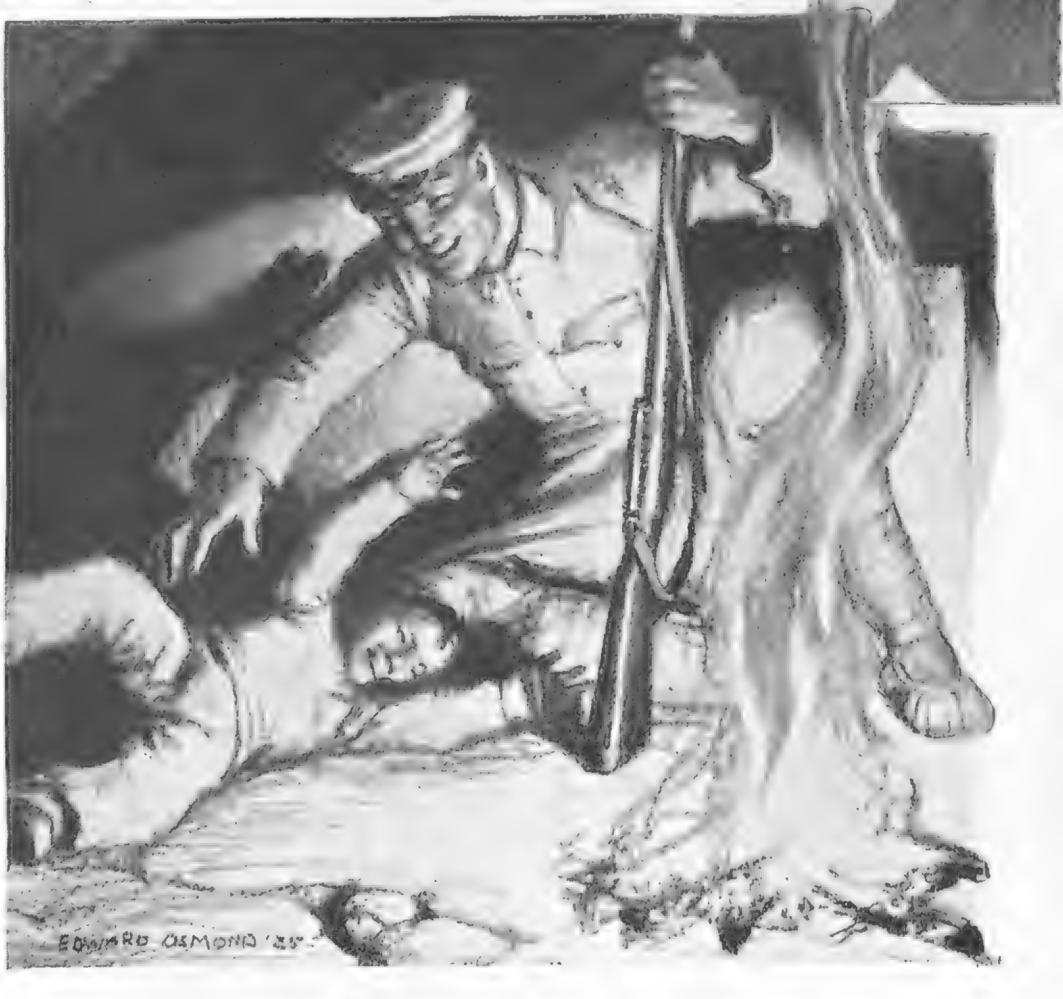
Cairns shook his head. He had a sinking feeling in his stomach. Thinking of leaning against the man to drive home the blade nauseated him. He knew he could never do it.

"Feelin' a bit nervy, eh? Well, so did I, laddie, the first time. But that was years ago. I've killed a few men since then. Hundreds of thousands die natural deaths every day. What's one more? It doesn't mean a thing to you, after the first few. Besides, when you come to the point, you'll find the primitive man in you crops up and takes charge. You won't know you're doing the job until you've done it. Think what that Chink would do to the girl you were with. What's her name?"

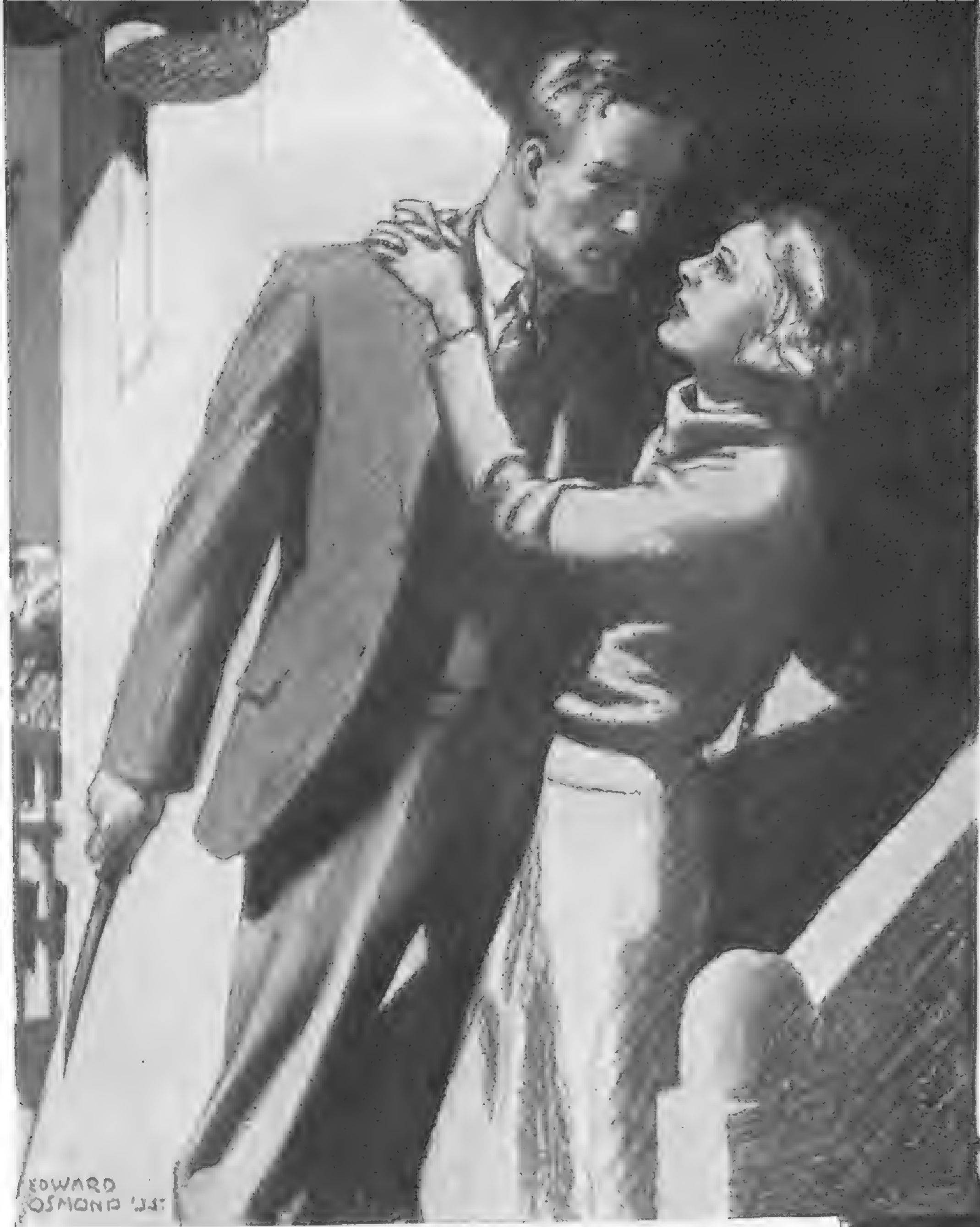
"Sheila Markham."

"Think of her and go through with it."





THE man on the box kicked off the rug and, jumping forward, rolled the boy over on the hard-baked earth



SHE was clinging to him, and as he felt that she was crying he knew that he wanted this girl more than anything he had wanted before

"I'm going through with it," Cairns heard himself saying. He knew that he had to.

"If you've never handled a knife I'm going to tell you a thing or two. Never take your hand off the haft when you're out knifin'. Knifin' is quick work, and it's work at close quarters. Keep your knife in your hand even while you scratch your ear, see? And don't make a wild slash. That only cuts flesh about. The dagoes do it. It's decorative, but it don't get you anywhere. You should watch those raiders up on the North-West. You place your point and push, and take it from me you have to shove hard."

It was men like this tough old campaigner, Cairns was thinking light-headedly, who kept the world safe for the rest. Not many left nowadays, but, judged as men, they were the only ones to count. When he remembered the way Sheila had gripped his fingers he was ashamed of himself.

"But you're going to hit your man first with a piece of pipin'. It's safer. Give him all you've got. You'll know what you've done to that Chink by the feel. When you give 'em a proper lam your arm stops on the job, you don't get that bouncy feeling like tapping a cokernut with a hammer."

"I'll manage."

The Major threw an arm across his shoulder. "Watch the moon. As the clouds come up watch them, too. You can spot holes in 'em if you look. If you judge the direction of their drift you'll know when the moon is likely to shine through the holes. Take no chances and keep to cover. Move only in the dark. How d'you feel now?"

"I'm all right," he lied.

THROUGH the slate-grey square of the window, Harrison examined the sky. In the distance the lights of Tien-sin formed a fan-like glow low on the horizon. Over to the west was the low line of the hills. "Clouds seem to be coming up well. We'll get moving. Come with me down to give Reamer his orders, then you will leave through the kitchens, and I'll cut out on the other side by way of the locker rooms. Get back as soon as you can after you've done the job."

The three occupants of the bedroom were sitting in silence as they entered. "We're going out now," the Major announced. "As soon as Cairns and I have gone, move down to the kitchens to wait for our return. We'll be back separately, and as soon as the last man's in we'll make a dash for the car and get clear. That all right, Reamer?"

"I'll be waiting with the women in the kitchens, Major."

"All right, ladies?"

Reamer's friend Pam nodded dumbly. Sheila crossed quickly to Cairns's side. "Good luck!" she whispered.

As a man in a dream, Cairns found himself handling the heavy knife the Major had given him. "This'll do," he heard Harrison say, and found that he was holding a length of water-pipe in the other hand. "Come on!"

In the pitch darkness of the passage the Major gripped his elbow. "Keep your pecker up, boy," he whispered, and was gone.

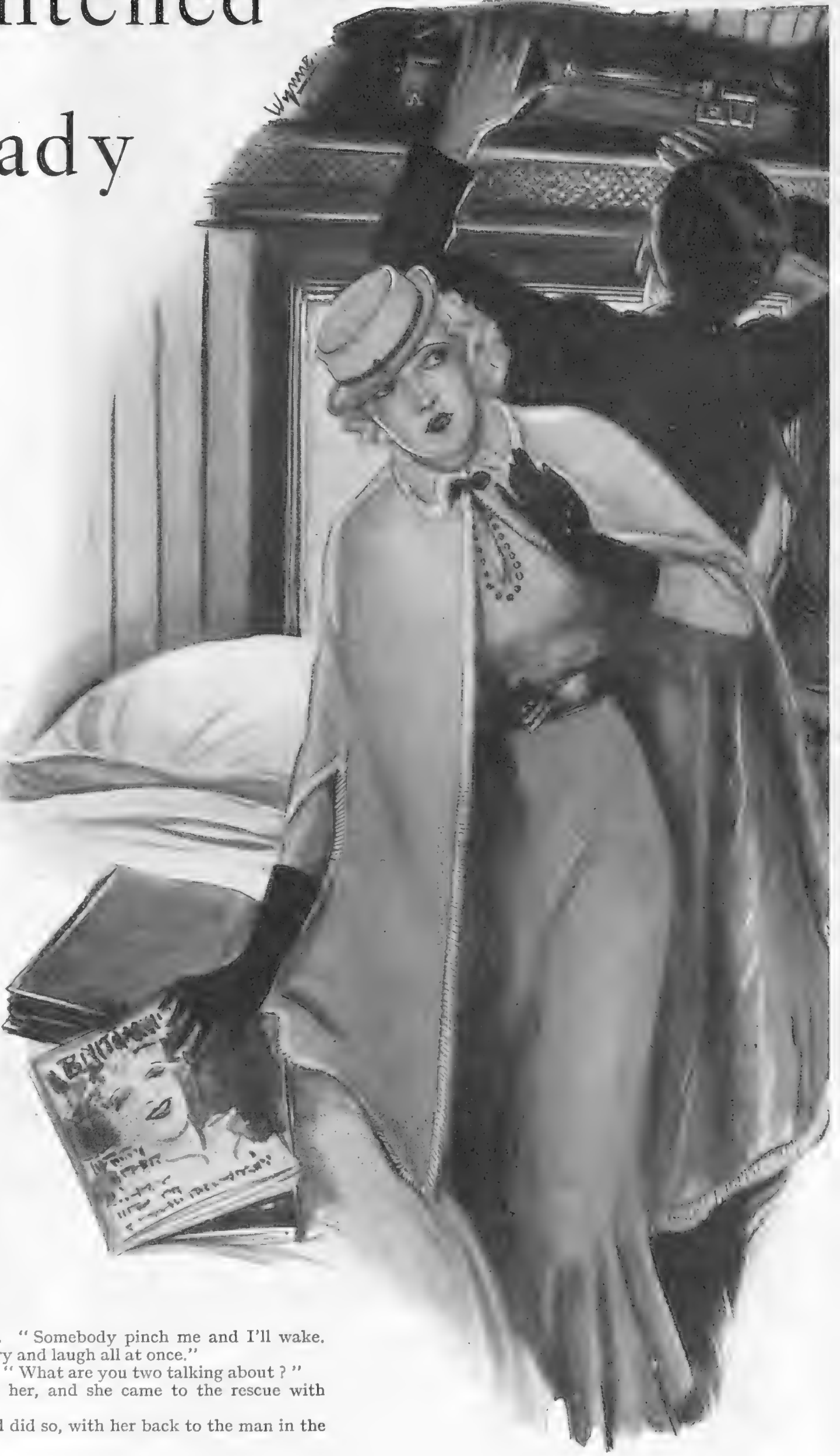
At the head of the stairs Cairns paused. His heart was fluttering dizzily.

"I've got to do it," he was telling himself. Thousands die natural deaths every day.

(*Continued on page* 120)

AT the laundry sheds adjoining the kitchens he waited for darkness

Once Aboard the Frightened Lady



"YOU'RE English aren't you? Oh! I know you are. Please, please, speak to me—talk to me as though you know me. I'm frightened. That man, that beast behind me. Please!"

The dining-car of the Orient Express was rather crowded. Munich had just been passed, and the coffee stage reached, and some of the passengers were drifting back to their berths.

Peter, to whom the voice was addressed, turned to look into the appealing blue eyes of a girl of medium height, blonde, pretty and plump, apparently in the late twenties and obviously a gentlewoman. Peter was a powerful young chap, with a mop of brown hair, and English Public School written all over him. He thrilled

Over the lady's shoulder he saw, in the corner, a big, bull-necked, tawny-eyed man of uncertain breed. He was paying his bill and leisurely drinking his coffee. "A nasty piece of work," thought Peter, and plunged into the game with the full joy of nineteen years, studying for the Army —middle-weight boxer, and worthy son of an adored mother.

"Well! Well!" he said. "What a small world it is. Fancy meeting you! How are we!" He pumped her little hand up and down in both of his.

"Here! Max!" He turned and beckoned to his friend. "Come here, old man, and meet—meet—("What's your name?" he whispered). "Oh, yes! Miss Turner—of ("Where?") of—yes—Indianapolis. A neighbour of yours, Max." Max hailed from Philadelphia.

Peter got another thrill.

The frightened lady and Max already knew each other.

"Oh!"

She held out both hands, and Max took them.

"I can't believe it," she said. "Somebody pinch me and I'll wake. It's just Providence. I want to cry and laugh all at once."

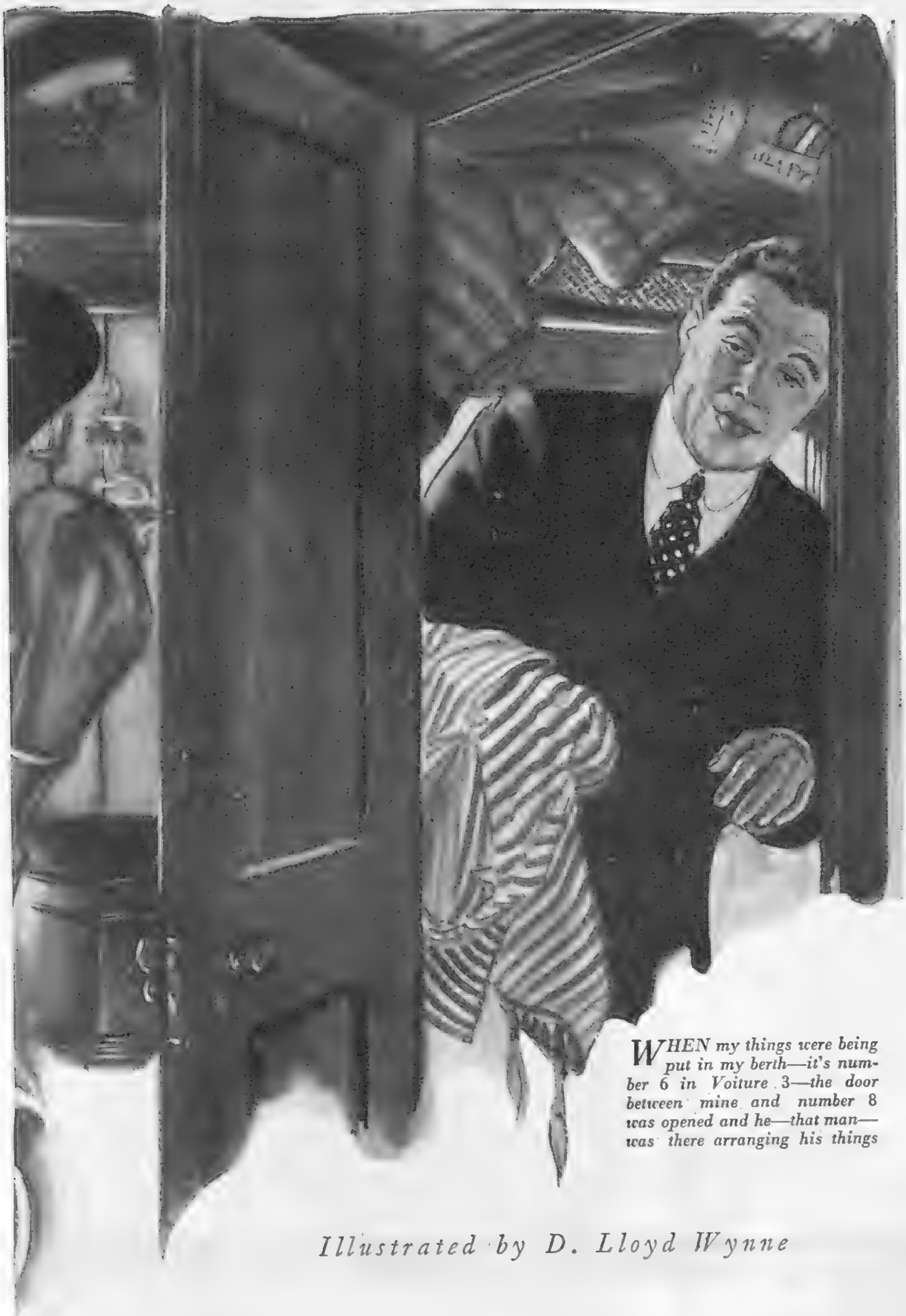
"Oh, hang it all," said Peter. "What are you two talking about?"

Max shook himself, looked at her, and she came to the rescue with feminine tact.

"Let's sit down," she said, and did so, with her back to the man in the corner.

Sleeper and the Girl—wasn't His

By Stenson Cooke



WHEN my things were being put in my berth—it's number 6 in Voiture 3—the door between mine and number 8 was opened and he—that man—was there arranging his things

Illustrated by D. Lloyd Wynne

"It's wonderful. I came over in the *Tania* last year—to perfect my English—that is, to speak it with your accent."

"You mean, without an accent," corrected Peter.

"All right, have it your own way, and—to improve my German. My aunt chaperoned me, and, at the next table to us was—you!" She beamed at Max.

"But just now that doesn't matter. What does matter is, here, in this train, I'm alone, and I'm frightened—or I was, until I met you two men."

Peter thrilled again. To be called a man by a lovely thing like her. Ooh! fine! He opened and shut his big right hand—a danger signal for the "nasty piece of work," who still sat with his coffee.

Until now Max has been rather out of the picture. So sorry! Meet Max. Clean, slender, genial, middle thirties, strong jaw, kindly brown eyes, high cheekbones framing a "hawky" nose, and a smile. Oh, boy! Sentimental, too. Hardly a neighbour of the frightened lady. Philadelphia is quite some way from Indianapolis, but never mind that.

Peter thought him wonderful.

"Suppose, Miss Turner, you tell us all about it!"

"Very well," she answered. "Listen! I boarded this train at Vienna, after being there three months. My people saw me off. Aunt Adela and our hostess. We were paying guests, and Auntie is staying on. I'm going to Paris, to friends, and she'll join me later. And when my things were being put in my berth—it's number 6 in Voiture 3—the door between mine and number 8 was opened, and he—that man—was there, arranging his things."

"Don't think me a coward—I'm not. But when he looked up and saw me, his eyes were like those of—those of—what do you call a beast with a man's head and horns and a cloven hoof?"

"A Satyr," said Peter, remembering his schooldays.

"Thank you. That's the word. Well, we went out on to the platform to say goodbye, just before the train was due to start, and as I kissed auntie she said to me: 'Mary, I don't like that man. Oh, do take care. Get a change of berth—anything, my dear!' She was trembling, so I brightened up, and said, 'Don't be silly, dear. Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf? Not me—not I—I mean——'."

"I say," said Peter. "What fun! We are in Voiture 3, too. Our berths are 14 and 16."

Being junior, Peter carried the tickets and did donkey work with luggage, while Max supervised and—paid.

The man was still in his corner.

She went on.

"I was late coming in to dinner, and the car was full, and you can imagine my feelings when the only vacant place was—opposite to him."

She shivered.

"How I got through the meal I don't know. He didn't speak, but he was like a big cat mesmerising a bird. He—he—how shall I put it? He seemed to be undressing me with his eyes—the beast. He was horrible." She closed her eyes for a moment. "And, then, near the end of dinner I looked through the people and the attendants and saw—saw——"

"Call me Peter," said Peter.

"Thank you. I saw you—Peter." She smiled. "And I felt sure you were English, so I made up my mind to speak to you. Oh, I'm so glad. I feel so safe with you—and——"

"Call me Max," said Max. "I like it."

"Thank you. And call me Mary—I love it."

The man left the dining-car. He passed the trio without a look.

(Continued on page 110)

White

The Satirical Record
Incursion into the

By Hannen Swaffer

Illustrated by Clive Upton

“BOOSTER” JONES had earned his name as honestly as most people. That was, so far as the nickname went. He was entitled to that, for he could boost anything.

Whether his boosting was honest was another matter.

There was none of the small stuff about him. He did not, as do smaller boosters, say at the end of the run of a play which had lost £5,000 that it was shortly to be seen at a larger theatre.

Nor did he send out paragraphs if an actress were discharged for incompetence, or even drink, saying that she had only been engaged for eight weeks and was now starting a film contract which was never heard of again.

Nor did he condescend, on the first night of a new film, to collect the names of a lot of nobodies and hand them out to the critics as “ distinguished guests.”

That was a sort of business he left for smaller fry, the “ rag-tag and bob-tail,” as he described them, of a profession which had won honourable rank, during the war, by being hired to explain the work of different Ministries, only to find itself expected to be the boosters of the particular Ministers in charge of the departments.

No, Booster Jones was above that sort of thing. For a trifle of five hundred guineas he would launch a new hostess on the West End.

For a similar sum he would take in hand a so-called film star arriving from Hollywood, introducing her to what was called “ Smart Society,” but really people who wanted to climb up on her publicity.

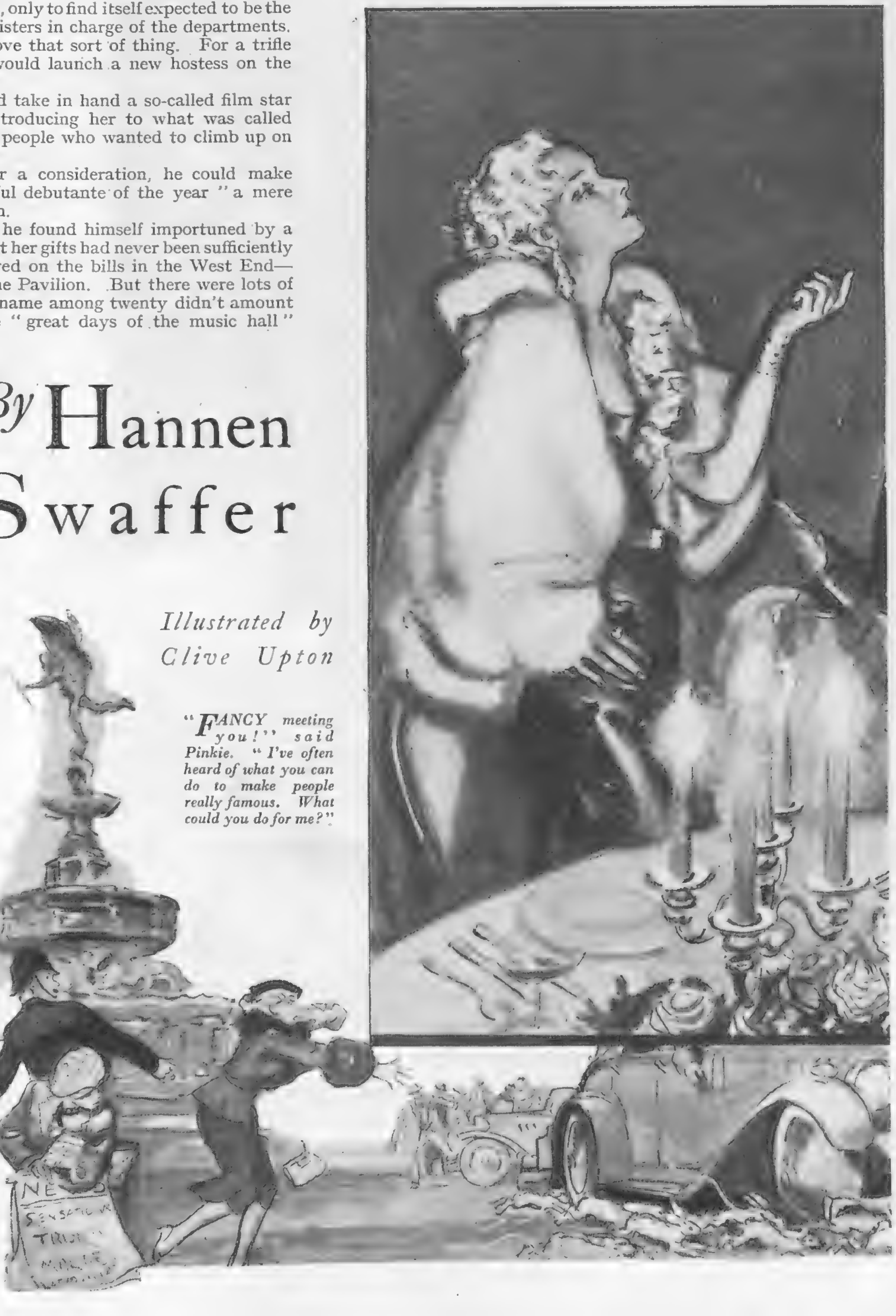
He even boasted that, for a consideration, he could make famous as “ the most beautiful debutante of the year ” a mere nobody whose mother was rich.

So it was that, one night, he found himself importuned by a music-hall actress who felt that her gifts had never been sufficiently rewarded. Her name appeared on the bills in the West End—the Oxford, the Tivoli and the Pavilion. But there were lots of them, in those days, and one name among twenty didn't amount to very much. Besides, the “ great days of the music hall ” were already on the wane.

Booster Jones would never have met Pinkie Pattison but for the fact that he had dined with her sister. The sister had been in her time a highbrow actress, rather ashamed of the high-kicking with which her sister, in the intervals of so-called singing, had consolidated her minor success.

Highbrow acting wasn't called that in the days of the actress's greatest glory. The word “ highbrow ” hadn't passed into the ordinary language of the land. But it will serve as a description of the mournfulness of Ibsenitish tragedy, once the vogue, and the rather crude frankness, as it was thought, of Ibsenitish social dramas. To-day, all that would seem Sunday-school stuff.

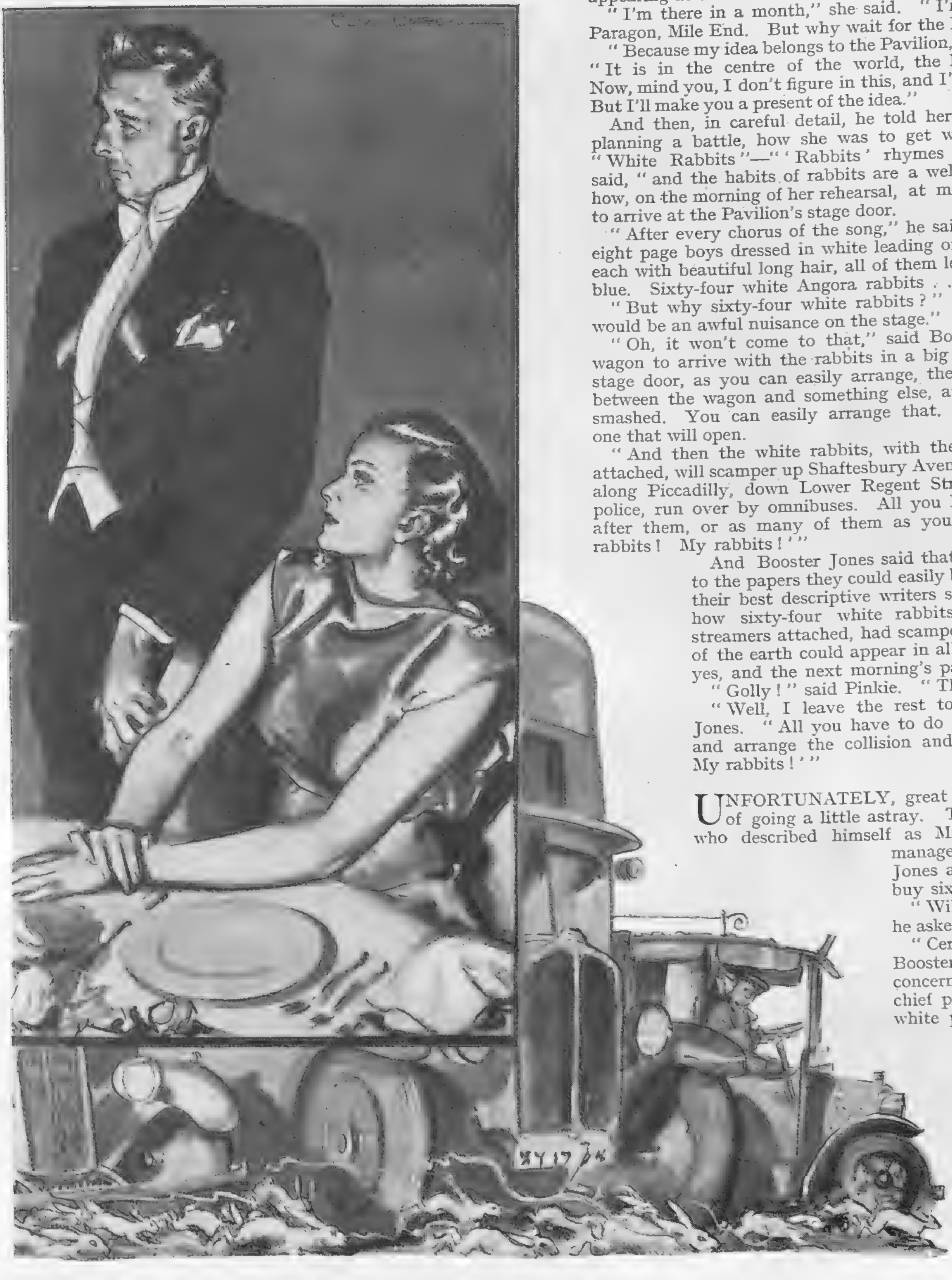
Pinkie Pattison came in late, to see her sister, after the show. And the moment she heard that the Mr. Jones who was introduced to her was the famous publicity man whose nickname “Booster” was better known than the one with which he had been christened,



“FANCY meeting you!” said Pinkie. “ I've often heard of what you can do to make people really famous. What could you do for me?”

Rabbits

of a High-kicker's Realm of Publicity



there came into her eyes that light which so often means that the person displaying it had suddenly seen hope dawn.

"Are you Booster Jones?" she said, with the nickname well emphasised.

"They call me that," said Jones.

"Fancy meeting you," said Pinkie. "I've often heard of what you can do to make people really famous. What could you do for me? I can kick a bit, you know."

Booster Jones replied that the music-hall profession was not quite in his line. But that did not satisfy Pinkie.

"But if you're so clever, you can do anything," she said. "Haven't you got a really big idea for me?"

It then happened, almost like magic, that Booster Jones gave birth to an idea of which, for years afterwards, he often thought a little regretfully perhaps, but also with some pride.

He paused a little, working it out. Then it was born.

"If I were you, Miss Pinkie," he said, "I would get a new song written and I would call it 'White Rabbits.' When are you appearing at the Pavilion?"

"I'm there in a month," she said. "I'm doubling with the Paragon, Mile End. But why wait for the Pav.?"

"Because my idea belongs to the Pavilion," said Booster Jones. "It is in the centre of the world, the hub of the universe. Now, mind you, I don't figure in this, and I'm not going to do it. But I'll make you a present of the idea."

And then, in careful detail, he told her, as though he were planning a battle, how she was to get written a song called "White Rabbits"—"'Rabbits' rhymes with 'habits,'" he said, "and the habits of rabbits are a well-known joke"—and how, on the morning of her rehearsal, at midday, a wagon was to arrive at the Pavilion's stage door.

"After every chorus of the song," he said, "you are to have eight page boys dressed in white leading on eight white rabbits each with beautiful long hair, all of them led by ribbons of pale blue. Sixty-four white Angora rabbits . . . ."

"But why sixty-four white rabbits?" said Pinkie. "They would be an awful nuisance on the stage."

"Oh, it won't come to that," said Booster. "I want the wagon to arrive with the rabbits in a big cage. Now, at the stage door, as you can easily arrange, there will be a collision between the wagon and something else, and the cage will be smashed. You can easily arrange that. Have a loose cage, one that will open.

"And then the white rabbits, with their long blue ribbons attached, will scamper up Shaftesbury Avenue, up Regent Street, along Piccadilly, down Lower Regent Street, pursued by the police, run over by omnibuses. All you have to do is to run after them, or as many of them as you can, shouting, 'My rabbits! My rabbits!'"

And Booster Jones said that if a hint were given to the papers they could easily be induced to send up their best descriptive writers so that an account of how sixty-four white rabbits, all with pale-blue streamers attached, had scampered across the centre of the earth could appear in all the evening papers; yes, and the next morning's papers, too.

"Golly!" said Pinkie. "That's a great idea."

"Well, I leave the rest to you," said Booster Jones. "All you have to do is to buy the rabbits and arrange the collision and shout 'My rabbits! My rabbits!'"

UNFORTUNATELY, great ideas are in the habit of going a little astray. Two days later a man who described himself as Miss Pinkie Pattison's manager called on Booster Jones and said he could not buy sixty-four white rabbits.

"Will wild rabbits do?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said Booster Jones. "It is no concern of mine, but the chief part of my idea is the white purity of the rabbits. Wild rabbits would merely look stupid with blue ribbons attached."

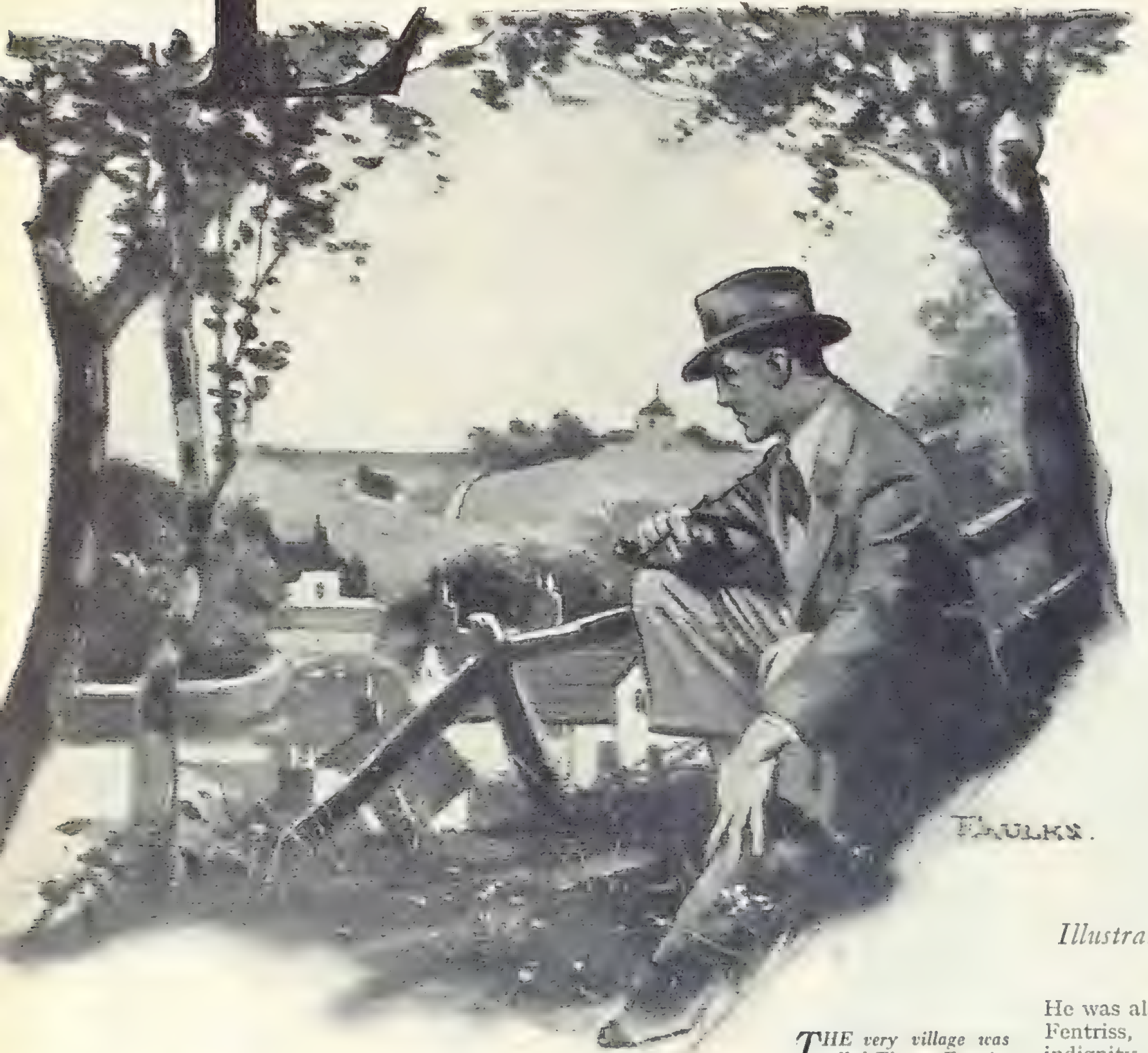
"But we cannot buy the sixty-four white rabbits," replied the man.

(*Continued on page* 124)

Landmarks

Usurpers and Usurped Cross Swords with Fate and each other, while Love Stands by until——

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks



THE very village was called Thorpe Fentriss

MARTIN FENTRISS detested the age in which he lived. The evil was in him, and not in the age, and as a man of culture and sense he knew it; but this knowledge, though it might control, could not exorcise the demons that harassed him. Being out of tune with the world, he had sought retirement, and in his solitude he still knew the whips and stings of disgust and discontent, the bitterness of flat disillusion.

This was an ill mood for one young, upright in his health and strength, comely with the virile attractiveness of fine English stock and good breeding. You would not have thought that he could have any quarrel with the world, but rather that he would have found it a pleasant place.

But the quarrel of Fentriss was with Destiny, and this implacable opponent held him helpless in a strangling grip.

The centre of his proud gloom lay in the fact that he was "ruined," as the quick phrase goes; one with many others, the great wave of change had caught him up, sucked all from him and the estates.

Of his fortunes there was but enough left to keep him in his sullen retreat; with care and time he might get enough capital to start life again abroad; it had been repeatedly pointed out to him by his well-wishers that this was a wise and not distasteful course.

Fentriss admitted the wisdom, but closed his eyes to the allurements of exile.

He could feel no zest in beginning life again at thirty-five; he had no gifts or training for earning money and position, which he had been brought up to regard as naturally his right. Sore and bitter and sad, he lived in a cottage that had once belonged to one of his gamekeepers on the borders of the big estate he had sold to Mr. John Maule, a man who had been changed, by this same cause that had broken Martin Fentriss, from a simple tradesman to "nearly a millionaire."

Fentriss heartily disliked the near neighbourhood of this man, but this corner of Sussex was so dear to him that he remained an exile near his lost domain sooner than forfeit the sight of his dear fields and downs, orchards and copses. He was also too proud to admit that he, Fentriss, could possibly receive any indignity from this juxtaposition of possessed and dispossessed; it was, of course, John Maule who must look, feel and be ridiculous.

The very village was called Thorpe Fentriss; the church repeated the name of Fentriss from a dozen rich tombs; the very ploughmen, for miles around, regarded John Maule as an interloper.

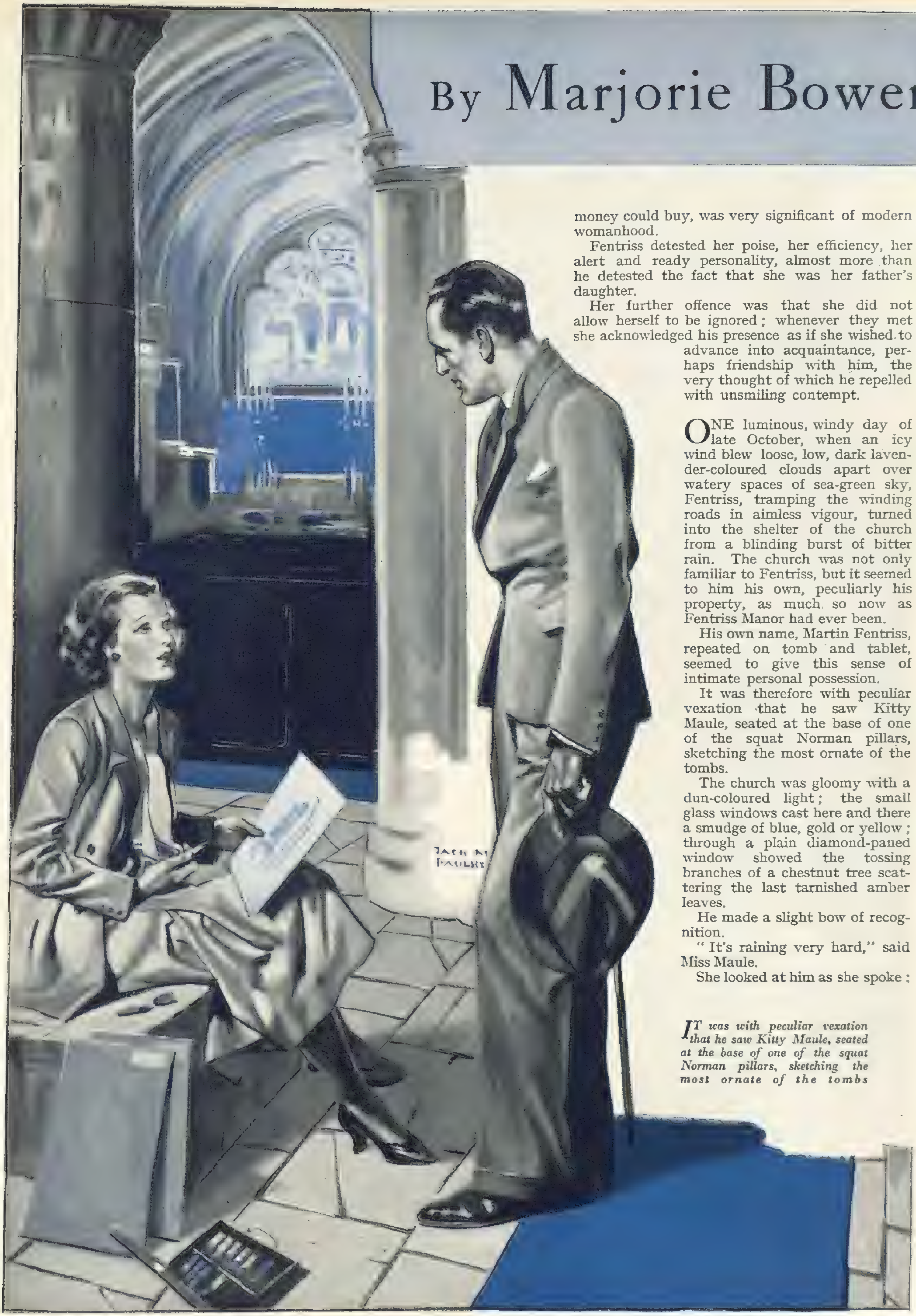
There was little personal acquaintance between the men; agents had managed the business between them.

They knew each other by sight, which was no cause of embarrassment to Fentriss; he simply treated the older man as the one stranger in the county—a person who did not, for him, really exist.

But there was a daughter, and she did not trouble Fentriss, for he actively disliked her; indeed, he disliked women. He was affronted by the odour of femininity that, since the war, had clung to almost everything. This sense of feminism, smiles and perfume pervading every aspect of life; this freedom of the women showing itself, now flaunting, now shyly; this onward sweep of the women, now eager, now hesitant, revolted and disturbed Fentriss.

And Kitty Maule, the daughter of this man, who had so much of everything

By Marjorie Bowen



money could buy, was very significant of modern womanhood.

Fentriss detested her poise, her efficiency, her alert and ready personality, almost more than he detested the fact that she was her father's daughter.

Her further offence was that she did not allow herself to be ignored; whenever they met she acknowledged his presence as if she wished to advance into acquaintance, perhaps friendship with him, the very thought of which he repelled with unsmiling contempt.

ONE luminous, windy day of late October, when an icy wind blew loose, low, dark lavender-coloured clouds apart over watery spaces of sea-green sky, Fentriss, tramping the winding roads in aimless vigour, turned into the shelter of the church from a blinding burst of bitter rain. The church was not only familiar to Fentriss, but it seemed to him his own, peculiarly his property, as much so now as Fentriss Manor had ever been.

His own name, Martin Fentriss, repeated on tomb and tablet, seemed to give this sense of intimate personal possession.

It was therefore with peculiar vexation that he saw Kitty Maule, seated at the base of one of the squat Norman pillars, sketching the most ornate of the tombs.

The church was gloomy with a dun-coloured light; the small glass windows cast here and there a smudge of blue, gold or yellow; through a plain diamond-paned window showed the tossing branches of a chestnut tree scattering the last tarnished amber leaves.

He made a slight bow of recognition.

"It's raining very hard," said Miss Maule.

She looked at him as she spoke:

IT was with peculiar vexation that he saw Kitty Maule, seated at the base of one of the squat Norman pillars, sketching the most ornate of the tombs fear, not of discourtesy, but of absurdity, kept him lingering near her for a second.

That second she seized.

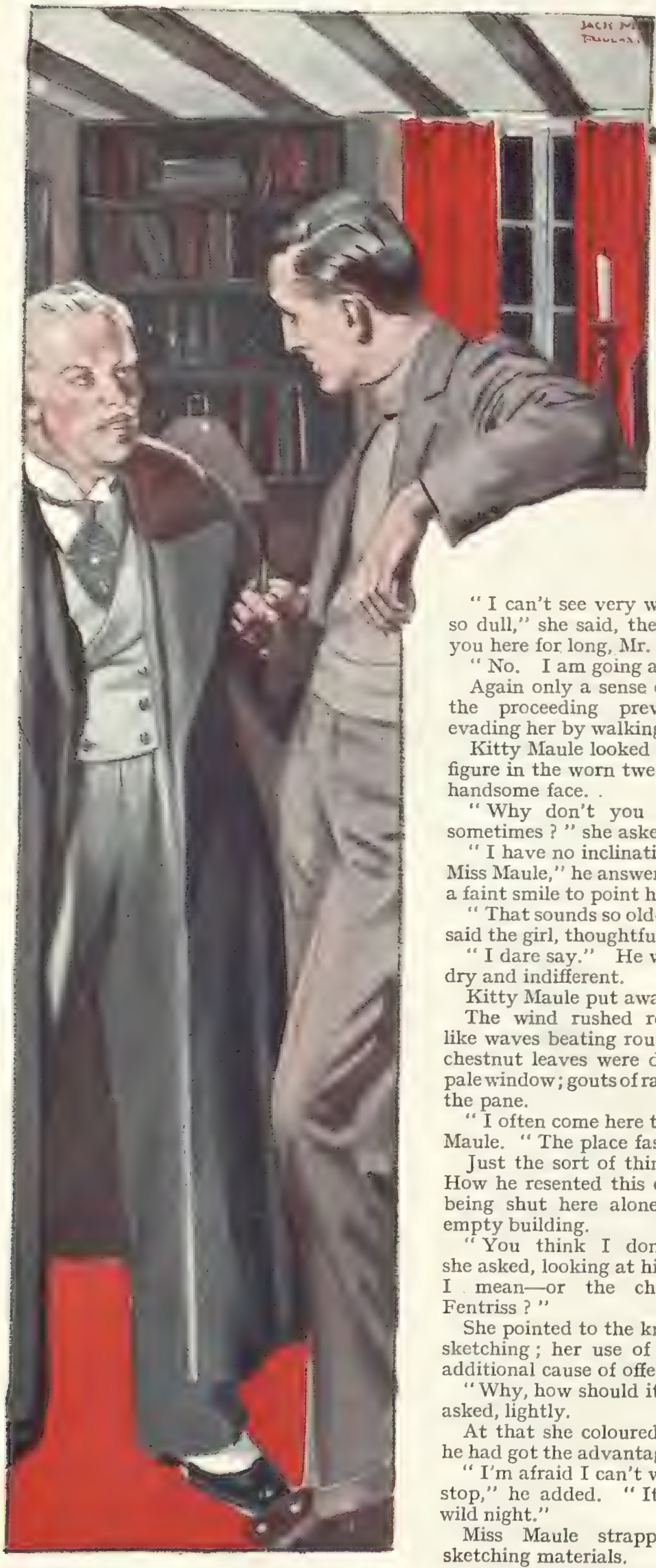
"Do you like my copy of your ancestor?" she asked.

She held up a drawing in crayon of the recumbent knight who had not only the name but the features of Fentriss.

It was quite an able piece of work, done with power and feeling; but Fentriss detested it, because of the girl and her direct challenge.

"It is very good," he answered in a tone as dully indifferent as he could make it, and as he spoke he looked at her with the instinctively keen scrutiny of dislike.

She was tall and not very slight; her face had wide, broad lines; her fair hair was full and deeply waving, and her colouring wholesome.



FOR the first time Fentriss looked at him fully and honestly, for the first time Fentriss thought that perhaps there was some finer manhood, deep hidden behind conventions, as yet untouched by him

With a quick movement she closed her costly crayon-box.

"I can't see very well now; it has got so dull," she said, then suddenly: "Are you here for long, Mr. Fentriss?"

"No. I am going abroad soon."

Again only a sense of the absurdity of the proceeding prevented him from evading her by walking away.

Kitty Maule looked swiftly at the dark figure in the worn tweeds, with the hard, handsome face.

"Why don't you côme and see us sometimes?" she asked.

"I have no inclination for new friends, Miss Maule," he answered, and he allowed a faint smile to point his remark.

"That sounds so old-fashioned, really," said the girl, thoughtfully.

"I dare say." He was more and more dry and indifferent.

Kitty Maule put away her sketch.

The wind rushed round the building like waves beating round a ship; the wet chestnut leaves were dashed against the pale window; gouts of rain splashed against the pane.

"I often come here to draw," said Miss Maule. "The place fascinates me."

Just the sort of thing she would say! How he resented this enforced intimacy, being shut here alone with her in the empty building.

"You think I don't understand?" she asked, looking at him. "That tomb, I mean—or the church, or—Martin Fentriss?"

She pointed to the knight she had been sketching; her use of his name was an additional cause of offence.

"Why, how should it concern me?" he asked, lightly.

At that she coloured, and he felt that he had got the advantage.

"I'm afraid I can't wait for the rain to stop," he added. "It has set in for a wild night."

Miss Maule strapped together her sketching materials.

"You ought to have been a soldier, Mr. Fentriss, like some of your ancestors."

He coloured now with hot resentment.

"I got crocked in the last war, or I suppose I should still be a soldier."

The girl noticed his anger, and further affronted him with an awkward apology.

"I'm sorry—I didn't know—I asked, because I seem to see you always with armour on—like the knight there—"

He thought this clumsy impertinence.

"I must really go." He moved towards the low Gothic door.

"We go the same way," faltered Miss Maule. "I'm returning to the Manor——"

"The Manor House" (Fentriss could not resist the pedantic correction) "is not in the direction in which I am going —I'm sorry." (This a concession to her quivering discomfiture, for which, however, he disliked her the more; her awkwardness jarred more than her efficiency).

As he walked towards the door he was acutely conscious of the slight limp that was the only outward sign of his being "crocked"; she must, he thought, have noticed it before, considering her close scrutiny of him whenever they met.

From the thick shadow of the sunken door he gave her, almost without his own volition, a reluctant look over his shoulder.

She was bending over her sketching materials in an awkward fashion, strapping and unstrapping what was already packed.

The strong broken light that now and then penetrated the torn storm-clouds struck through one of the coloured deep-set windows.

Fentriss saw the ultramarine and crimson from his coat-of-arms painted in the window falling on the girl's tweed suit and white muffler.

He walked out into the darting intermittent rain and shook his shoulders impatiently.

Was she to spoil the church for him with her daubing, as her father spoilt the countryside with his cars? Was there to be no escape from them in Thorpe Fentriss?

The young man struggled with a sense of monstrous injustice.

He hated these people and all they stood for; he could see no virtue in them, hardly any excuse for their existence.

There was nothing for it but to leave a place tainted by their presence.

Swinging home down the wet, cold lanes under the piled-up dark clouds, Fentriss resolved to go away at once.

But he did not go. He lacked impetus; he had no longer any zest in anything; his vast indifference prevented action; he was comfortable where he was and, save for the Maules, at peace.

He had the goad neither of necessity nor of responsibility; his sisters were married, but not well enough to be of any use to him; he had no other relatives near enough to count at all.

The South African adventure looked less and less pleasing—besides he had not enough capital.

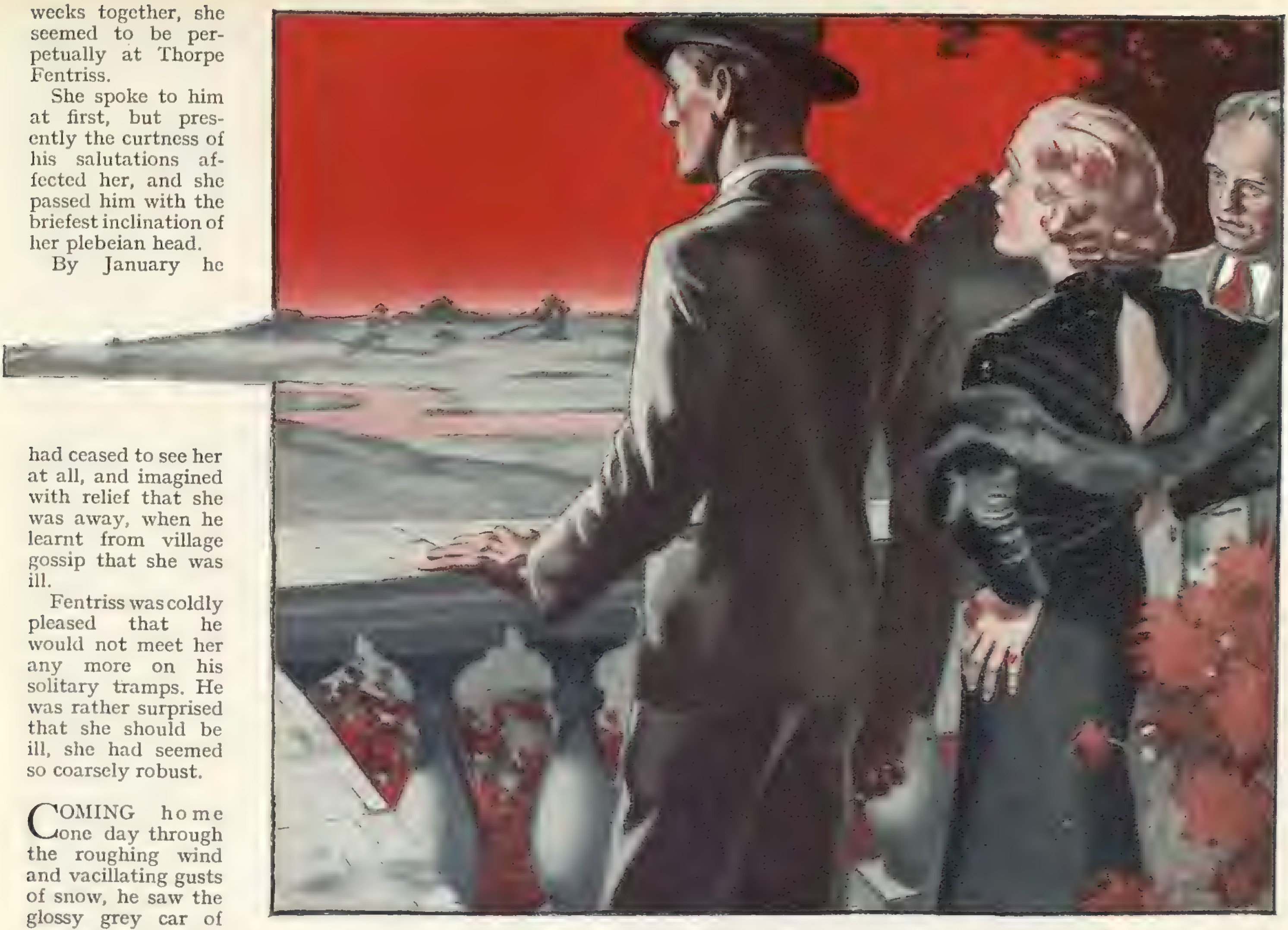
In brief, lacking all incentive to any action, he remained where he was.

It was, of course, inevitable that he should sometimes meet Kitty Maule; though her father was frequently away for weeks together, she seemed to be perpetually at Thorpe Fentriss.

She spoke to him at first, but presently the curtness of his salutations affected her, and she passed him with the briefest inclination of her plebeian head.

By January he had ceased to see her at all, and imagined with relief that she was away, when he learnt from village gossip that she was ill.

Fentriss was coldly pleased that he would not meet her any more on his solitary tramps. He was rather surprised that she should be ill, she had seemed so coarsely robust.



BELOW the gardens, the rolling landscape faded into purple mists

COMING home one day through the roughing wind and vacillating gusts of snow, he saw the glossy grey car of the Maules outside his cottage gate.

The daily woman who waited on him met him at the gate in some trepidation.

Mr. John Maule was waiting for him, had been waiting an hour—would not go away.

Fentriss hung up his coat, sparkling with snowflakes, in the narrow passage, and went without a word into the small sitting-room.

This was very pleasant, with some fine engravings on the whitewashed walls, shelves of books in vellum and leather, fine old furniture, and a big log fire on the open hearth.

John Maule was seated by the carved oak table, on which rested his gloves and hat; he had kept on his overcoat. He was a rotund, little figure of a man, with a face whipped red from the winter air and the fire-glow.

Fentriss did not hold out his hand; looking large and massive in his rough Norfolk and breeches in the tiny room, he waited.

Mr. Maule rose and greeted him with fulsome pleasantness.

Fentriss interrupted this cordiality.

" I wasn't expecting you," he said, " Good of you to come. Sit down."

Mr. Maule sat down.

" You'd have been better pleased if I'd kept away," he said. " I know that. You've made it pretty plain."

Fentriss, standing on the narrow hearth, said nothing.

" But I've got a big reason for coming," added Mr. Maule. " First, I'd like to clear the ground a little—to make you, Mr. Fentriss, look at things more reasonably, if I may say so."

" It seems a useless sort of discussion," smiled Fentriss, " between you and me, Mr. Maule——"

The little man's stout figure seemed to tighten and stiffen.

" That's how you *talk*," he said. " I'm no match for you in that—we've got to get beyond fancy speeches, Mr. Fentriss. Be so kind as to look at things plainly——"

" Is there any need ? " asked Fentriss.

His adversary gave him a look not without dignity.

" Can't you put your feelings in your pocket and speak *plain*, and let me speak plain ? You can laugh at me afterwards, if you want to."

Fentriss felt the rebuke; to master the man with easy phrases was too facile, too cheap.

" Well, what do you want ? " he demanded. " That's plain."

" I'll tell you," replied Mr. Maule. " I want you to clear away some of your prejudiced ideas about me. You've no call to despise me, Mr. Fentriss, because I've bought your house. My money's honest—honest as that from rents."

He spoke without bluster, rather with a gravity that was as pathetic as it was absurd.

" You no doubt think me a profiteer," he went on. " I've made my money in good business deals—the Government took my boats for mine sweeping. That's how I really started to make money."

" Well," said Fentriss, " I've no comment to make."

" I often went out on them, mine-sweeping, myself. My men worked 'em. Did our bit. I had two boys in the war. Not dandy soldiers, not in the Guards—one never got his commission—but they were killed all right."

He paused abruptly and pulled at his grey moustache.

" I've got another boy—at Cheltenham. I bought your place for him. *He'll* be a decent fellow when they've done with him. That was the mother's ambition. She—just fell dead when she got that second telegram—face forward among the breakfast things—a weak heart, always."

As he jerked these sentences out Fentriss stood uncomfortably silent, staring down into the blazing logs.

" I can't see how this affects me," he said, as John Maule paused.

" I'm coming to that. I'm no good at speeches. I wanted you to see things—broader, Mr. Fentriss—broader. You hate us—it don't seem right to you, the way we've butted in. There's something about ancient landmarks, that they mustn't be moved; but supposing they aren't moved, but swept away ? "

He spoke so earnestly that Fentriss was impelled to turn and look at the figure in the expensive clothes.

" Swept away," repeated Mr. Maule, " that's what's happened. *We* can't help it—I no more than you; it happens. You look at it like that. You don't like us—we can't help it, Mr. Fentriss."

" Oh, quite," said Fentriss.

" My buying your place, now. Bad taste, you think—everyone round here makes me feel that—but I wasn't to know you'd stay on here—hating me, pointing the difference. The place was in the market. You wanted to sell—wanted the money, too, I heard. I paid your price—for the boy. If you'd found no buyer, what would you have done ? "

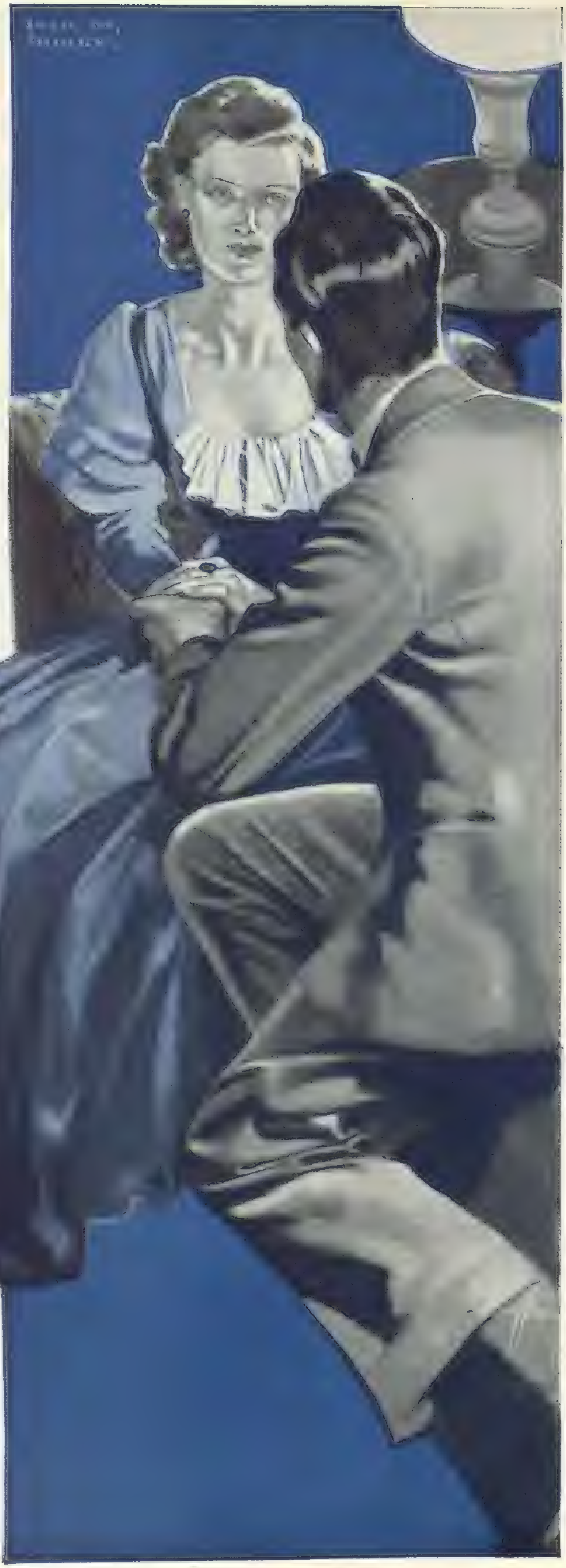
He spoke quietly, but with almost tragic earnestness.

" I don't understand," murmured Fentriss, uncomfortably.

" I'm trying to make you. I don't like your house, Mr. Fentriss. Too full of old things that don't mean anything nowadays—like the church and those tombs—all dead—ancient landmarks, not wanted ! Wouldn't do for my boy—he doesn't want all that hung round his neck—he's got and wants to *do* something—start fresh."

" I'm afraid I can't buy back," smiled the younger man.

" I know. The place is for my girl now—she likes it, understands it. Women have got that feeling for things of that sort."



HE saw that the honest eyes that looked straightly at him were blurred as by many secret tears

" A very happy arrangement," remarked Fentriss. He was aware that his visitor was struggling with a deep agitation, and this wholly amazed him.

" Fentriss Manor is for Kitty and her husband," said Mr. Maule, in a queer voice. " And she's got a good lump of cash, too—three hundred thousand on her wedding day——"

The young man looked at him, not comprehending the drift of his remarks.

John Maule's grey eyes were fixed on him with a look of rather desperate appeal.

" Fentriss Manor and three hundred thousand pounds, or maybe more," he said hoarsely. " That's my offer."

" Your offer ? " repeated Fentriss, really at a loss.

" If you like to have the place back — as Kitty's husband," jerked out the little man.

Fentriss drew a quick breath. So this was the absurdity to be launched on him ! This huge bribe to secure an old name for the daughter !

He was quite honestly aghast.

" You must see yourself how impossible a position you put me in—" he began.

"No, I don't—but please don't answer yet ; you hardly know her—she's a good girl—one of the best, well educated, too ; knows her way about—never let you down——"

This vulgar insistency hardened Fentriss.

" It is impossible," he said, briefly. " I do not even know Miss Maule."

" Do you want to ? Will you ? " asked John Maule, eagerly.

" No," said Fentriss.

John Maule rose, and the younger man did not care to look at him.

" This is obstinacy, Mr. Fentriss," murmured John Maule. " You won't look at things square. You're all shut in ; there's no getting at you."

Fentriss mentally agreed ; he *was* shut in, by all the codes, traditions and conventions that the other was so hideously outraging, and this attack on his barriers was outrageous, unforgivable.

" I suppose you don't think much of my girl," went on the old man. " She's not your sort ; she's healthy and simple, and you'd think that being vulgar and foolish. You think of fashion-plates when you think of women——" his voice roughened. " If you'd look at things *square*, Mr. Fentriss, you'd see the points of my girl."

The young man glanced at the speaker ; he felt they were both grotesque, ridiculous ; it went beyond embarrassment—it gave him mental nausea, the whole situation.

" It is impossible to

discuss such a position," he protested, his voice sounding cruelly cold and keen in his own ears even. "Miss Maule would not wish it——"

"She knows nothing about it," said the father miserably. "She's not well. Maybe I have *been* clumsy."

His resigned air of defeat was so piteous that Fentriss was moved to say:—

"You'll easily find a better match for Miss Maule; take her about—to London—Paris——"

"She won't go—don't you understand?"

The little man, clutching his glossy gloves, came a step nearer the other.

"I haven't come here to beat about the bush," he said hoarsely. "My girl has set her heart on you—she—something on her mind, the doctor told me. I—well, I got it out of her—we've always been pals. I'm clumsy—I came here to speak plain."

The absurdity had become a monstrosity; Fentriss coloured deeply.

"You should not have said that, Mr. Maule. We must both try to forget it. I appreciate your feelings."

"It's still impossible?" stammered the old man.

Fentriss made an effort to throw the whole ugly thing off.

"Quite impossible," he replied with vigour.

He felt more than saw the quiver with which John Maule took the words, and the effort with which he subdued the anguish—how intolerable it all was!

"Well, you've spoken plain, Mr. Fentriss. I ought to thank you for that," the other shot out the words stiffly. "I've done what I did for my girl—I don't say you're the man I'd have chosen. She's not been spoilt, but when she's wanted a thing badly I've always tried to get it for her. That's all."

"A transient fancy," said Fentriss, awkwardly. "It will be forgotten in a few weeks."

"I shouldn't be here if I thought that—if I hadn't been a desperate man, Mr. Fentriss."

He paused heavily with bowed head, as if weighing the consequences of his defeat. He looked, to make matters worse for Fentriss, in expression and pose, like his daughter as she had bent over the portfolio in the old church.

He moved towards the door; his heavy gait was very noticeable; he looked back under wrinkled brows at Fentriss.

"You're wrong, too," he added, sombrely. "There's more in life than ancestors and good manners and living on your grandfather's money. It's like fungus, all this old stuff—bright and rotten. Good-day, Mr. Fentriss, good-day."

The young man had followed him into the hall and opened the tiny front door; he could think of no parting civility that might not lead to a continued acquaintanceship that positively must not be.

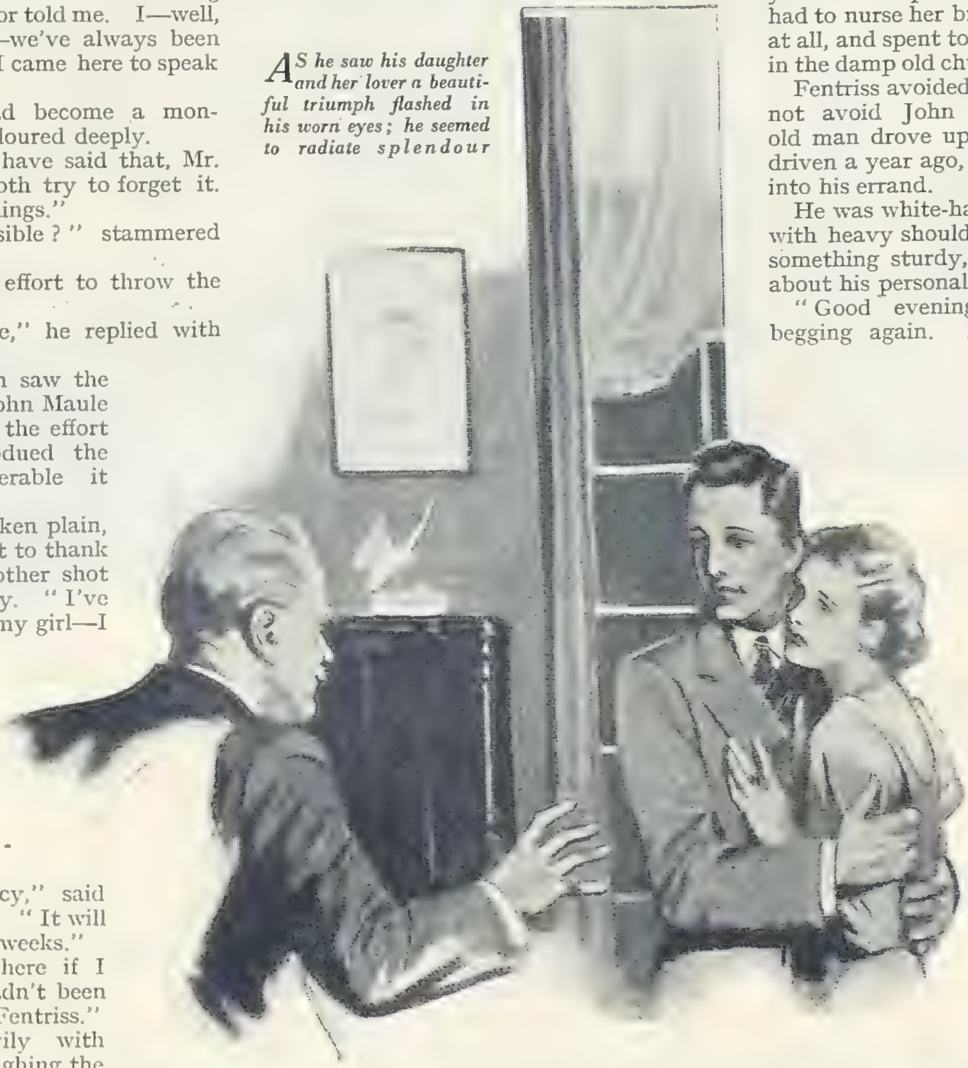
SO Mr. Maule left in silence and was glided off in the gleaming car, huddled in rugs. Fentriss returned to the fire, shaken and vexed almost beyond control—that such a man should have come with such a proposal couched in such terms—so bald, so crude.

Kitty Maule, so cool, efficient, and calm, with her money-bags and her chances, in love with him, the merest passer-by in her life—a whim, of course, a freak, a feminine caprice; even these stolid girls had, he supposed, their unaccountable sides, their streaks of female folly.

Then the old man, with his preposterous errand, and his eternal "Mr. Fentriss," and his common terms of speech and his bribes—Fentriss Manor and three hundred thousand pounds!

Fentriss filled his pipe with savage jabs and smoked sullenly.

He did not consider himself either snob or prig, and therefore his own discomfort vexed him; he was the offended person, not the cause of offence—why, therefore, should he feel humiliated?



As he saw his daughter and her lover a beautiful triumph flashed in his worn eyes; he seemed to radiate splendour

Fentriss went to Scotland to one of his sisters after that, and then to London, from one friend to another, and then to stay at one of the clubs to which he could still afford to belong.

He heard frequently of John Maule; the man was in the City now, making even more money; he looked out with furtive interest for the announcement of the daughter's marriage. Probably she would get a title now. He wondered what would become of Fentriss Manor.

And still he idled and drifted, and thought and dreamed; there was still no zest or spur or stimulus in life; all the incentive of his existence had gone when he had been obliged to sell Fentriss Manor.

He went to Paris for a while and was bored; he came back to London and saw in *The Times* that John Maule's only son had died at school.

And he could not understand why this hurt him horribly.

FOR the rest of the summer he was in Scotland again, and October found him back in Thorpe Fentriss piling up the log fires in his little cottage, and smoking his pipe in the low, shabby, easychair over the embers.

He had made enquiries about the Maules and learnt that they were going away for the winter, so he took his tramps with a lighter heart. Even if they met the merest salutation would suffice; the passing of a year must have effaced that horrible interview from all but their secret minds. Miss Maule, he heard, had passed this same year at Thorpe Fentriss, save when she had to nurse her brother; she wasn't well at all, and spent too much time sketching in the damp old church.

Fentriss avoided the church. He could not avoid John Maule, however; the old man drove up to his door as he had driven a year ago, and plunged as grimly into his errand.

He was white-haired now, and bowed, with heavy shoulders, but there was still something sturdy, vital and indomitable about his personality.

"Good evening, Mr. Fentriss. I'm begging again. But I don't want so much this time."

Fentriss stiffened at this impudence—impudence or courage?

The drooping shoulders squared. "My girl's all I've got now. And I'm not asking much. She's not well—I—I can't get her spirits up. If you'd just come and see us sometimes, Mr. Fentriss."

"I would much rather not."

"I know. I'm asking it as a *favour*. It is on her mind that she's not good enough for you to speak to even——"

"Don't," said Fentriss.

"I must. She's moping. I can't get her away. And since the boy——" he made a convulsive effort. "I'd do anything to save her—Mr. Fentriss."

He was changed; his face was diminished, his sparkle dimmed. Fentriss recalled how he had spoken of "the boy" and "my son"; he had called himself a desperate man then. Now he seemed like one fighting for a last hope.

Fentriss tried to rouse himself.

"You put me in a hopeless position," he began, quickly.

"Think of mine," broke in the father, with sudden passion, "when I see her sketches—every tomb and tablet that's got your name on—Martin Fentriss is burnt on my brain—and she's quite breaking her heart—a good girl, too—I never thought it 'ud come to this—I remember her as a little thing—such tricks she had—so loving."

He paused, controlling himself fiercely.

"You don't understand," he went on. "You're a

(*Continued on page* 114)

HEALTH

By
Chrysis

Spring in the Blood

Grand . . . . But It Also Means Spots, Pimples, Rashes

SPRING. Sap rising. Trees budding, blossoming. The air sweetly heavy with promise. Nature's yearly miracle of resurrection taking place, and making many human beings bitterly envious.

For the seasonal changes that, like those in arboreal and floral subjects, also occur just now in our own bodies, do not unfortunately manifest themselves in renewed youth and beauty, but often have an undesired efflorescence in the form of spots and pimples and rashes.

We can't start fresh every spring, as the earth does. But we can take steps to feel fresh and young, and to combat the disturbances which spring causes in our blood.

With the coming of warmer days, clothing and diet should be sensibly lightened. Plenty of fruit and vegetables should replace starchy and fatty foods, and plenty of water should be drunk.

It is also desirable to take what our mothers called cooling medicines. These are, of course, the salines and magnesias, which help to neutralise acid secretions (the cause of many skin troubles) and carry away impurities.

There are some excellent anti-acid cachets which are easy to take and are fine for counteracting blood disturbances. Sulphur tablets are often recommended by doctors for spring disorders, but they are apt, temporarily, to drive the impurities outwards.

Now for the treatments. Owing to exposure to the outer air, clogging, and so on, blood disturbances have a tendency to show themselves on the face and neck.

If a few isolated spots are to be treated, there is an excellent—almost infallible—acne lotion, vouched for by some of the highest authorities which can be dabbed on just where required.

If the general condition of the skin is unsatisfactory, it is advisable to use a spot-proof cream. This is also medicated and can be used by day and night. There is a lotion under the same name which can be used in conjunction with the cream, and is particularly cooling and useful in cases where the skin gets overheated.

I can tell you of an interesting complexion treatment, particularly valuable in connection with seasonal disorders.

It stimulates circulation and forces the underlying tissues to do their own work, so that impurities are carried away by natural means. It restores the functions which have become sluggish or deranged by climatic, digestive, circulatory or other causes.

A special electrically worked little machine is used, which actually stimulates the glands behind the muscles. This is followed by manipulation of the persuasive, gentle pinching, squeezing kind. This is the enemy of acidity and is particularly useful in dissipating chalky deposits and curing those little white spots and seed acne.

The formulae include an excellent lotion for the external treatment of specific spots or eruptions.

Masks are much resorted to nowadays in the treatment of skin troubles, owing to their action in bringing impurities to the surface and absorbing them. Two that are particularly efficacious may be mentioned.

One has a basis of spagnal (a product drawn from peat and much used in the treatment of skin affections). The preparation—which is spread over the face—also contains herbal and other extracts of proved efficiency. Remarkably successful results have been obtained in clearing and healing the complexion.

Another mask, more like the clay packs in consistency, has a stimulating effect on the capillary circulation. One of its constituents is particularly useful in the absorption of acids and impurities.

The state of the scalp is important in the diagnosis and subsequent treatment of skin troubles. It is particularly vulnerable to climatic, seasonal and blood conditions, and a fruitful source of skin trouble.

It is difficult to prescribe specifically, as there are so many degrees and kinds of affection—dry or moist dandruff, anæmia, tightness of the scalp, and so on. But I should be glad to advise any readers who want help and will *accurately* describe their symptoms. Also to answer any other queries you may have about this article.

and BEAUTY

The Way to Smooth Legs

A method which attacks, and weakens unwanted hair, keeping it under control

Pink Satin and Lace Négligée from Debenham & Freebody. Photo by Helen MacGregor

THIS question of removing and discouraging the growth of hair is a real problem to women, one that no false modesty should prevent us from considering and discussing.

I do not only mean hair on the upper lip or chin, about which many women are, quite understandably, extremely sensitive.

I refer mainly to hair on the arms, legs, or under the arms.

Hairy legs are the most common trouble.

They look horrible with your swim suit, or when you are sun-bathing or playing tennis.

The loveliest, most expensive stockings cannot hide the hairs, which show through.

You can never completely destroy hair growth. But you can keep it under control, attack it and weaken it, so that the growth becomes slow and fine.

Naturally when a largish surface, like legs and arms, has to be dealt with, the process may be rather different from that when only the removal of a few little downy hairs on an upper lip is in question.

But there is one method which is equally applicable whatever part of the body is to be treated. It is the electra-wax eradicator of a very famous specialist, and has been used with unqualified success for some years, both in her salons and by her clients at home.

It is absolutely safe and non-injurious to the skin: it *discourages* the recurrence and weakens the growth of hair, and it is much more lasting in effect than any depilatory, which only removes the hair from the surface of the skin.

In this method the hair is drawn out from the root, which lies a sixteenth of an inch below the outer skin, so that any hair which does come again has all that extra way to travel before it can re-appear at all.

In most cases it is at least a month or six weeks before it is necessary to repeat the treatment. Regular users find that the intervals grow longer and longer.

Some women have one treatment before they go away for the summer, say, and find no necessity to use the wax, or anything else, until they come back.

Let me describe the method. The wax is warmed in a special little pan, and spread over the surface to be treated, while it is warm and liquefied.

It is allowed to dry and harden, and then briskly stripped off like a plaster, when it brings all the hair away with it. While it is on the skin certain ingredients in the wax sink into the pores, which have been opened by the warmth, and loosen the root.

Amongst them is the special constituent which fights the hair-growth so that it becomes slower and finer with every application. Many of the hairs never re-appear again.

A special soothing cream is applied afterwards, which leaves the skin smooth, soft and cool.

Some skins are apt to show little red marks and even tiny spots after *any* slightly disturbing treatment, such as shaving or even friction.

This is generally a sign of acidity. Any such tendency can be easily obviated by taking a little milk of magnesia or other anti-acid before treatment.

There are obvious advantages in having, at any rate, the first treatment at the salons, in order to see just how it is done. When the wax is used for under the arms or in the nape of the neck it is not quite so easy, unless one is clever at these things, to use it yourself until you are practised and the hair-growth is weakened.

But many women do use the electra-eradicator themselves with complete success. The home outfit includes the little pan for heating the wax, a spatula for spreading it on evenly, and a jar of the soothing cream.

The same specialist provides an excellent depilatory powder for "emergency" use, but this is not to be confused with the eradicator as it only *removes* the hair and does not weaken or destroy it.

This is useful for under the arms, but she does not advise it for use on the face.

One word of reassurance to those women who have a tendency to grow hair. There is a fallacious belief that heavy creams and skin foods will *grow hair*. This is not the case.

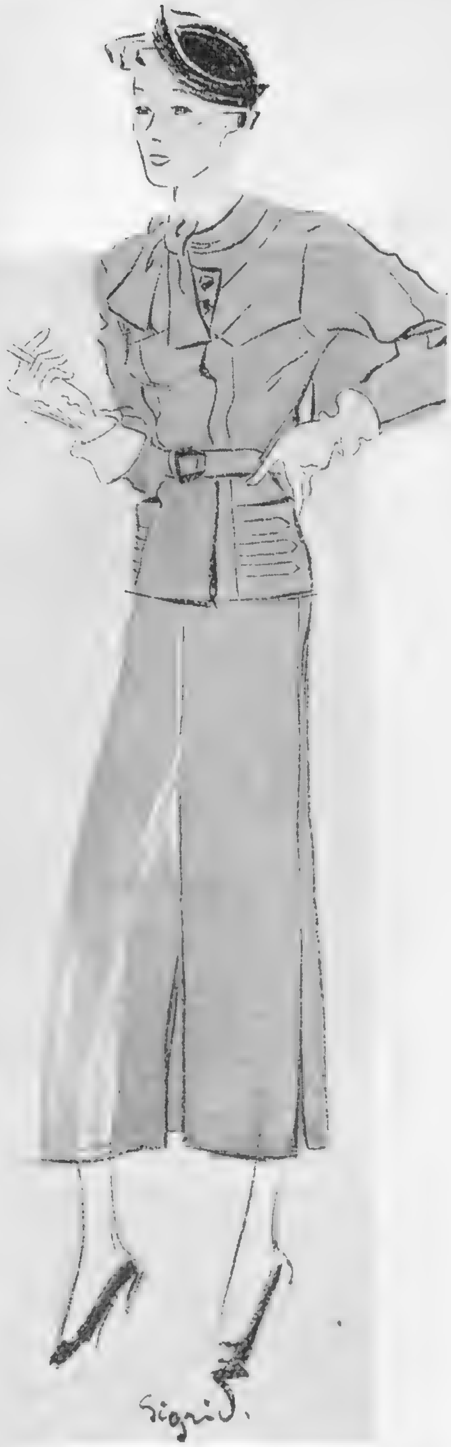
If it were so, there would not be so many bald heads and scanty locks about.

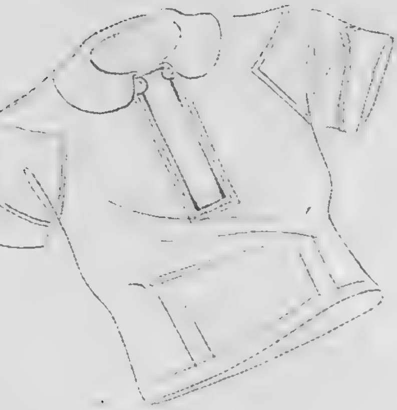
It is possible that some coarse animal fats might increase the growth, in exceptionally hirsute cases, but the oils and fats in really high-class beauty products have been so refined and tested that they cannot have any such effect.

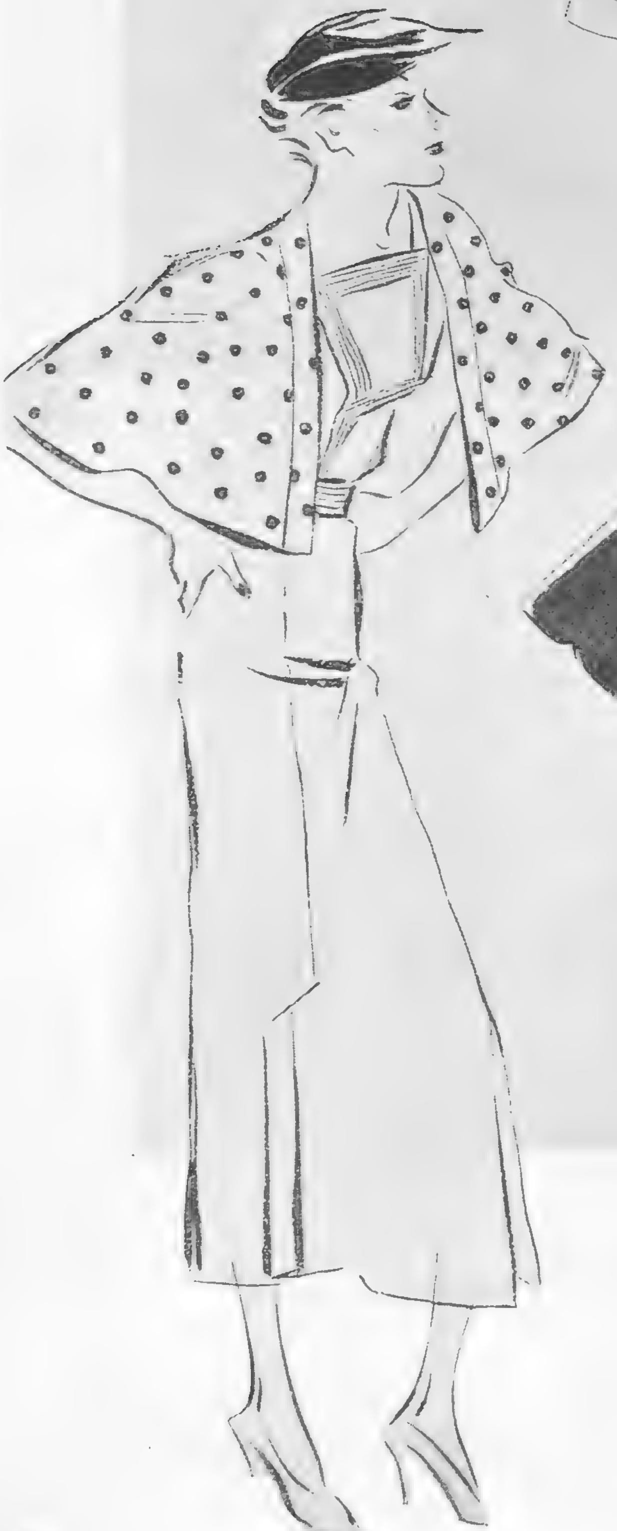
No reputable and serious specialist could afford to supply clients with hair-growing creams. And the lovely cooling and refreshing skin tonics which cleanse and refine the complexion, act as additional deterrents.

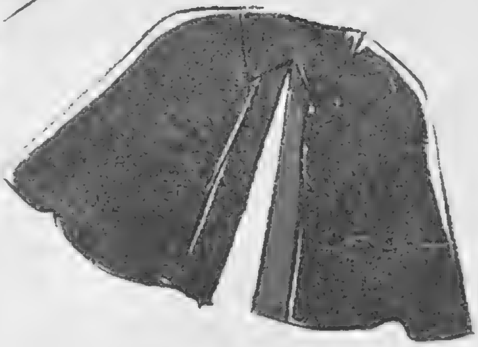
If you have a make-up or beauty question to ask, please write to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2., enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

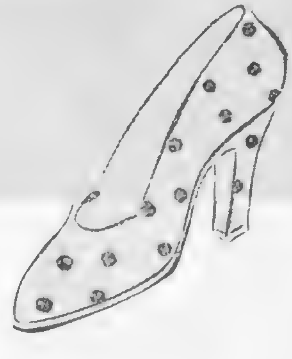
WE CHOOSE for YOU











EXTREME LEFT: Natural linen dress with spot cape—blue, green, red or brown. Two pounds five. The extra cape can be had in any of these colours, 10s. 6d. Linen shoes to match, in plain or spot linen, 19s. 9d.

ABOVE: Sand crêpe blouse in pastel shades. One pound.

Well-cut wool georgette coat and skirt in navy and all pastels. Four pounds ten.

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. The coat is in rough surface woollen, navy, nigger, green, red, black, beige or white. Exceedingly good line. Five guineas.

The skirt is in flannel or linen tweeds, white, natural, all pastels. Thirty shillings.

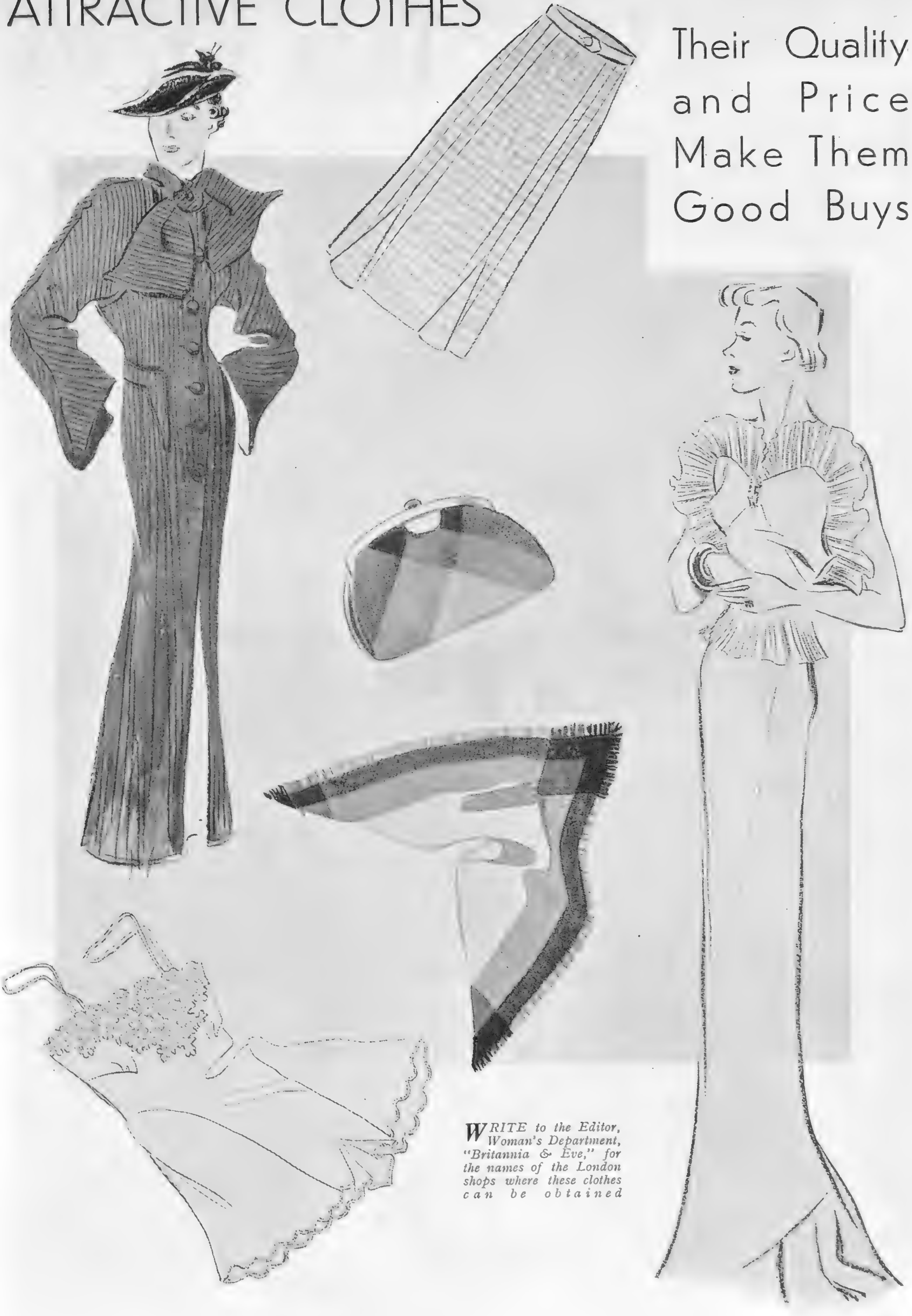
The bag and fringed scarf are in a woven woollen material. Many colour mixtures. One guinea.

The cami-knicker is milanese and needle-run lace. An excellent shape. All lingerie shades. 16s. 9d.

The elegant evening dress is dull surfaced, satin-backed crêpe, in flame, ivory and iris. Five and a half guineas.

ATTRACTIVE CLOTHES

Their Quality and Price Make Them Good Buys



WRITE to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia & Eve," for the names of the London shops where these clothes can be obtained

I'LL TELL YOU

By Mary

There are pure bath crystals which not only soften and scent the water but help to clean you

A new lipstick is about to be born. One we have all waited for

Practically everything that is wrong with hands and nails can be cured or remedied

I GET annoyed with the sort of men who say, with the air of discovering a great truth, that women only like champagne because it sparkles and fizzes and costs a lot of money. I then refuse champagne, pretending to dislike it, thus cutting off my nose to spite my face.

But it's true, of course. Women like sparkle and the thought of something being expensive. I have been trying some bath cubes that do the one without being the other.

The sparkle is fun, but it's not there for fun; it's there for health. The cube aerates the water. Don't people spend time and money going for cures to places where the waters are aerated ?

The famous perfume firm who make them were the first people in Europe to give us bath crystals out of pure carbonate of soda, with no hyposulphite.

In case you don't know your chemistry, this means they not only soften the water, but help to clean you.

These crystals are particularly good, because they are small, soft and flaky. You don't sit down suddenly on sharp, pointed corners. . . .

IT'S irritating, I know, to be reminded that beauty comes from within. It's like Papa, giving young Jim a terrific whacking, and saying, "This hurts me more than it hurts you."

The fact that Papa is a smug, complacent beast doesn't make the fact any the less true. Beauty from within. sounds preachy and priggish, but there it is; you can't escape it.

Whenever I feel sort of slowed down inside, as if the clock wanted winding, in a word, sluggish, I know it is impossible to do anything at all with my face. It goes faintly sallow, and make-up stands out like a sore finger.

A quick beauty treatment helps, temporarily, because it does a bit of blood circulating. But the next day, there I am again, dingy skin, realising it's going to be another ugly day.

A careful diet, as much exercise and fresh air as possible do things to your skin, gradually, which nothing else can.

If you slip up on this routine—as we all do sometimes, some of us too often—there is a corrective in the regular daily dose of a famous saline, which keeps the system methodical and the blood-stream lily-pure. Your own common sense will tell you how this must benefit your skin, as well as your general health.

SKINS now. You know what your face looks like in one of those magnifying mirrors. Every imperfection is starkly exposed. Or so you think until you see yourself in one end of a new instrument which a famed beauty specialist has just brought back with her from her travels.

It looks harmless enough, something like a sun-lamp. But looking into its mirrored depths you realise that your own glass was nothing but a flatterer. This one really gives you the works. It seems to look into your soul, or the place where you keep your soul.

At the other end sits Madame herself, who sees everything as clearly and cruelly as you, and who can tell, in one penetrating glance, what your trouble is, and what to do about it.

As she has a panacea for everything, your troubles are practically over from the moment you step in to consult her.

She is extremely practical about two horrors—warts and moles.

They stand no chance in that place. Almost before you've taken your hat off, they've gone.

Madame goes around the world, from big city to city, consulting a learned scientist here, a working chemist there, a doctor somewhere else. Adds the results together in her own nimble, experimental, experienced brain, and produces something new for the further loveliness of women.

This time it is a hot herbal mask, a glorious and glorifying experience. You can have it at the salon, or apply it yourself at home, on one of those days when you are anxious for somebody to say they have never seen you look so attractive—what is it about you ? . . .

And she has news of a lipstick, just about to be born, which sounds like the lipstick we have all waited for. It has all the good lipstick qualities. Quiet perfume, goes on smoothly, doesn't come off on napkins and cutlery, yet wipes off when you want it to at night. The newness is an ingredient which makes the lips dewy, shiny, softly glowing, gives a young look. You should be able to ask for it at the shops next month.

SEEMS as if I can't write a column—call two pages a column ?—without mentioning hands. For two reasons. One, I am interested and that's a good enough reason for writing anything. Two, I am always finding new, interesting (I hope) things to tell you about their care.

I learned plenty the other afternoon about caring for the hands. Or, rather, I unlearned plenty.

It is a revolutionary place I visited. All the things I had thought you did to nails and hands aren't done here.

They give you an exceptional manicure to start with.

Two charmers take your hands in hand. One does the nails of the left hand, while the other cleanses, massages, cream-massages and vibro-massages the right.

They won't cut the toughest cuticle on earth, if you give them the earth, But they guarantee to cure—permanently—the toughest case of growing cuticle.

ALL I KNOW

Young

They won't let you push back your cuticles. They won't file your corners. These have to grow up to the edges, and protect them, to avoid all that growth of hard horny skin. And when the nails have grown right up, they curve round, acquire a proper shape and form. They guarantee, if you do what they tell you—and they're stern disciplinarians—to improve, beyond recognition, the squattest, stubbiest, ugliest nails.

If you can't get along to see them, you can do all they tell you, easily, at home.

Practically everything that is wrong with your hands and nails, or goes wrong, can be cured, or remedied. White spots, brittle and breaking nails, bad colour, bad shape, inflamed cuticle, discoloration, hang nails.

There is a preparation—you can buy it for half a crown—which checks cuticle growth and helps your nails to be healthy, to stop breaking and splitting. A cream for killing the cuticle stone dead. An adhesive nail cream, for nails that separate themselves from the finger. A special enamel for brittle nails. And many nourishing, beautifying creams.

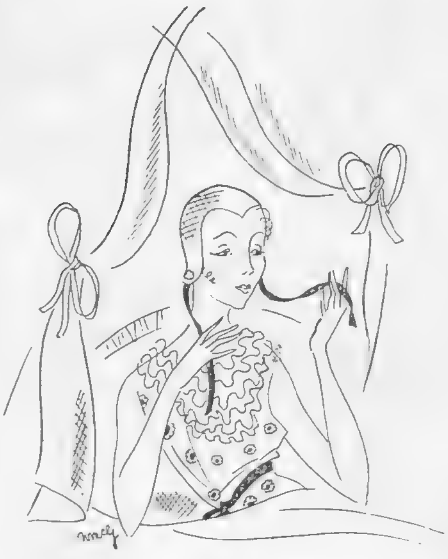
NEXT month. That's May. Summer. . . . Long hot days. Yes, you know what I'm driving at. Your energetic old friends, the sweat glands.

Those women who look as if they had never heard of such a gland have heard of it all right. They take precautions. And not difficult ones. The simplest, most casual precautions. A little pencil in a case, lipstick size, used like a lipstick. A touch or two under the arms once or twice a day, and you too have forgotten all about sweat glands, and all that they imply.

SANDALS, by night, with painted toe-nails showing, add to your glamour. Oh, undoubtedly. But as about one foot in a hundred can stand the public gaze, what can you do about it?

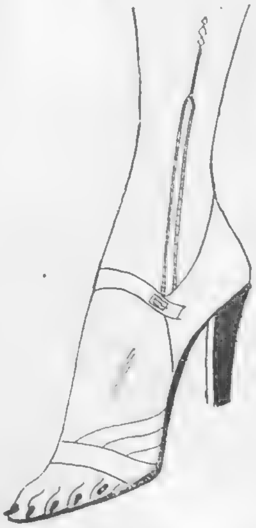
Maybe you have three good toes, and the other two just not quite as perfect as they have to be. There is nothing definite, a trifling disfigurement. Yet you want to wear sandals, you want to show your toe-nails.

Ordinary stockings, however fine, with that patch of reinforcement along the toes, look ugly with sandals. So somebody clever has thought of an evening stocking without that patch. It is more like a spider's web than a stocking. To hold it together a narrow reinforcement runs under the centre of the sole. There is nothing at all at the toe-tops, so that painted toe-nails show through attractively. Small imperfections don't. And the feet and ankles look bare, but are, of course, much praised by the fine veil of stocking.



A sleeping cap to make you look like Juliet

Long hot days are coming . . . our energetic friends the sweat glands get busy



Sandals, with painted toe-nails, add to your glamour. But can your feet stand the lights of night?

IT'S no use. You can't make husbands like sleeping caps. Every woman I know says the same. You either have to ruin your wave and curls by sleeping without a cap, or ruin your marriage—well, not exactly, but you know what I mean—by sleeping with one.

The point is, they are mostly ugly. Not only ugly, but uncomfortable—and not only ugly and uncomfortable, but unsatisfactory. Ten to one, if you're a restless sleeper, the cap is at the bottom of the bed by morning.

The perfect cap has yet to be thought out. In the meantime, there are one or two nearly perfect ones, which every woman, especially married women, should know about. It's hard enough to keep our husbands' illusions about ourselves nowadays, with so many seductive temptations around, who, for all we and our husbands know, go to bed every night with their lovely hair in curlers.

One cap, in particular, is excellent. It is small, but being Lastex—and what did we do before this yarn came into our lives?—it stretches any shape, gives to the head.

It follows the line of the forehead in front, no tight pulling across the brow. Comes well down, fits right into the nape at the back, ties comfortably under the chin. And makes you look something like Juliet. So, even if your husband isn't a Romeo, he shouldn't complain. Price 4s. 6d.

YOU know how the hair feels after it has had a long, vigorous brushing, stimulated, the scalp glowing, revitalised. Not only your hair reacts that way to brushing. Your body needs it too.

A different kind of brush, of course. One that you can use in your bath. A body friction brush, half rubber sponge, half real bristles.

Most people fuss like anything over hair, face, neck, hands, painted toe-nails, and what not. And never do more to the rest of the body than bathe it, mildly, once or twice a day. Perhaps a little back scratching with a loofah, a rub down with a towel.

It's not enough. Your body, especially if you are sedentary and don't take much exercise, wants vigorous treatment, too.

When you wake up limp, feeling you might have had a round or two with Max Baer, give yourself a friction with this little brush. You'll tingle, glow, feel invigorated, fit to knock out Max Baer.

Specially good for poor circulation, the rheumatically inclined, and pink, mottly flesh at the back of the upper arm.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.

Mary Young

Old Tales Re-told

Benvenuto Cellini, Fanatic of Honour

Written and Illustrated By F. Matania, R.I.

FORGIVE one personal reminiscence. I was in my twenties.

My friend, of my own age, affectionate, joyous, quick to anger, sat with me in the café.

A word of insult spoken—and he had struck the speaker across the face.

He stood ready for the inevitable outcome—the challenge, the crossed swords, parry and deception, the final thrust. But it did not come.

Instead, the invocation of the ponderous machinery of the Roman Law: a summons for assault.

At the court, my friend was fined twenty-five lire.

A word of apology that he had no change, and he drew a fifty-lire note from his pocket. He flung it to the plaintiff and stood close to him.

" That will pay for the first blow—and for this," he said, and struck him again. " It is cheap at the price ! "

A sentence of seven days for " contempt of court "—but he smiled as he held out his wrists to the Carabinieri.

He wore the same proud smile when, in the course of time, his sentence militated against the due fulfilment of his career.

Years passed. One day I spoke of the high romantic gesture of his youth. At mention of it, he kindled anew. Age had not dulled the keen edge of his arrogance : he had learned no practical wisdom from time. The same smile of disdain curled his lip.

" Honour comes before one's career," he said.

—F. M.

JUST such a type—for type it is—was Benvenuto Cellini, Fanatic of Honour.

Generous to the kind ; humble to the benevolent, even in authority ; lavish in devotion ; ruthless in self-sacrifice.

But . . .

Let one incident, no matter how trivial, offend their vanity, ruffle their conceit, affront their dignity, sow the seed of suspicion—and at a stroke as of magic the wine of their spirit turns to vinegar.

Then moderation is the counsel of cowardice ; reason, a dastard guide.

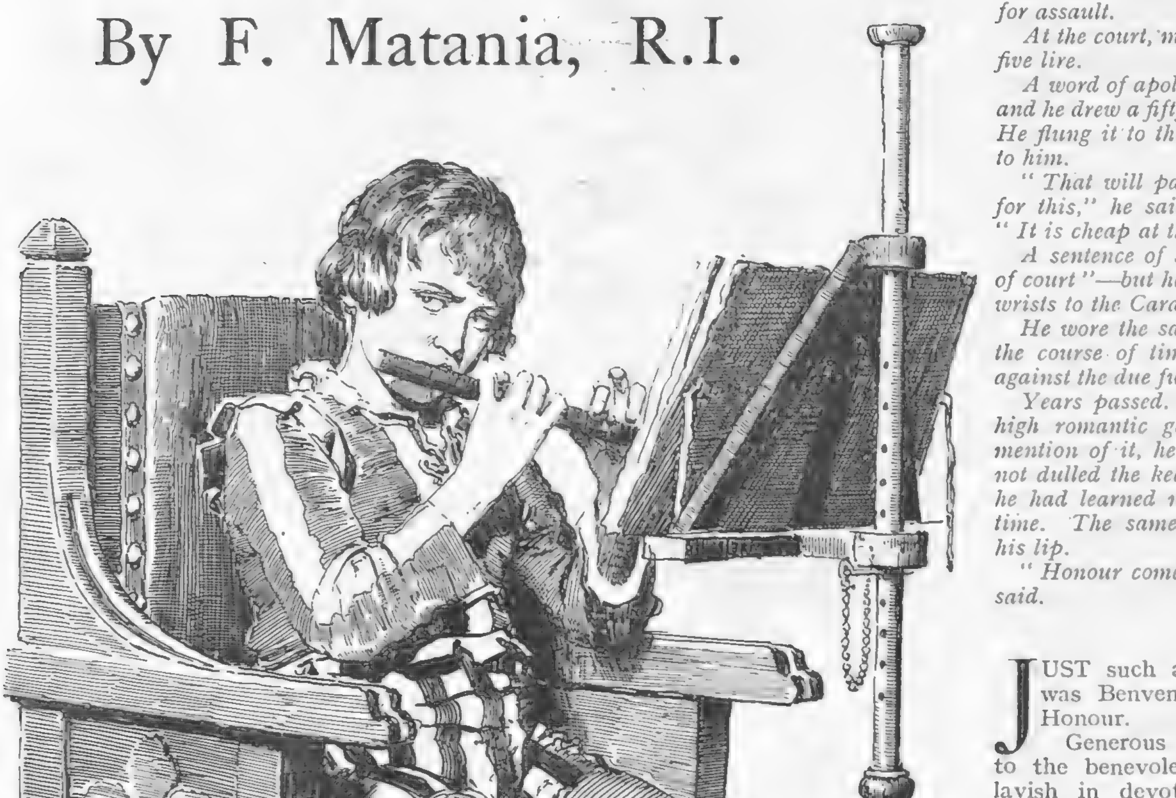
The Law is beneath their supreme contempt. A vicarious revenge is but a new affront.

Only personal violence can satisfy their honour. But, too often, they will stoop to dishonour to do so.

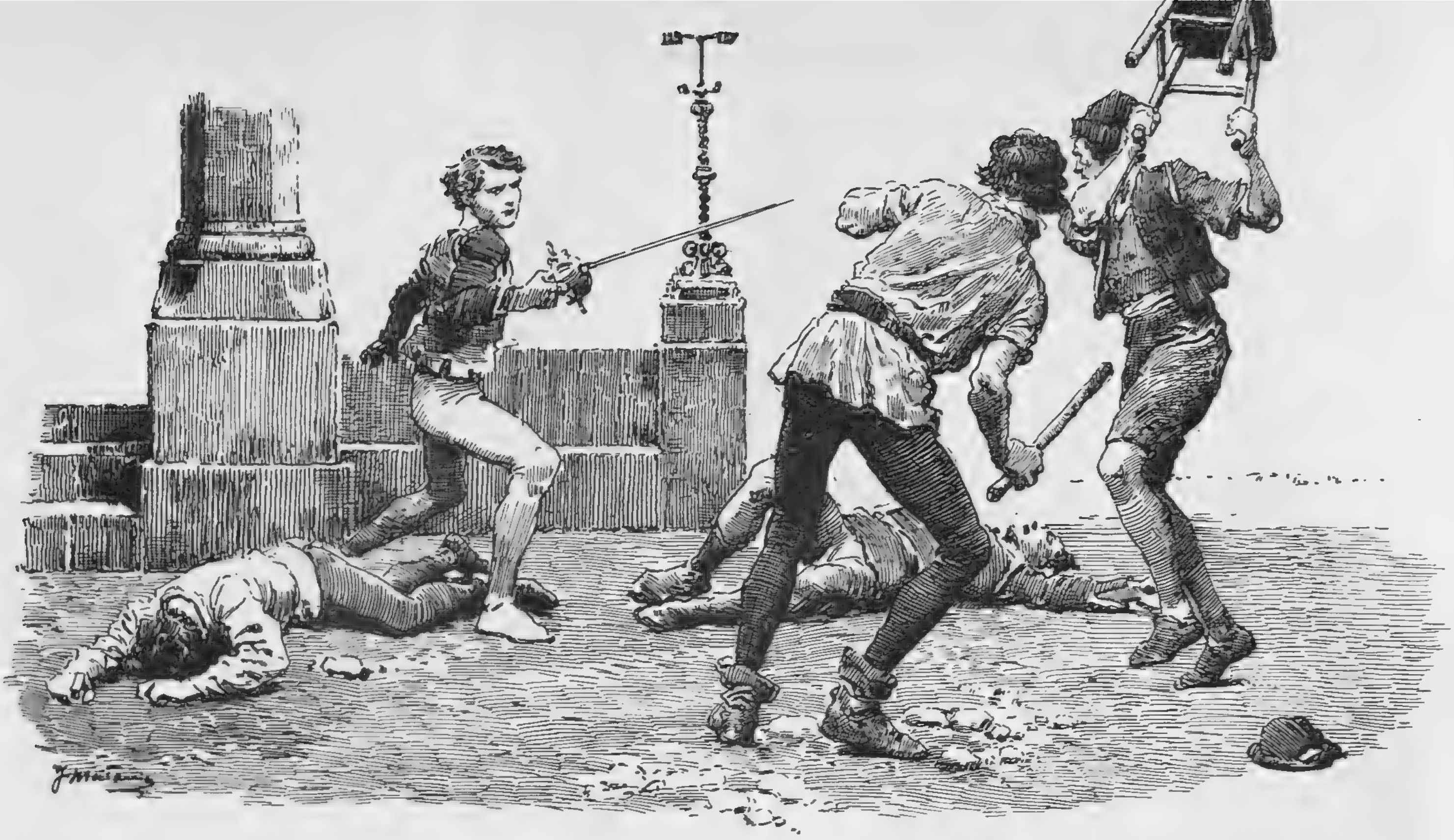
They will defend with the same sword the outraged matron, the inviolate virgin, the insulted harlot : not for the sake of the women (whom, often enough, they may themselves have outraged, seduced, contemned : artists are no anchorites) but for their own " Honour."

Oh ! We artists ! Lancelots of the Universe ! Too, too, often,

Our honour rooted in dishonour stands
And faith unfaithful keeps us falsely true.



HE wanted to draw—but every hour with his pencil had to be bought by an hour of fingering the vents and stops



BENVENUTO witnessed the attack, went instantly to the rescue, drew his sword, and started thrusting right and left

SUCH a type, I say, was the supreme artist-draughtsman of all time, Benvenuto.

His life, like so many lives of the Renaissance, was a series of episodes: seemingly unrelated, co-ordinated and made coherent only by the fact of *his* presence.

He was born in Florence, City of Flowers, in the year 1500, the heyday of the Revival of Learning. His early life knew but one blight—the flute.

His father, Giovanni, was an architect; but he was an architect of his era, drawing inspiration alike from the universality of the great masters—Buonarrotti, sculptor, painter, builder; Leonardo, mathematician, inventor, artist—and the classics newly revealed.

"If thou wouldst be an architect," wrote Vitruvius, "complete thy studies with a knowledge of the harmonies of music."

Cellini, Senior, read, marked, learned, inwardly digested—and forcibly fed his son. He dedicated Benvenuto to concord of sweet sound.

The boy—child pre-eminently of his age—was also a universalist. Not for him to stand for hours blowing on an instrument. There was all life to be lived.

He wanted to draw—but every hour with his pencil had to be bought by an hour of fingering the vents and stops. His father saw his son as, in embryo, the greatest flautist of all time.

The pressure put upon the child was purely moral—say, immoral. It took the form, not of threats but entreaty. Benvenuto was generous, affectionate, ruthless (in his youth) in self-sacrifice.

Came, one day, his redemption from his *labor venti*: following a political upheaval, he was placed in service with a goldsmith.

The boy was happy, but his father, deprived of the child he loved and the main interest of his own life, fretted at the separation. He took the lad home again, but the joy of reunion was soured by the resumption of the accursed flute.

At the age of fifteen he reacted against the obsession of his father. He took service with a goldsmith, where, in a short time, he not only achieved a remarkable level of technical excellence, but made his first money.

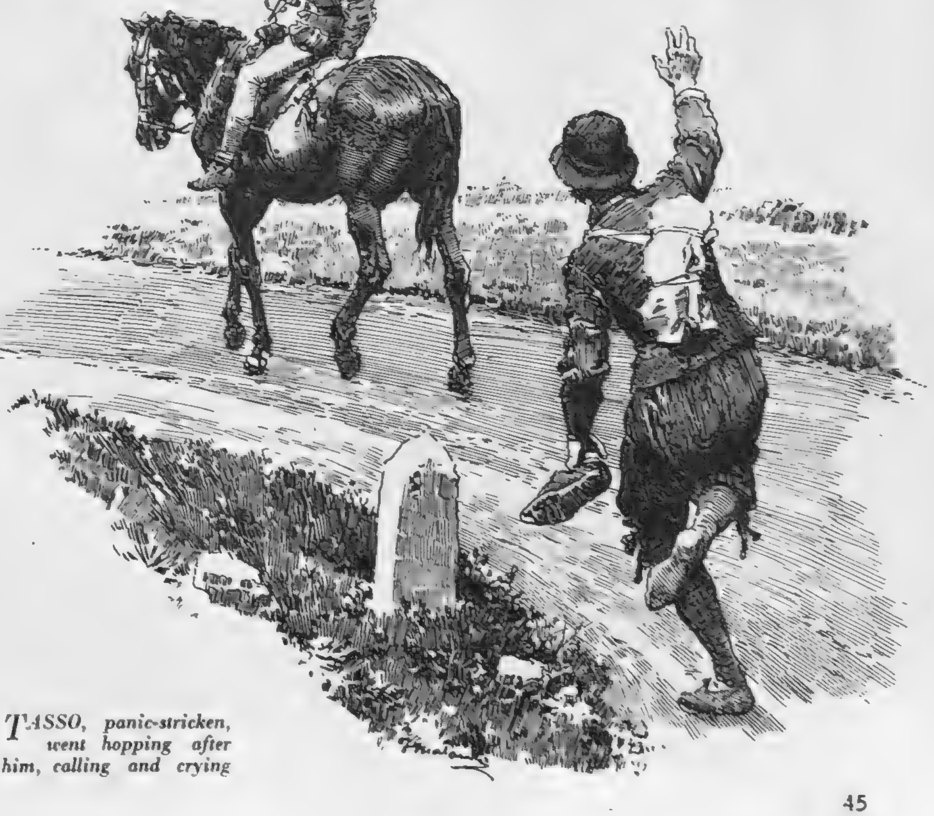
Followed an uneventful period of intense work, embittered on occasion by the recurrent theme of the flute, played solely to please his father.

BENVENUTO had a brother two years younger than himself. This boy was at the military school of Giovannino de' Medici.

This boy, reacting to the atmosphere of his education—an environment of high words and "the pleasant violence of the young"—one day picked a quarrel with a young man of twenty, who was seriously wounded.

The quarrel of an individual became a feud of his family. From the hand of a relative flew a stone which struck the youngest of the Cellinis to the ground.

Benvenuto witnessed the attack, went instantly to the rescue, drew his sword,



TASSO, panic-stricken, went hopping after him, calling and crying and started thrusting right and left. The timely intervention of the military alone preserved the lives of all involved.

But Benvenuto and his brother were banished ten miles distant from Florence for six months.

ON Benvenuto's return to Florence, he found that his best clothes had been given by his sisters to his brother Cecchino. The fiery temper flashed forth instantly, like his sword.

In vain his father sermonised on the ideal of Christian unselfishness. Benvenuto left home, taking the rest of his belongings with him.

He wandered about in several cities, finding work as a goldsmith wherever he went, pursued by letters from his father urging his return, and, if he refused, imploring him, at all events, not to neglect the flute.

"Upon this," writes Cellini in his memoirs, "I lost all inclination to return to him. To such a degree did I hate that abominable flute that I thought myself in Paradise during my stay at Pisa, where I never once played upon that instrument."

ILLNESS took him back to Florence, where he met the sculptor Torrigiani. The latter, sensing the true genius of Cellini, told him that he was rather a sculptor than a goldsmith, and suggested he should go to England, where he would make his fortune.

Benvenuto was enthralled with the sympathy of his new friendship—until he learned that it was Torrigiani who had broken the nose of Michelangelo—that divine of the Renaissance.

Straightway he turned his back on Torrigiani—and England.

A fresh quarrel with his father, and he wanted to leave his native town again. One day he was wandering about the town with a young wood-carver of his own age, who was also in the throes of a family quarrel. "Had I but the means to take me to Rome," said his companion, "I would not hesitate."

Their haphazard steps had brought them to the gate of San Pier Gattolini. Benvenuto turned to his companion and said: "Tasso, my friend, this is a sign. It is the will of God that we should have thus unconsciously reached this gate. Since I have proceeded so far, I think I have already performed half the journey."

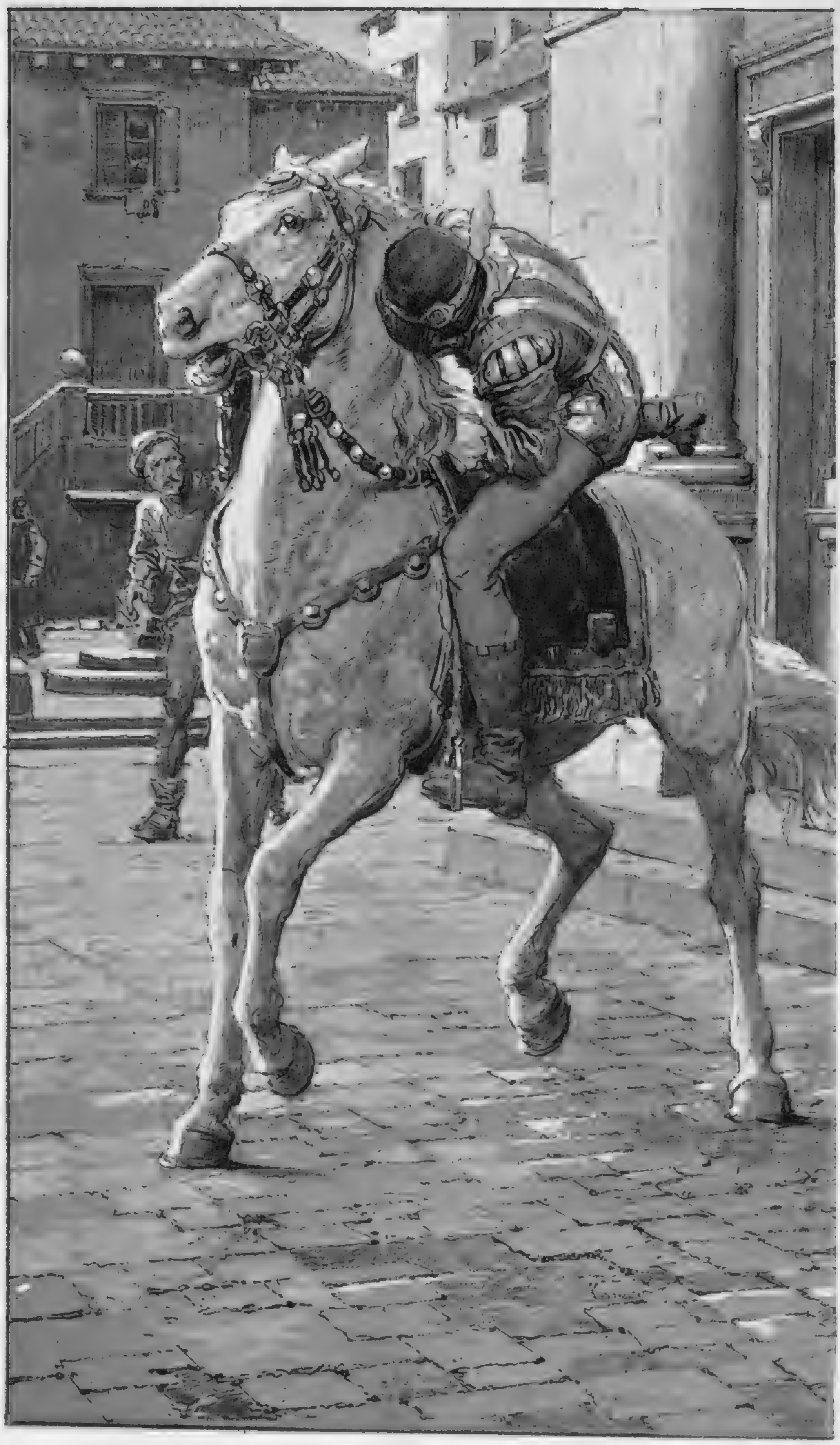
Cellini guaranteed expenses, and then and there the mad adventure began. They reached Siena on foot, Benvenuto fresh, tireless, ablaze with enthusiasm; Tasso so lame and exhausted that he announced that he could go no farther.

Benvenuto managed to hire a horse due to return to Rome. At Tasso's continued indecision, the quick temper rose in spate. Cellini mounted and rode off.

Tasso, panic-stricken, went hopping after him, calling and crying.

Cellini swept him behind, pillion fashion, and together they continued their journey on one horse to the Eternal City; to the future, to their dream.

FOR five years Cellini set himself to gain glory and money. Every task entrusted to his hands, no matter how difficult, he turned out a new masterpiece. Each work was a miniature in metal, until the name and fame of Benvenuto Cellini reached the ears of the Pope himself.



THERE was the rip of Cellini's hand, sprang

In the year 1524 he offered the hospitality of his house to a certain Luigi Pulci, grandson of the poet. This young man was a periodic invalid, with neither money nor resources.

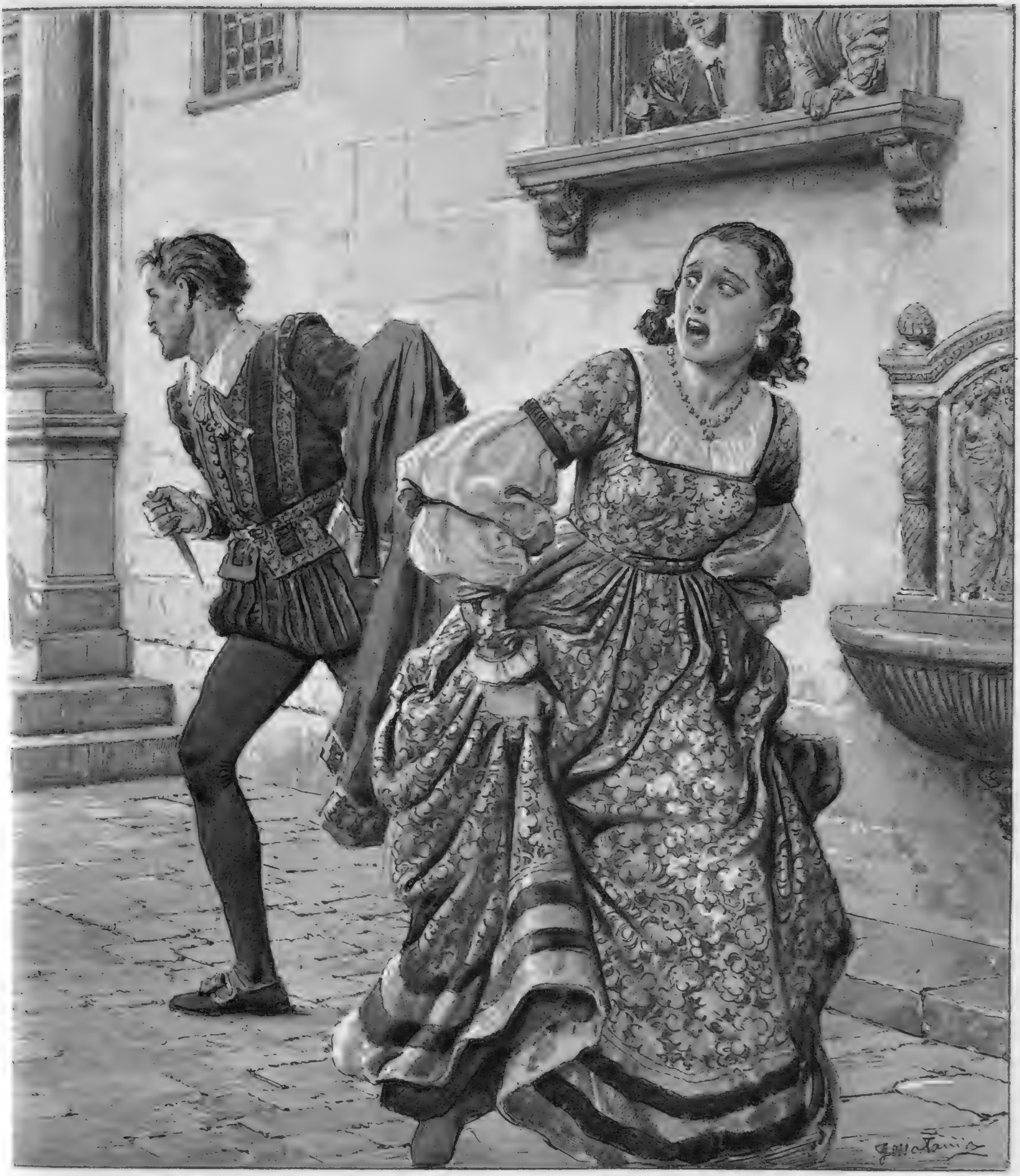
Under Benvenuto's roof he found comfort, and what was even more, the divine moral sympathy of the artist.

Tears in his eyes, he swore that, if Fate ever was kind, he would repay Benvenuto's generosity a thousandfold.

But what resolution can stand against a woman's kiss?

Benvenuto was still involved in a long-standing liaison with Pantasilea, a girl of Catholic taste. One day he organised at her house a little festivity, bidding in her honour many whose names to-day are household words.

Pantasilea was in love with Cellini. But she had an old lover, by name Bachiacca, who so doted upon her



tearing cloth, and Luigi, leaving his cloak in to the saddle of his horse and galloped away

that he closed his eyes even to the affair with Cellini.

Cellini, for his part, recognising frankly that Bachiacca loved where he was in love, not only did not bear him any grudge, but made him a friend.

Pantasilea, fond of Bachiacca, in love with Benvenuto, was considered—and considered herself—their joint property.

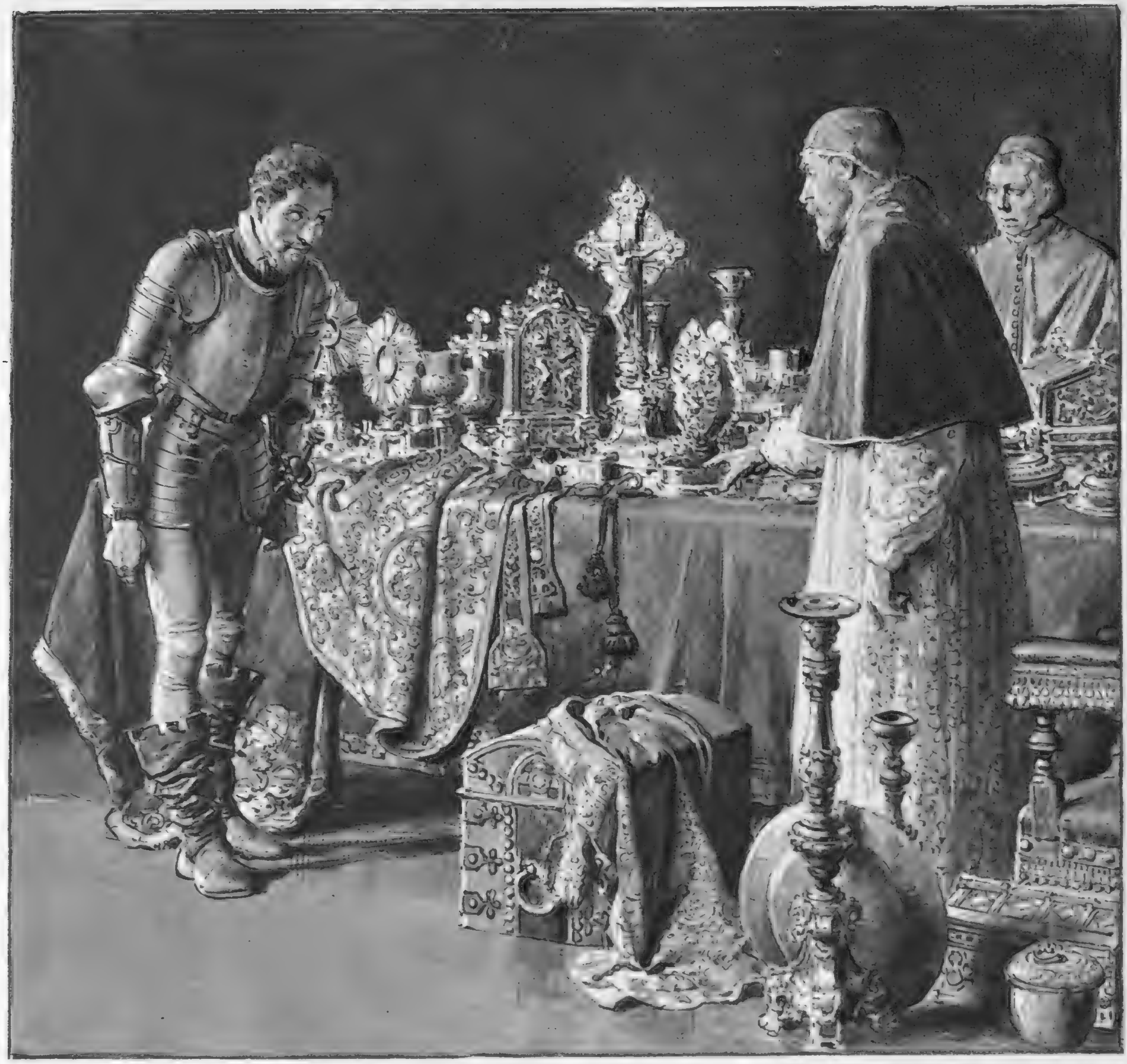
On the evening of the party there was presented to her the young and handsome Luigi Pulci. Between one and two there is a gulf; between two and three not even a step. Either to spare Cellini or because she was genuinely attracted, she showed a remarkable interest in Luigi Pulci's attentions.

Bachiacca, well trained, made no protest; but Benvenuto warned the boy in parental fashion against a woman whose influence might well prove fatal.

Pulci answered that he would never speak to her again. He added, in the furious earnestness of youth, that he wished he might break his neck if he did not keep his oath.

At this point, Cellini, in his memoirs, observes with bitter irony: " He must have sworn this oath with great earnestness, for it was his fate afterwards to break his neck."

Cellini was not stung only by jealousy,



THE Pope called him into a small secret chamber, alone with one trustworthy servant. There before him was spread, in all its magnificence, the regalia of the Apostolic Church

but at the arrant ingratitude of his friend thus to approach a woman bound, to common knowledge, to himself.

Pulci left Benvenuto's house. Every day he was dressed in new and gorgeous clothes, curvetting on a fine black horse that had been given to him by a rich friend. Daily he called on Pantasilea; daily his manner to Cellini grew colder.

It was at a supper party given by Michelangelo of Siena, a sculptor, that the affair came to a head.

Benvenuto was the guest of honour. Pantasilea came on Bachiacca's arm.

The entertainment delighted every guest until, with a word of excuse, Pantasilea slipped from the room.

Minutes passed, but she did not return. None noticed her absence but Cellini, whose ears, quickened by jealousy, strained to catch one false note in the symphony of laughter and gay talk.

Suddenly he rose from his chair, strolled across the room, leapt from the window.

The crowd of curious eyes at the casement saw the dandy Luigi struggling in the goldsmith's grip, while Pantasilea, her voluminous skirt held billowing behind her, fled down the street to seek sanctuary in the nearest church.

There was the rip of tearing cloth and Luigi, leaving his cloak in Cellini's hand, sprang to the saddle of his horse and galloped away.

Cellini returned to the house. He sat down at the table. He drank a glass of wine.

But the guests noted with horror that his hand still held, to beat a devil's tattoo, the knife he had grasped like a dagger but a few moments before.

For the moment Pulci had escaped. But Benvenuto had overheard a fragment of his conversation held with Pantasilea, during which his name had been mentioned with a jest in poor taste. Cellini granted only a "moratorium" to them.

Pale of face, he soon buckled on his sword. Bachiacca, who knew him well, feared for Pantasilea.

The sky was aflame with the superb sunset of Rome as Cellini left the house of the sculptor. It was night, star-spangled, crescent-mooned, when he reached the house of Pantasilea.

She was not there. But Cellini would await her coming patiently—ambushed in a hedge.

Someone came by . . . anxiously calling Cellini.

He was answered. Benvenuto sprang out, sword in hand, bade him go or lose his head. Bachiacca went — at least for the moment.

The sound of horses' hoofs on the cobbles, and Luigi and Pantasilea, escorted by a dozen cavaliers, rode up. They stopped in front of the house. They were too many, even for Cellini, who decided to grant another "moratorium," and made his escape.

But when he saw Luigi put his arms round her; when he heard him asking for a kiss "in spite of that traitor Cellini," he cast prudence to the wind and fell on them with his sword. His blow struck Luigi's nose, glanced off his coat of mail, rebounded to wound Pantasilea in the face.

Then he turned on the others. In the darkness they did not know how many they had against them. The noise of steel on steel and the shouts frightened the horses. Pandemonium broke loose.

A mêlée of men, horses, blades that wounded the wrong people, ended in a hasty cavalcade of beasts—mounted and unmounted—thundering through the narrow streets.

Next morning, Cellini was peacefully at his work, chiselling another of his masterpieces.

IN the year 1527, Rome was assailed by an invasion. The Duke of Bourbon led a powerful army against the Triple Crown of the Vatican.

Pope Clement had received assistance from Giovanni de' Medici, but the Florentine troops proved rather foes than allies. Private property was outraged, shops were closed, people fled from their houses, until the Pope decided to do without the soldiers and sent them back to Signor Giovanni with his smooth, ironical thanks.

Fresh armies of raw levies and untrained soldiers surged through the city.

And Benvenuto Cellini left his crucible to become captain of a company of fifty brave young men in the service of Alessandro del Bene, who feared for the security of his house.

From there he was brought to the walls of Rome, whence he saw the invading army making frantic efforts to break into the city.

When the Pope took refuge (prudently taking with him all his jewels) in the Castle of Saint Angelo, passing from St. Peter's through the long tunnel that served as a secret road, Benvenuto was transferred to the papal service. He took up his position on the ramparts of the castle.

The enemy had breeched the walls and was swarming through the city streets. The castle was beset on all sides.

Benvenuto was in command of a few pieces of artillery. He used them so skilfully that his name, passed from mouth to mouth, reached the ears of the Pope.

One day, the Pope, watching the battle, saw the superb marksmanship of the brilliant amateur and summoned him to his presence.

Benvenuto asked as a boon absolution for all the deaths his hands had encompassed in defence of the castle.

The Pope granted the absolution, not only for all the homicides already committed, but also for all those he might commit in the future for the safety and defence of Holy Mother Church.

He needed the protection of the Pope and needed it badly. He had ordered certain Cardinals to be kept in close confinement.

These Princes of the Church, enchanted at Cellini's skill, stood by him on the ramparts. But the scarlet of their robes and the splendour of their hats—emblems of their office—made, in the captain's view, too easy a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters.

Cellini had little feeling for religion. He was fighting men almost of his own blood. There was no spur to force him into the battle but the sheer artistic pleasure he took in doing everything to which he set his hand with the same supreme perfection.

He fought as an artist. He extended the range by tilting his weapons like a modern howitzer. He selected one particular spot and planted a shot where it would cause the greatest possible consternation. He picked off with unerring, deadly skill that officer whose flamboyant bravado heartened, whose loss most damaged the morale of his troops.

One morning, the Pope called him into a small secret chamber alone with one trustworthy servant. There before him was spread in all its magnificence, the Regalia of the Apostolic Church. . .

The Pope instructed him to remove every gem from its setting. All the precious stones from the collection were carefully wrapped up one by one in small pieces of paper, and sewn in the skirts of the Pope's robes; some of them were also sewn—so great was their number—into the dress of the servant.

Then Cellini was told secretly to melt down the gold, about 200 pounds in weight.

Benvenuto built a furnace in his own room near the ramparts and accomplished his task.

When he took back the gold, he was rewarded with 25 crowns; the Pope made apology for not being able to compensate him more adequately, "because he had not enough gold."

A FEW days later Cellini shed his military uniform. An agreement was concluded between the Pope and the Imperialists.

Benvenuto, with several of his comrades, went to Florence to see if any of his relatives were still remaining after one of the appalling outbreaks of plague that periodically ravaged Italy.

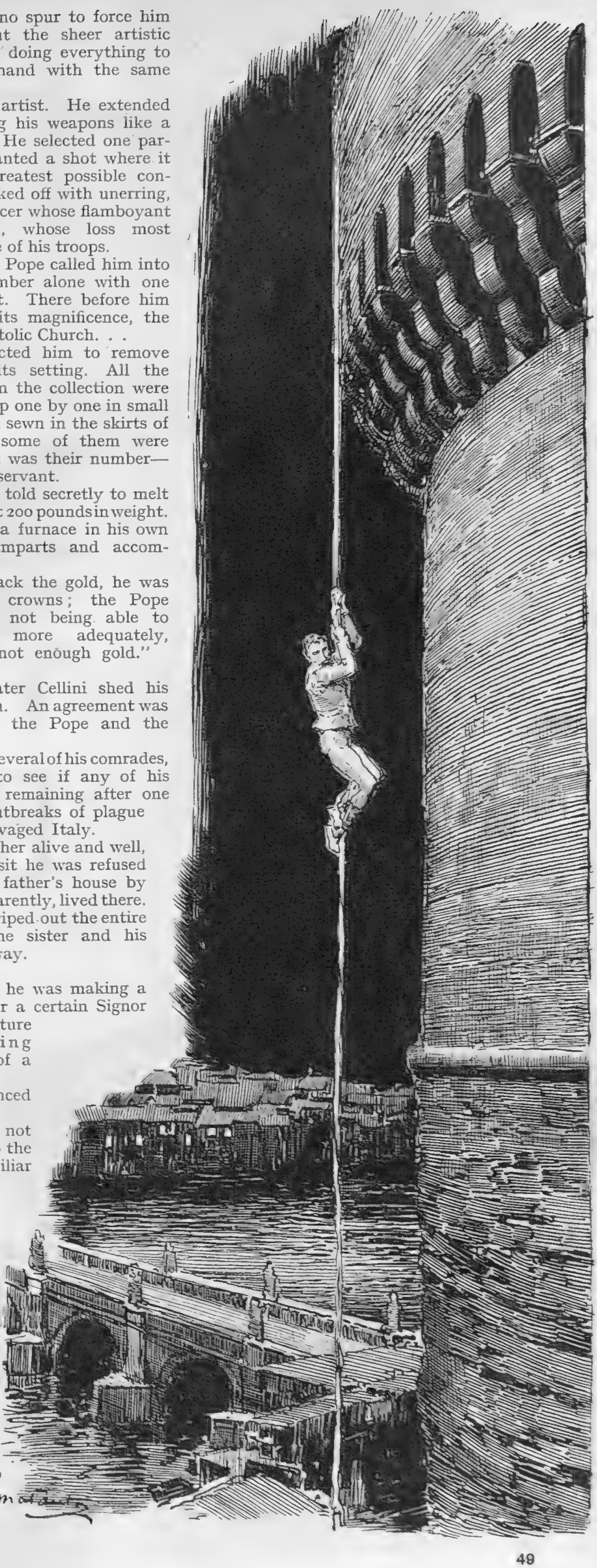
He found his father alive and well, but on a second visit he was refused admittance to his father's house by an old hag who, apparently, lived there.

The plague had wiped out the entire family, save for one sister and his brother, who was away.

SOON afterwards he was making a golden medal for a certain Signor Marretti: a miniature of Hercules tearing asunder the jaws of a lion.

Someone announced . . . . Michelangelo.

Benvenuto could not believe it. But into the studio came the familiar face, set above square shoulders, topping a figure modestly dressed: the deep-set eyes profoundly serene; the nose slightly flattened, the (*Continued on page* 108.)



HE bound his rope firmly to a projection and lowered himself to the ground

A Word about—

"The Life of Christina of Sweden." *By Alfred Neumann*

(Hutchinson, 18s.)

IT would be possible to argue that Christina of Sweden was the most remarkable woman (not forgetting Cleopatra or Elizabeth of England or Catherine of Russia) who ever sat a throne. Many books have been, and will be, written about her. (And nine out of ten people, when her name is mentioned, think of Miss Garbo.) Herr Neumann's study is a careful, even a laborious, piece of work; but it possesses the virtues of thoroughness, fairness, and steadiness, and avoids the ever-ready gulf of sensationalism. It contains twelve full plates. Even so, it is too dear. The translator's name is not given.

"Jesus Wept." *By Arthur Wragg*

(Selwyn and Blount, 7s. 6d.)

Some three dozen black-and-white drawings, satirising social and political conditions. The problems of unemployment, overcrowding and disarmament are the objects of most of Mr. Wragg's attacks. There is no question of the strength and sincerity of his feelings, and if hardheartedness and not weakheadedness were at the root of the world's troubles, he would have rendered a service to mankind. When at his best, as in "Open, Sesame!" he is a cartoonist of exceptional power.

"The Sportsman's Library"

(Philip Allan, 5s. each.)

Eight volumes are now available in this series, and another eight are promised in the course of 1935. The subjects treated so far are horsemanship, coarse fishing, sea fishing, gun dogs, the making of a shoot, trout fishing, salmon fishing, and African big game. Each volume is the work of a departmental expert, the publishers' idea being to create a new library on the lines of the old *Badminton Library*, now difficult to obtain when not actually out of print. The books, which are illustrated, are nicely produced and cheap at the price.

L. DOWTY
PARADISE PLACE

BOOKS:

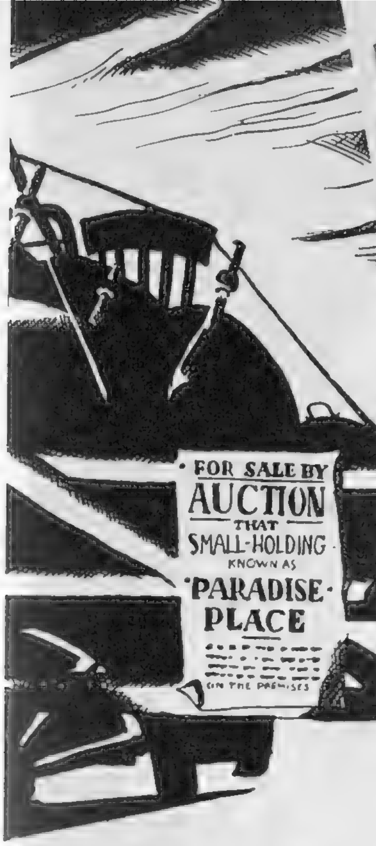
The Work of James Hanley

WHEN the youthful hero of *The Wind of Morning* (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.) first meets the still more youthful heroine, we are told that "though he little knew it, he was chiefly impressed by her flawless health." Consideration of this comment involves us in consideration of more than one theory of the art of fiction. How can the author—in this case Mr. Thomas Camborne—how can an author reveal the unconscious thoughts (as distinct from the unconscious actions) of his characters? And if he insists on omniscience, how can he expect his characters to achieve independence? If he is going to draw attention to the play of his own fingers, how can we forget that his puppets hang on strings? These questions are not new. They have been argued many times, and the way they are usually answered nowadays is implied in the manner in which I have framed them. Mr. Camborne can hardly have missed them; I can only regret, therefore, his solution of them. He is a clever writer, and his story of young love amid idyllic surroundings nearly achieves a brave success. Unfortunately, he appears

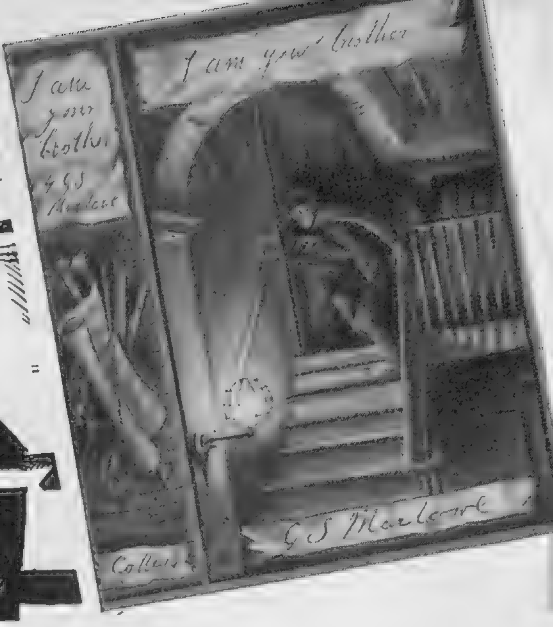
JAMES HANLEY, author of "The Furys," a novel three times as long as the ordinary novel, but will keep the reader enthralled to the last page

BILLIE HOUSTON, whose novel "Twice Round the Clock" is a very good thriller

H. W. YOXALL, author of "A Respectable Man," a story of genuine interest



PARADISE LOST, one of the excellent drawings by Arthur Wragg from his book "Jesus Wept"



A REPRODUCTION of the jacket designed by Rex Whistler for G. S. Marlowe's novel "I Am Your Brother," a clever and exciting story of modern London

MOLLY SPENCER SIMPSON, the 19-year-old shop assistant whose first novel, entitled "Crooks in Cabaret," is reviewed in this article

MARY ELLEN CHASE, whose novel "Mary Peters" is a sea-story based on the family history of the author. This book has won the praise of serious critics in America

Reviewed by
Arnold Palmer

every few pages to take a stage call, thereby destroying the illusion he has been at such pains to create.

In another clever novel, *I Am Your Brother*, by G. S. Marlowe (Collins, 7s. 6d.), the illusion is damaged by occasional passages of self-conscious writing. But Mr. Marlowe's story is not of the kind to shrivel at a touch. It is genuinely dramatic, and its pages of comic relief are first rate. They made me laugh aloud—a very difficult thing for any page to do. Mr. Marlowe has, as an author, many virtues. He keeps moving, he is not over-subtle or frightened of being melodramatic, he has plenty of invention. He has written an exciting story of modern London, yet his book has nothing in common with the cheap thriller. It has only one fault, but that is the serious one already mentioned. There are times when it fails to hold the author's whole attention, and he casts uncomfortable glances in our direction and makes us uncomfortable too.

ABSOLUTE identification with. Complete detachment from. The attitude of a novelist towards his theme must combine both of these apparently irreconcilable ideals. The order is important. By an anomaly of creation, as absorption increases, so detachment grows; and that is why an author, who may have favourite characters before and after he has written a novel, cannot possibly have any while he is writing it—if he is a real novelist. A real novelist, a great novelist! As I read *The Furys*, by James Hanley, I thought how long it was since I had encountered one. This story, published by Chatto and Windus at 10s. 6d., is as long as three ordinary novels. It is even longer than most of the now ubiquitous long novels. I have grumbled so often about these unending yarns—their slowness, their pomposity, their tediousness—that readers of this page can guess with what a gusty sigh I turned to *The Furys*. If they have borne with my groans in the past, I beseech them to listen now when I tell them that I have been enthralled by a masterpiece of 200,000 words.

All the faults of the long novel are missing from this fine book. It moves with great and growing swiftness from the first page; it is not a word too long; it is incisiveness itself. It tells the story of a poor family and a dockers' strike, and in his presentation of a restricted home life, on the one side, and a popular, ill-directed movement on the other, Mr. Hanley proves himself a novelist of immense scope and power. What singles him out from his contemporaries is the robustness of his talent. Some of them could rival him in dealing with the interiors, but it is difficult to name a living writer who could have handled the strike scenes, or even some of the subordinate incidents (such as old Mr. Mangan's visit to the pier), with his confidence and firmness. He

(*Continued on page 118*)

Thoughts and Afterthoughts

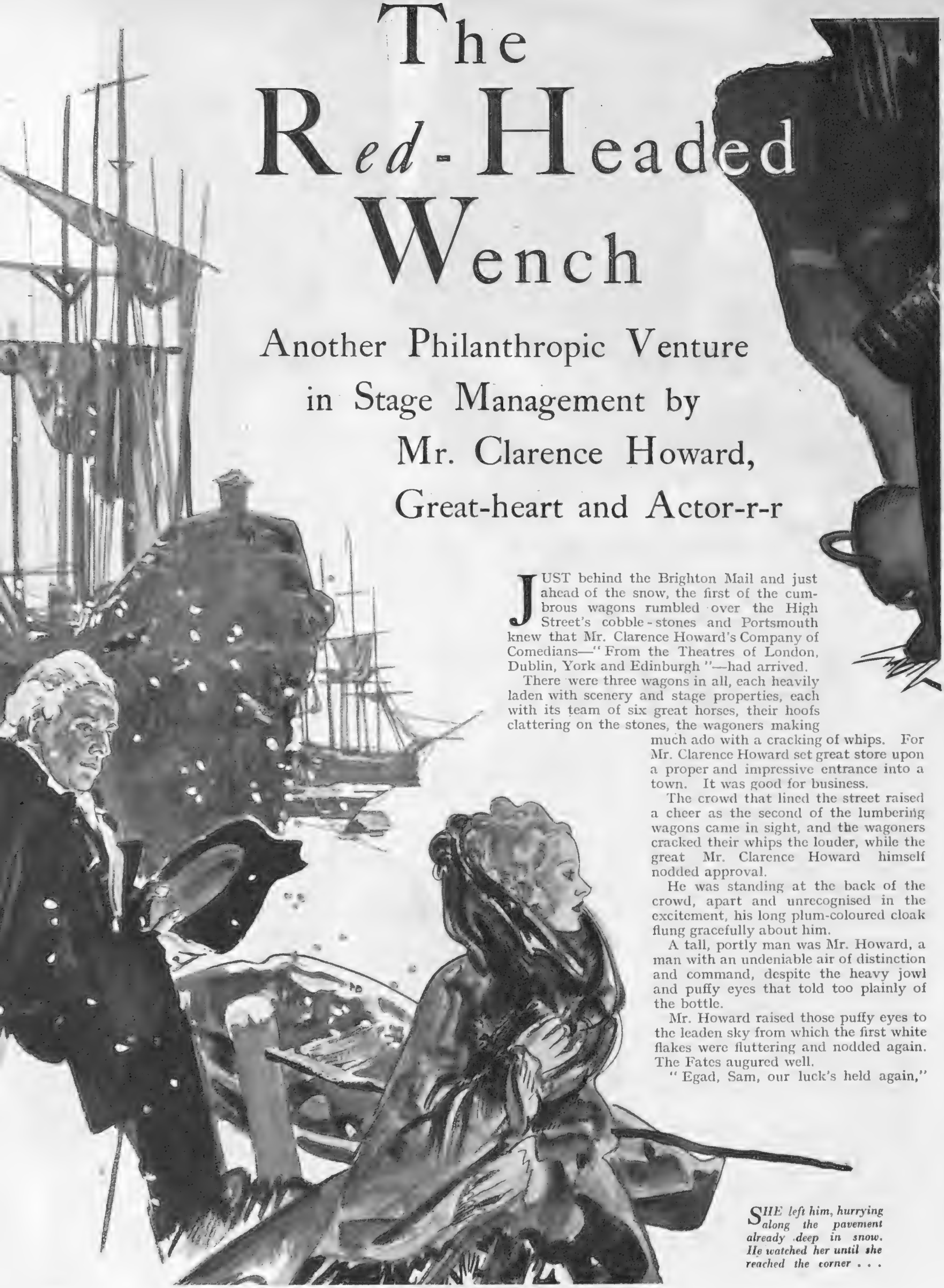
Ventures and Visions. By George Garro Jones. (Hutchinson, 18s.)
Experience. By Desmond MacCarthy. (Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

THE story of Captain Garro Jones's life (so far) is a full and varied one, and he knows how to tell it. With nothing to help him but his own brains, energy and courage, he can already, at the age of 41, describe a career which includes service in a bank, service in the Royal Flying Corps, 1915-1917; service as private secretary to Sir Hamar Greenwood at the Home Office, the Department of Overseas Trade, and when Chief Secretary for Ireland; service in the House as M.P. for South Hackney, 1924-29; service as London Editor and acting Editor of the *Daily Dispatch*. He has been a journalist and a manufacturer, a member of the Liberal and of the Labour Parties, as well as other rôles "too numerous to mention," and everywhere he has made his mark.

Yet it is restful to leave him, intelligent as he is, and sit with Mr. MacCarthy. All Captain Jones's thinking goes on just behind his forehead. One does not know—perhaps he does not know—what is going on at the back of his mind. But that is just the mental area through which Mr. MacCarthy loves to wander. *Experience* is the third volume in the series of his collected essays, the successor to *Portraits* and *Criticism*; and it is more general, more immediately revealing, than either of them. Here, it seems, are collected the passages from his own writing which have given, or which now give, him most pleasure; and they build, casually and without plan, the picture of a witty and lovable author. Mr. MacCarthy has always had the happy knack of making his readers his friends. His latest book will bring many recruits to that army. We are not told if there are volumes yet to come. But the three which have been published make the most reliable bed and travelling companions of this decade.

The Red-Headed Wench

Another Philanthropic Venture in Stage Management by Mr. Clarence Howard, Great-heart and Actor-r-r



JUST behind the Brighton Mail and just ahead of the snow, the first of the cumbrous wagons rumbled over the High Street's cobble-stones and Portsmouth knew that Mr. Clarence Howard's Company of Comedians—"From the Theatres of London, Dublin, York and Edinburgh"—had arrived.

There were three wagons in all, each heavily laden with scenery and stage properties, each with its team of six great horses, their hoofs clattering on the stones, the wagoners making much ado with a cracking of whips. For Mr. Clarence Howard set great store upon a proper and impressive entrance into a town. It was good for business.

The crowd that lined the street raised a cheer as the second of the lumbering wagons came in sight, and the wagoners cracked their whips the louder, while the great Mr. Clarence Howard himself nodded approval.

He was standing at the back of the crowd, apart and unrecognised in the excitement, his long plum-coloured cloak flung gracefully about him.

A tall, portly man was Mr. Howard, a man with an undeniable air of distinction and command, despite the heavy jowl and puffy eyes that told too plainly of the bottle.

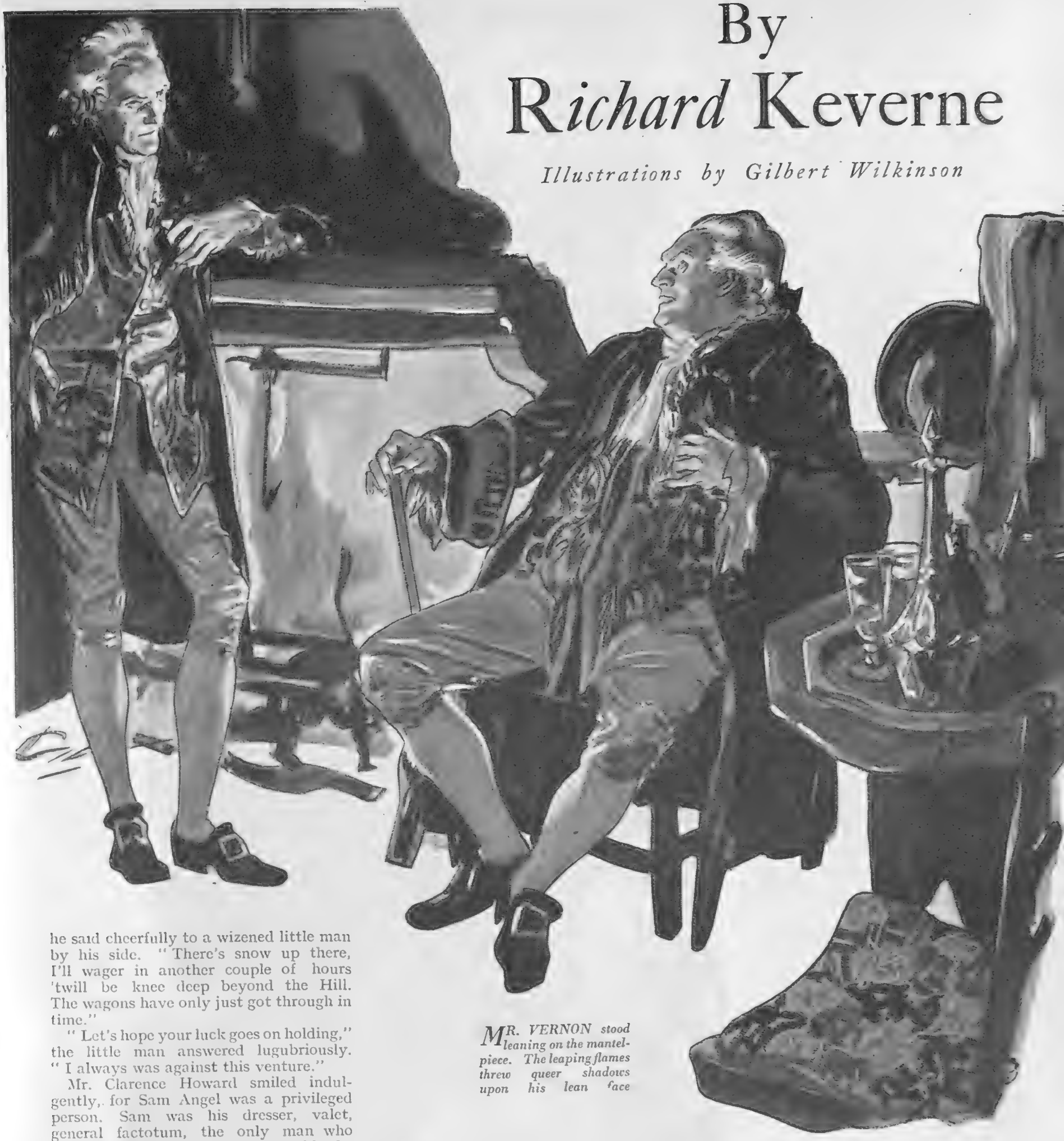
Mr. Howard raised those puffy eyes to the leaden sky from which the first white flakes were fluttering and nodded again. The Fates augured well.

"Egad, Sam, our luck's held again,"

SHE left him, hurrying along the pavement already deep in snow. He watched her until she reached the corner . . .

By Richard Keverne

Illustrations by Gilbert Wilkinson



MR. VERNON stood leaning on the mantelpiece. The leaping flames threw queer shadows upon his lean face

he said cheerfully to a wizened little man by his side. “There's snow up there, I'll wager in another couple of hours 'twill be knee deep beyond the Hill. The wagons have only just got through in time.”

“Let's hope your luck goes on holding,” the little man answered lugubriously. “I always was against this venture.”

Mr. Clarence Howard smiled indulgently, for Sam Angel was a privileged person. Sam was his dresser, valet, general factotum, the only man who understood him and, truth be told, the only man Mr. Howard really trusted.

“Come now, Sam, no croaking,” he said. “Damme, man, can we help coining money here?” He pointed to the cheering crowd. “The Fleet's in; they've all got prize money to burn. We shall play to capacity at each performance. And harkee, lad, here's something you don't know. My illustrious namesake is in the town.” Mr. Howard spoke with dignity. “His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence is to honour our opening performance to-morrow night with his royal presence.”

A knowing twinkle showed in Mr. Howard's dull eyes, and his voice dropped. “And his lady's with him, too, Sam, Mrs. Jordan. There'll be the two of 'em in the great box to-morrow night and all the admirals and generals of the place fighting for seats to be seen with 'em. Sam, business will be phenomenal—phenomenal,” he repeated.

“And what's more, the show shall be phenomenal,” he continued with enthusiasm. “Clarence Howard shall give of his best. And, egad! though Sailor Billy may know naught of fine acting, you'll not deny that Mistress Jordan has some experience. Do I not know? Have we not played together in the old days? She's not one to forget an old friend, Sam.”

Sam Angel grunted.

“Maybe you're right. But I've a feeling you're wrong. Luck's a chancey thing.”

“Aye, damned chancey, but you've got to master it or 'twill master you. As well give way to a woman when she frowns as give in to your luck. Once you do that you've lost the game.” Mr. Howard gave one of his soft, chuckling laughs. “Take heart, man,” he added, “and cease your croaking. There shall be such an interpretation of the Moor's immortal rôle given in this poor theatre to-morrow night as the town has never known. And now away, Sam, and let Mr. Bertram know I'd see him at my inn before I dine. Then back with ye and see they do not keep me waiting for my dinner."

MR. CLARENCE HOWARD cocked his hat at a jaunty angle, pulled his thick cloak more firmly about him against the weather, and strode off, smiling, for Mr. Clarence Howard was in high good spirits.

He avoided the main street and took to the byeways, stopping now and again to eye critically the staring bills, plastered broadcast about the place, announcing the Stupendous Attractions of Mr. Clarence Howard's Two Weeks Season, his own name in thick black letters.

"The Great Tragedian," as he billed himself, was well satisfied. It had been something of a gamble coming south in mid-winter with a full company, for Mr. Howard and his Comedians were better known in East Anglia and the Midlands in recent years. But he had grown restless and eager to break new ground, and, egad! he had been right to follow his impulse. With the Duke's patronage to-morrow night—and perhaps once or twice more before the season finished—he need have little fear for the success of the tour. A man might travel far on other circuits without happening on a Royal Duke at his theatre.

Mr. Howard's aimless steps brought him at last in sight of the harbour, and he stopped, gazing in admiration at the forest of masts that soared upwards towards the snowy sky.

"A noble spectacle," he murmured in soliloquy. "Aye, a noble spectacle!" His thoughts reverted to the teeming crews that manned those ships and crowded the town, and he turned, to find a woman standing by him. He stepped aside courteously, but she made to stop him.

"Sir," she said, "may I speak with you a moment?"

At first he had thought her some woman of the town, but at second glance he knew that he was wrong. This was no bold and shameless wench who addressed him. He eyed her keenly.

A woman of refinement, and indeed little more than a girl. Agitated, but fearless. And devilish pretty, Mr. Howard in swift survey summed her up. Yes, devilish pretty. She appealed to him in a disturbing way that he hardly realised. There was an unruly lock of copper-red hair straggling beneath her bonnet, upon which a few vagrant flakes of snow fell and took colour from it, seeming to melt in its warmth.

Oh, devilish pretty: and, though neat, her fur-trimmed cloak had seen much wear. Long experience had taught Mr. Clarence Howard to appraise human nature very shrewdly.

The girl flushed under his scrutiny, and resentment showed in her steady brown eyes. Mr. Howard was swift to make amends.

His hat swept near the ground in magnificent obeisance.

"Madam, in what way can Mr. Clarence Howard serve you?" he asked.

The girl's flush deepened. Instinctively she curtseyed.

"Sir, I have a favour to ask," she said, "and 'tis hard of asking. I—I've been following you, sir, trying to find courage to speak. You must think this bold behaviour, sir; but—but—you must think so. It does not signify."

Mr. Howard smiled at her candour.

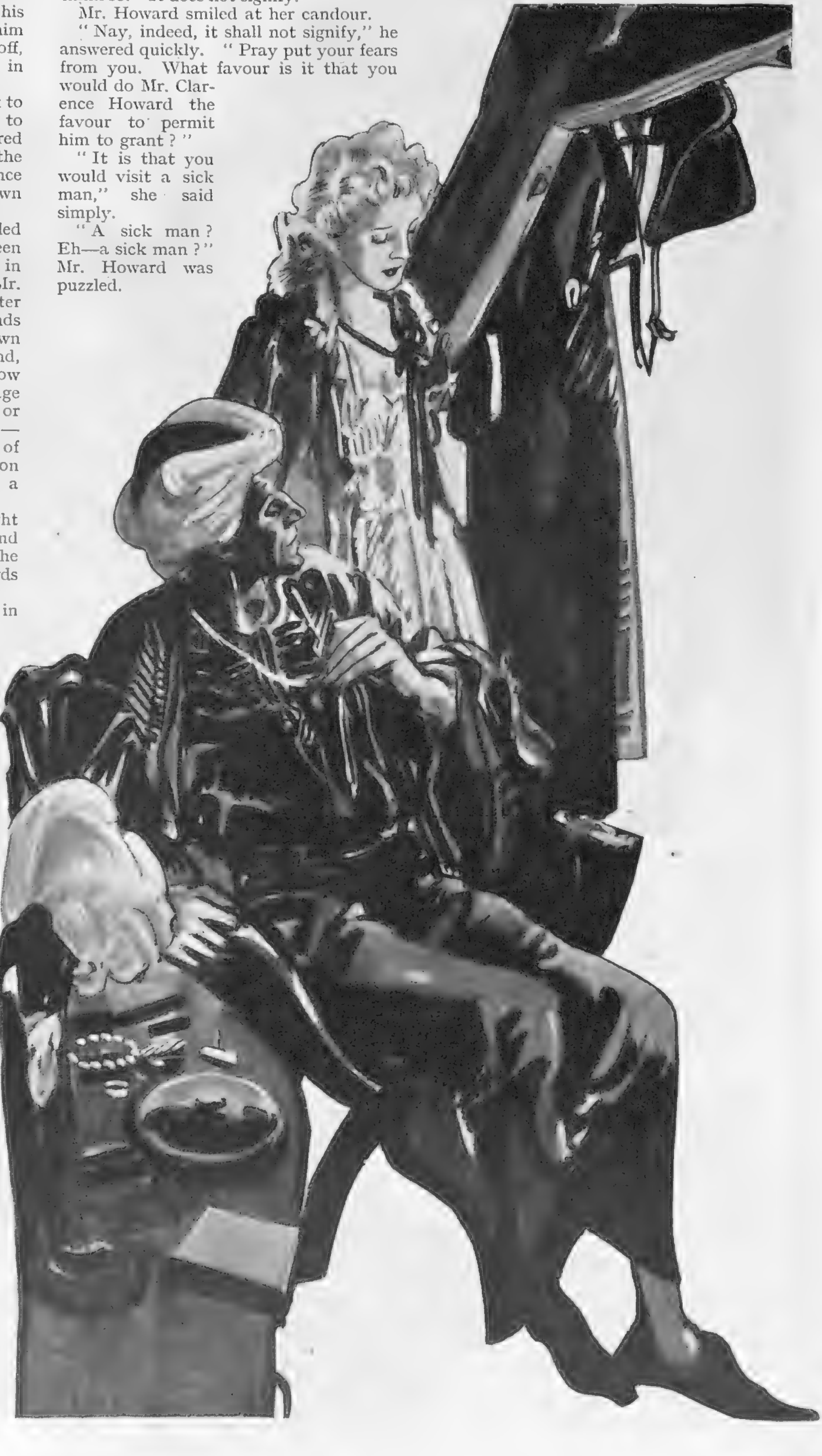
"Nay, indeed, it shall not signify," he answered quickly. "Pray put your fears from you. What favour is it that you would do Mr. Clarence Howard the favour to permit him to grant?"

"It is that you would visit a sick man," she said simply.

"A sick man? Eh—a sick man?" Mr. Howard was puzzled.

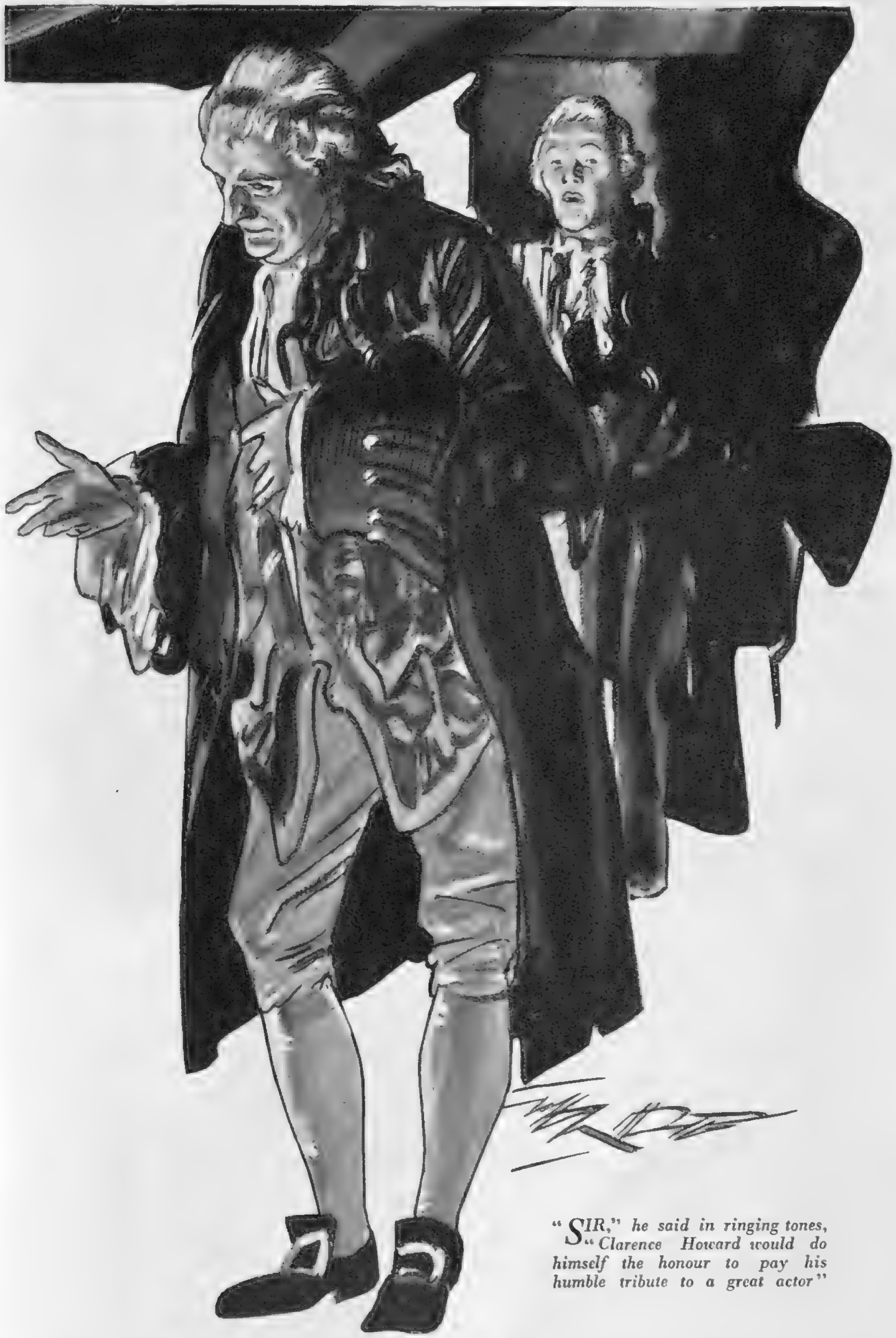
"A sick man, some time a play-actor like yourself."

Insensibly Mr. Howard shrugged his shoulders in disappointment. It was to be, then, the old and too familiar story. Beneath his cloak he fumbled for his purse.



"An old play-actor, eh, young lady? And in distressed circumstances, I doubt not? It comes to us all at times. Surely Mr. Clarence Howard will not deny a guinea to an old comrade in distress."

"Sir!" The girl's face was crimson.



"SIR," he said in ringing tones, "Clarence Howard would do himself the honour to pay his humble tribute to a great actor"

"Sir! I did not come to ask alms. Who spoke of money?"

For once Mr. Clarence Howard was discountenanced. He felt that he too was flushing.

"Madam, your pardon—unless my speech be unpardonable. 'Twas the stupidity of a harassed man. May I hope that you will overlook it?"

For the first time she smiled.

"Rather, would you forgive me," she said. "I had no right to speak so hotly. It was generous of you, and ungracious of me. For, after all, 'tis charity I seek, if not alms. Would you visit a sick man, sir? A man sick rather in mind than in body. He is my father, sir. He was known to you once."

Mr. Howard's dark eyes lifted.

"And his name, young lady—and his name?"

"Thomas Vernon."

For some moments Mr. Howard stood motionless. All expression left his face. The girl stared at him in growing alarm.

"Then 'tis true," she broke out. "You are his enemy——"

At the sound of her voice Mr. Howard recovered himself. He raised a hand in deprecatory gesture.

"I an enemy of Tom Vernon? Egad, young lady, has he not told you? We were fast friends. And what an actor! What a great tragedian! Clarence Howard learned much from Thomas Vernon." Mr. Howard spoke quickly with a false heartiness. "But tell me, child—what of your father. I had—I had lost sight of him long since."

"Sir, we have lived here, he and I together since I was a child. We have been happy. He has been good to me."

"And—your mother, child?" Mr. Howard's gaze fixed upon her curiously.

She dropped her eyes.

"I do not remember my mother, sir. She died while I was yet a baby."

"Sad, very sad," Mr. Howard murmured slowly. "Let us walk while you tell me more of my old friend Tom Vernon. Does he often speak of me?"

"But rarely, sir," she answered in some confusion.

"Yet he has spoken of late?"

"Since 'twas billed about the town that you were coming to the theatre he has spoken, yet so strangely. Almost he seems to fear you. And yet you vow you are no enemy of his?"

"Nay, child. I am no man's enemy," Mr. Howard said with a grim little laugh, "save my own."

She did not seem to hear him, for she thought only of her father. She turned her dark eyes in pleading to his face.

"Then, sir, you would help him," she said eagerly, "for I know 'twould help if you would but see him. Last evening he spoke your name in all kindness. He did not know I heard him. 'Tis a shame to tell it, but he had sat long—too long—over his wine. Sir, he was drunken. I had to help him to his room, and I have never before seen him like that. I was terrified." Unconsciously her hand went out to grasp his arm. "He is all I have. I am all he has..."

Mr. Howard smiled gravely, as he looked down at her.

"In wine, was he? Well, you must not take that to heart. Man often finds Bacchus a swift consoler if a poor counsellor. Do I not know it? Yet, child, 'tis said truth comes of wine. And so my old friend Tom Vernon spoke kindly of me in his cups?"

"Very kindly, sir. 'Twas that which made me seek you out. 'Twas a wild, a frantic despair. He knows nothing of what I am doing. You will never tell him—please?"

"I'll not tell him, child. There's no need for that." Mr. Howard was smiling in merry fashion. "Instead. You and I will play a little jest. Tom Vernon loved a jest in the old days. Mayhap later we'll tell him the truth, but at first, it shall go like this. Is it far from here you live?"

"But five minutes. In St. Thomas's Street."

"I know it. Then back ye go to St. Thomas's Street and await me—I'll not be far behind you. And harkee, child, come yourself to the door when you hear my thundering knock; then take to him the message I shall give you as if you'd never set eyes on me before in all your short life. Show surprise, amazement that Clarence Howard has come—but make him receive me, and then—leave us together. 'Tis well when old friends meet after many years that they be left alone. How are you called, child?" he finished abruptly.

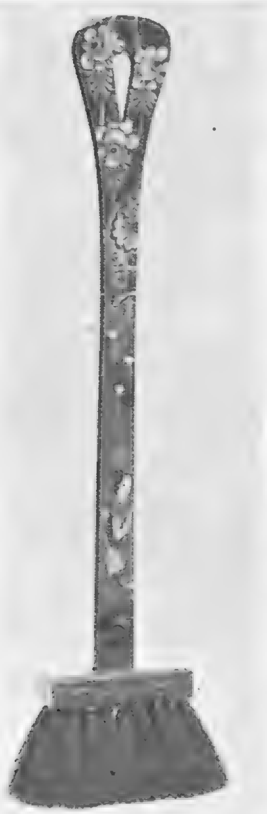
"Nell, sir—that is, Ellen, after my mother. Ellen Gavin. She was a play-actress of some account——"

Mr. Howard (*Continued on page 96*)

What I have Bought this Month

Write to The Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

If you would like us to buy for you, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given in each case, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.



ANN's Dolls
VIRGINIA'S Handkerchiefs
This Box belongs to MICHAEL
This Money-box belongs to ELIZABETH

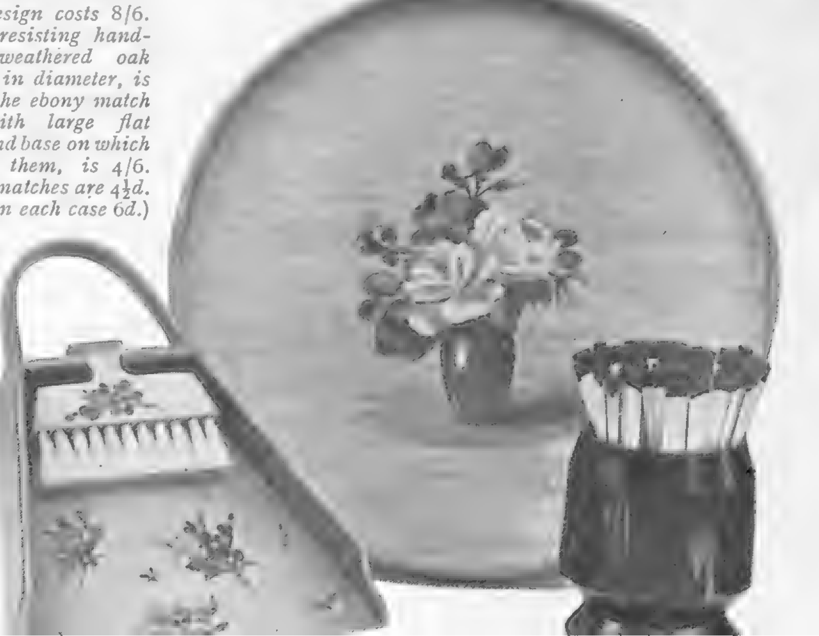
Teach the children to be tidy by giving them these attractive boxes in which to keep their treasures. All are hand-painted by a special process of durable paints, and any name may be painted to order. Handkerchief-box 8/6, pencil-box 4/-, money-box 5/6, and book-ends 7/6. (Postage in each case 9d.)

We all, I am sure, experience great difficulty in the choice of original presents for men, so here are two suggestions. The liqueur bottle of dark-green glass with a Danish pewter cork mount and neck mount is 6/6. (Postage 9d.) The Danish pewter pipe rest is 5/6. (Postage 6d.)

There is no reason why a hearth brush, though primarily a utility object, should not be decorative as well. This gay red lacquer brush, which may also be obtained in cream or black lacquer, costs only 5/9. (Postage 6d.)

A hand-painted lamp stand and shade, which may be painted in a variety of designs and colours to your own choice, is only 18/6 complete. The stand is of wood painted by a special process of durable paints and is solidly made so that it cannot easily be knocked over. (Postage 2/-)

This sprayed wood crumb tray and brush with decorative hand-painted design costs 8/6. The heat-resisting hand-painted weathered oak tray, 10" in diameter, is 8/3, and the ebony match holder, with large flat matches and base on which to strike them, is 4/6. Refills of matches are 4½d. (Postage in each case 6d.)



This Telephone Directory tidy on a revolving stand, which makes A-K and L-Z equally accessible, can be obtained in painted wood in cream or blue, and in oak, limed oak, and mahogany. Price 21/- (Post free)

PARIS FASHION NEWS

By Jean Burnup

Editor Woman's Section, "Britannia & Eve."

PRACTICALLY every spring and autumn, fashion writers bring out a paragraph that has become an old, tried friend. They brush it carefully, blow off the cobwebs hopefully, and print it.

"Women are going to look romantic this season," they write; each in her own style, of course, but with the same intent.

"By day they can look straight, stiff, and businesslike, if they wish, but in the evening they are feminine, with curves, frills, soft-flowing lines, old-fashioned fullness, and all the rest of it."

It sounds reminiscent? You 've read it before?

Well, I am going to bring it out yet again, but with such a twist that it 's almost a new paragraph now.

Women *are* going to look romantic and feminine, but this time it will be by day, rather than by night. For evening clothes show a definite tendency towards more masculine, tailored effects, while the day line is definitely full, feminine, and seductive.

This complete reversal could never become general, of course, and there are plenty of lusciously feminine dresses in the new collections. Nevertheless, the tailored line for evening is increasing, and day clothes have revolted against stern straightness and practicality.

HERE briefly is your day silhouette, as Paris fashion designers have decreed it.

Shoulders are narrowed, and sometimes heightened, to give a shrugged look. All couturiers, except Creed, agree that the wide shoulder is finished, though there is still a round padding over the shoulder curves in some swagger coats. But this effect is more bottle than square.

Necklines are going lower, either rounded, square, or V-shaped in front. This is only a tendency, however, for many houses continue to make high necklines.

At the back, the line is V, in some cases—sports dresses—a very low V. Marcel Rochas makes collars that are upstanding about two inches in the back. Mainbocher has practically no collars. Schiaparelli shows many high, flounced, draw-string collars on her blouses and dresses. One of her shirts, yellow, with long sleeves, cuff-linked, has a high frill arising from a round yoke.

There are some sailor collars to be seen (Jubilee Year), many Berthas, and some wide, round Eton collars.

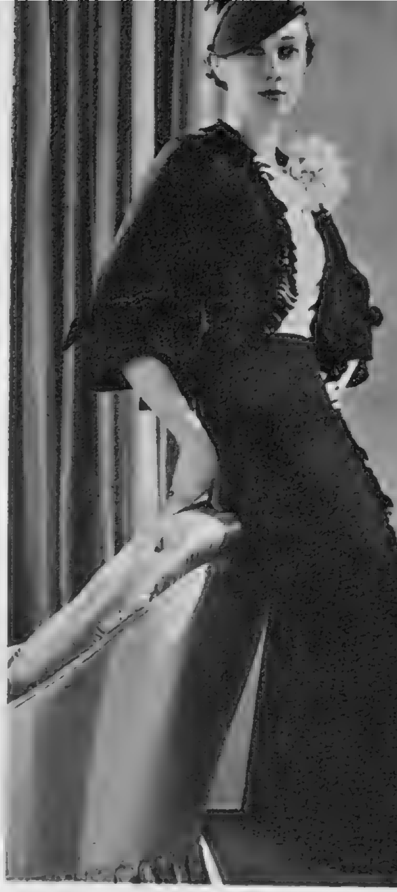
Lapels on coats are much wider, often faced with the lining of the coat, or the blouse beneath the coat.

Your breastline is accentuated by cut, by shirrings, by folds going straight across into the sleeve seams. There is a very blousey, pouchy, full feeling for the tops of dresses, and for blouses themselves.

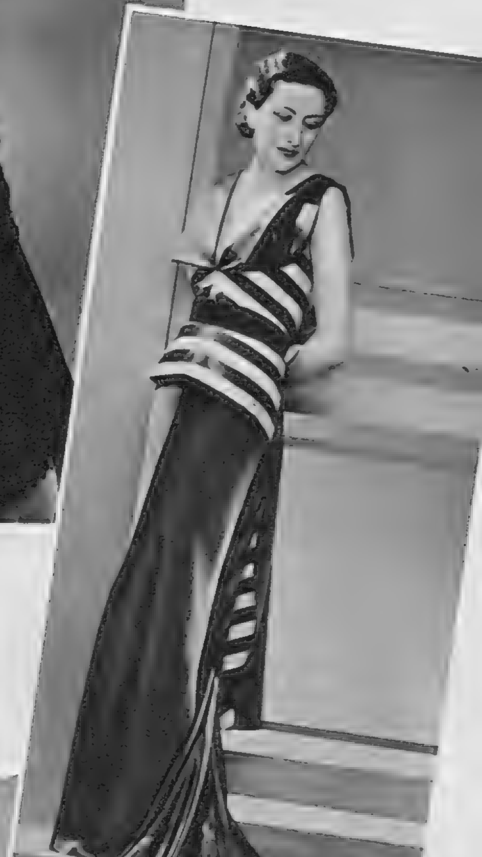
Coat and dress backs are, almost without exception, very full. Sometimes fullness starts at the nape of the neck in gathers and pleats, sometimes from a yoke. Mainbocher does a lot of this hunchback silhouetting. The swing-back coat is everywhere, fuller than ever.

Waistlines are normal almost everywhere, although some houses dip it down at the back. Belts are from one to six inches high, made in raffia, hemp, braided worsteds, kid-skin, patent leather, lacing-up with thongs.

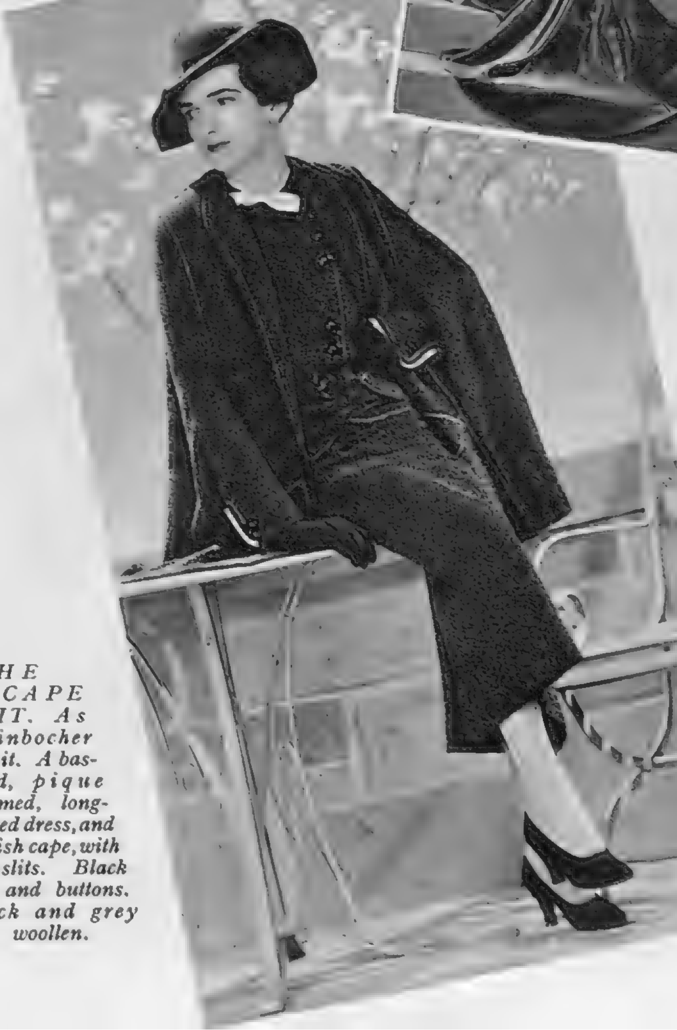
As for skirts, take your choice. Straight, possibly slit (Marcel Rochas, Dilkusha, Worth, Heim). Very full, either circular or pleated on a yoke (Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Patou, Chanel). (*Continued on page* 118)



THE DRESSY SUIT. As Robert Piguet does it. Black woollen little coat, loose and cut away, like a long bolero. Short, wide, deep-cuffed sleeves, little collar. All the edges of skirt and coat are loosely fringed. The blouse is draped white organdie, with a large flower

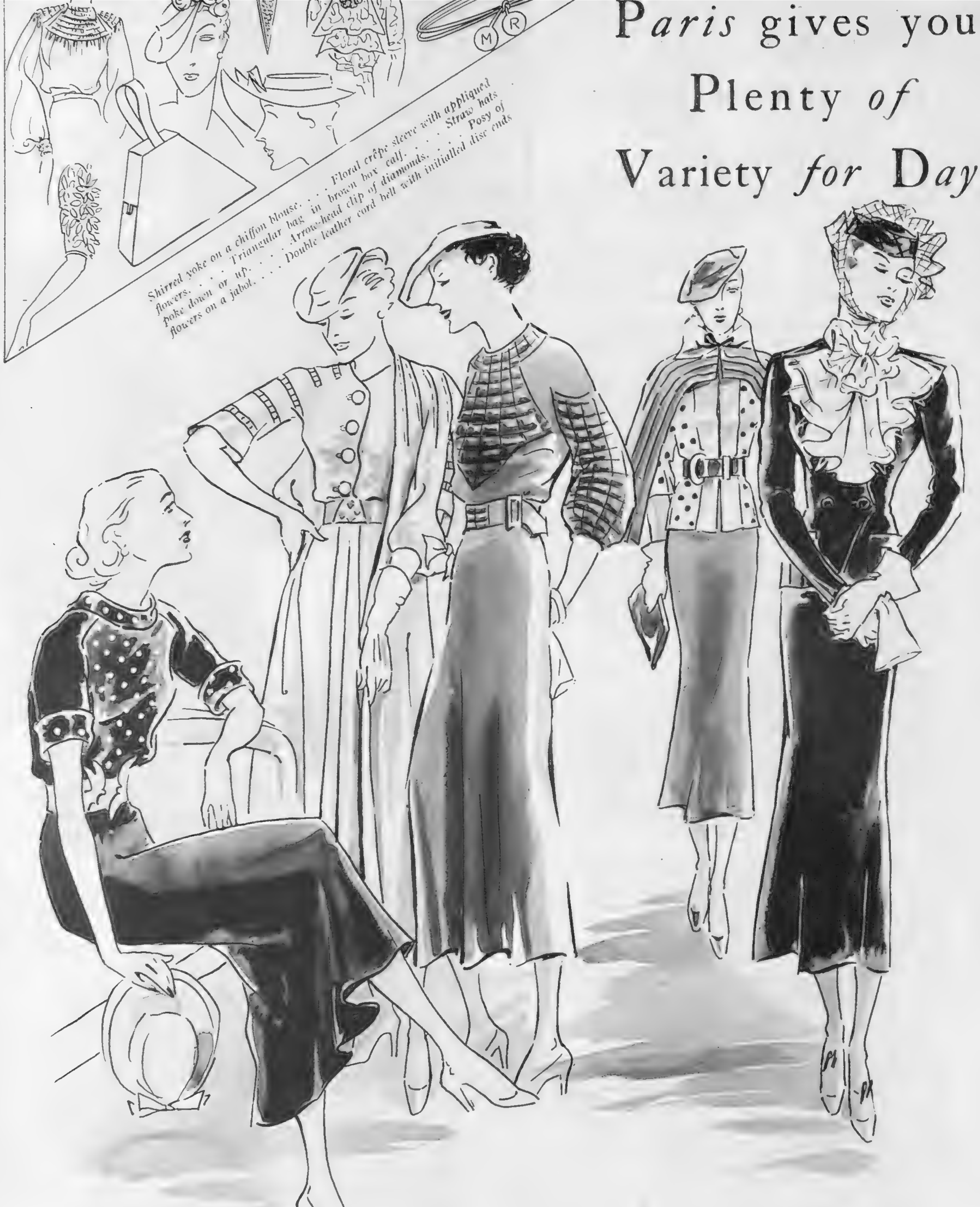


THE TAILORED EVENING DRESS. As Lelong does it. Pale blue and black striped faille basque, over black satin. The deep, tailored revers start a new life over the shoulders, and, lined with the striped faille, make a long tunic back. The skirt is trained



THE CAPE SUIT. As Mainbocher does it. A basqued, pique trimmed, long-sleeved dress, and longish cape, with arm slits. Black belt and buttons. Black and grey woollen.

Paris gives you Plenty *of* Variety *for* Day



Shirred yoke on a chiffon blouse. . . . Floral crêpe sleeve with appliquéd flowers. . . . Triangular bag in brown box calf. . . . Straw hats poke down or up. . . . Arrow-head clip of diamonds. . . . Posy of flowers on a jabot. . . . Double leather cord belt with initialled disc ends

Navy woollen, with cuffs, collar and front of corsage in navy taffeta spotted in white. MARCEL ROCHAS.

Afternoon ensemble of heavy pale-blue silk. Sleeve and shoulders are trimmed with faggoting, the skirt has pleated fullness in front. MAGGY ROUFF.

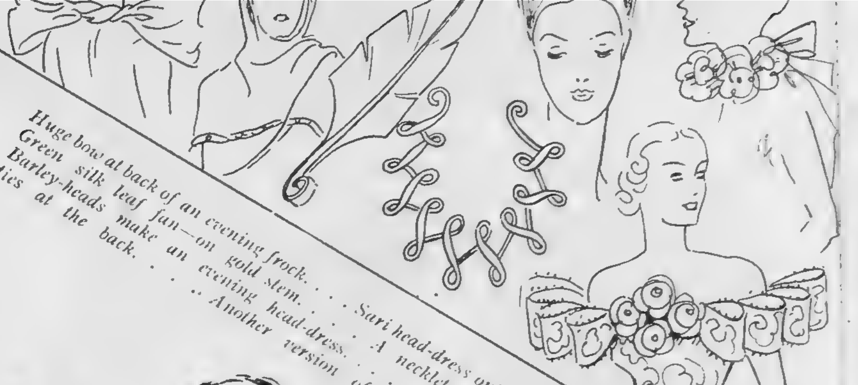
Dress in raspberry woollen, featuring the slightly padded quilting that this designer often uses this season. LANVIN.

Cape suit in red woollen, the cape pleated in front only. The accompanying blouse is white, black dotted organdie. LELONG.

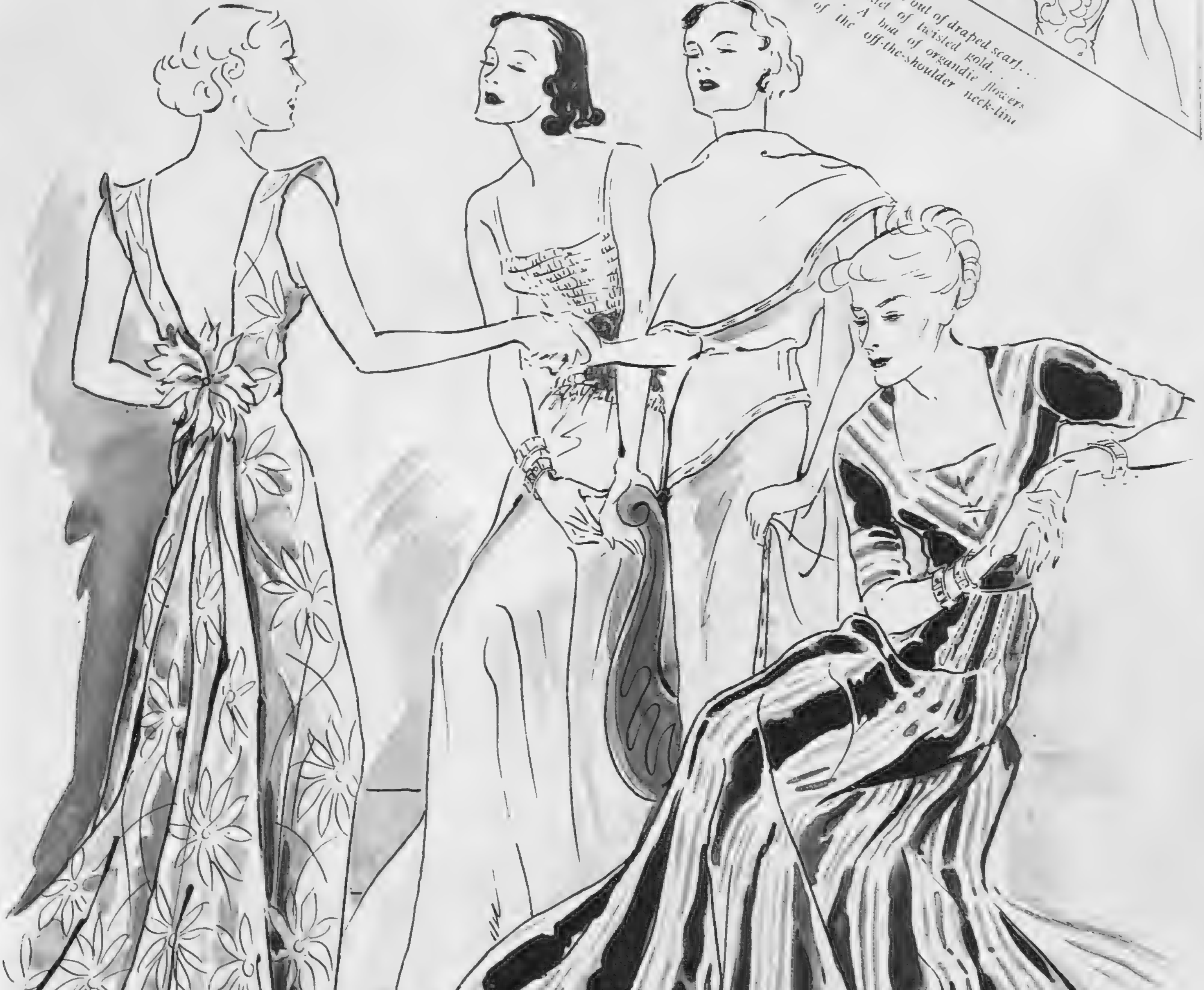
A lightweight black woollen suit tempers its severity with a white chiffon blouse and a huge jabot MAINBOCHER.

And *for* Evening There *are* . . .

The Peacock's Train . . . The Shirred all over bodice . . . The Eastern dress (with Sari) . . . and the tailored line.



Huge bow at back of an evening frock. . . Sari head-dress out of draped scarf. . . Green silk leaf fan—on gold stem. . . A necklet of twisted gold. . . Barley-heads make an evening head-dress. . . A boa of organdie flowers ties at the back. . . . .. Another version of the off-the-shoulder neck-line



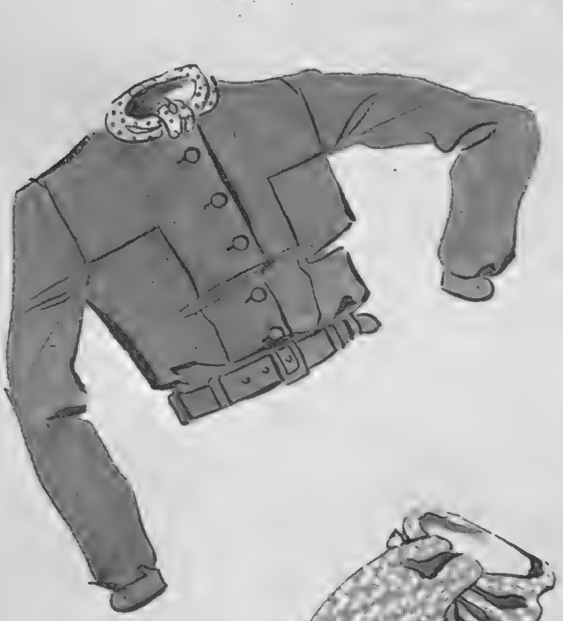
Evening dress of pale grey and white printed taffeta, showing the peacock-like movement of fullness. The flower is cut from the fabric. MAINBOCHER

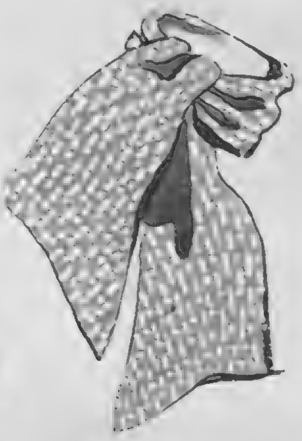
Pink faille, showing the shirred bodice that Molyneux is featuring so much. Roses at waist. He does a similar dress in chiffon. MOLYNEUX.

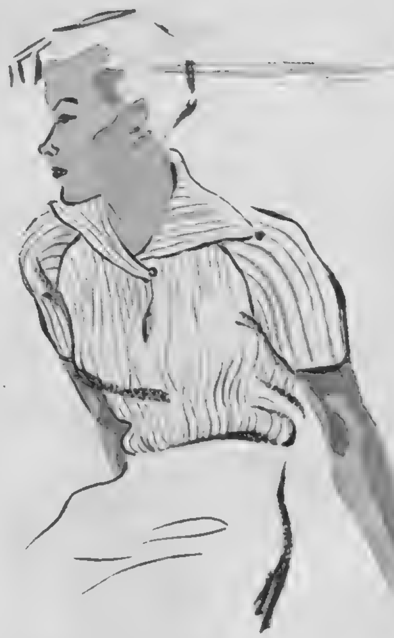
One of Schiaparelli's Eastern dresses, with draped scarf which can be arranged like a sari (see small detail sketch). This is in mauve-blue crêpe, bordered with blue and gold. SCHIAPARELLI.

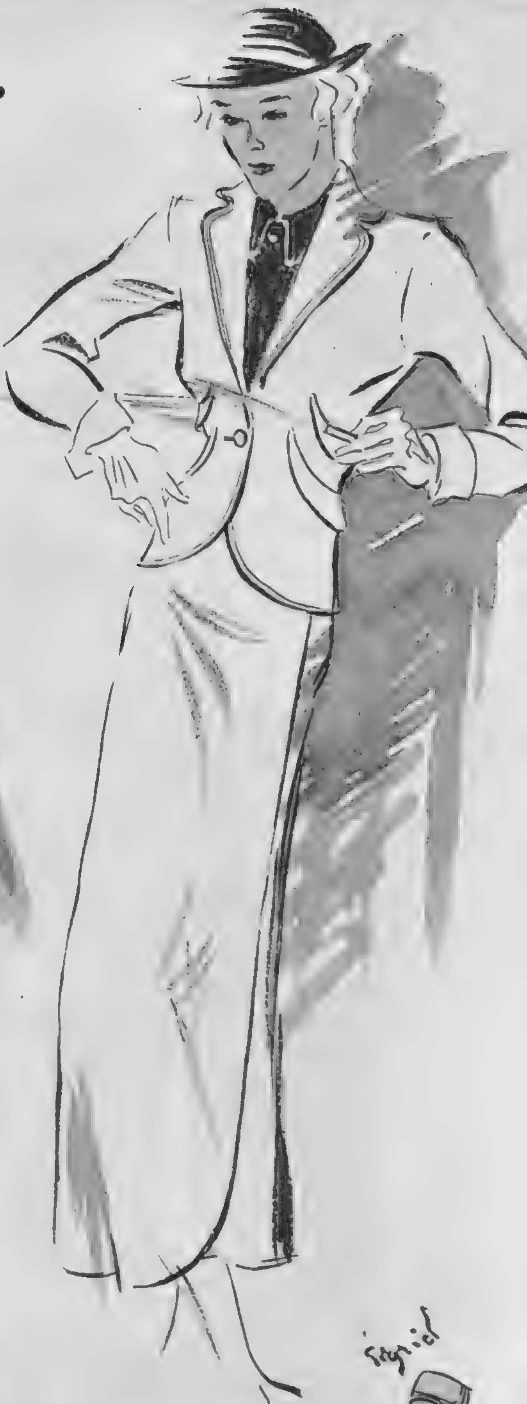
Tailored dress of striped faille, with broad navy stripes and narrower ones in red, green and white. Very full skirt. WORTH.

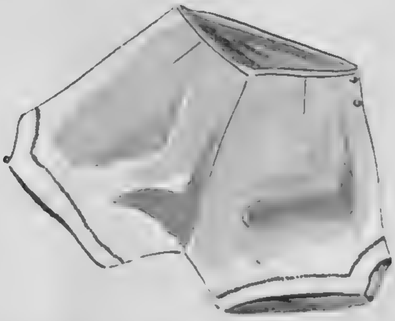
Country Life . . .

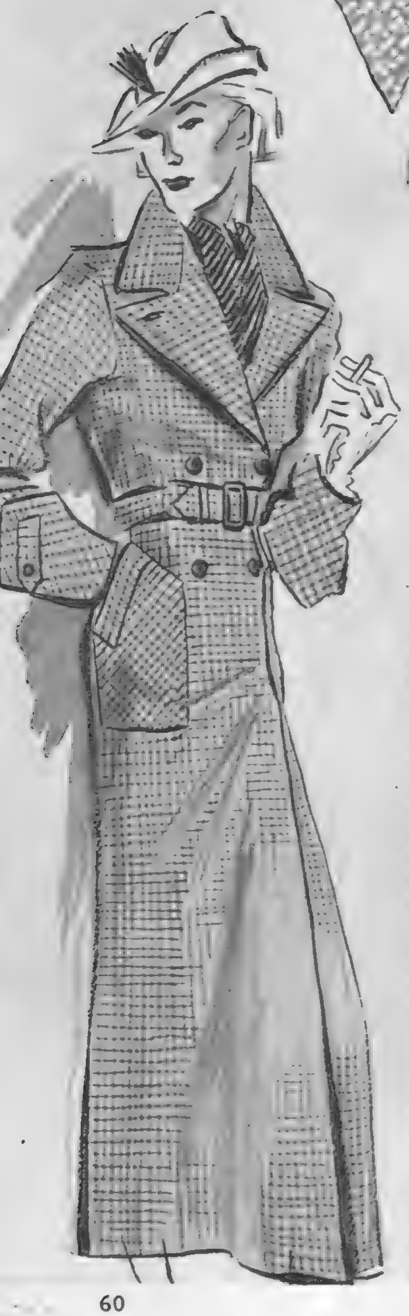


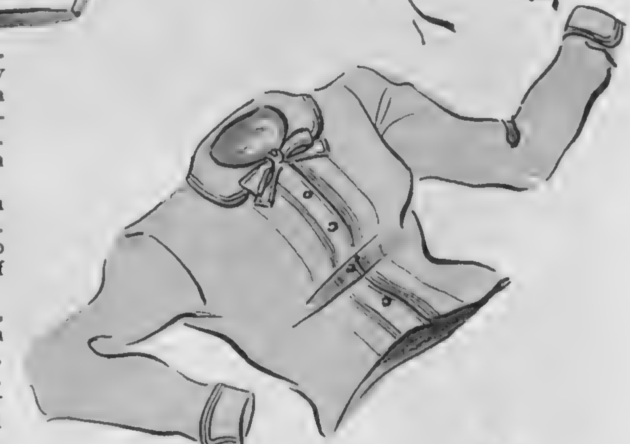


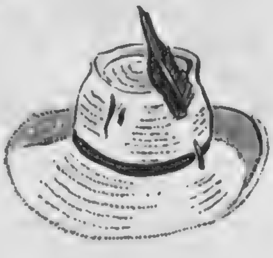












A BIG coat, a suit, jumpers, a scarf, a hat . . . and you are all set up for your country living or visiting. These clothes have been chosen in colours that mix happily together—flame-rust, brown, beige, navy, and green. But of course, you can get everything that is drawn here in any other colours you want.

Up at the top is a gay green suède jerkin with interesting yoked fronts. Lined crêpe-de-Chine. Wear this, and you 'll look as if your golf handicap doesn't reach two figures. The cashmere scarf below it is green, with a small white pattern.

The navy jersey in the middle is fine-ribbed wool, with raglan sleeves and a neckline borrowed from a boxer. It opens a button lower than you see here, and fastens a button higher, like a polo collar.

The flame-rust suit next door is soft Kashmir tweed, with many features about it. The tailored collar and revers are rounded and double-stitched. So is the cut-away front. The double pockets have circular flaps. There is one pocket to match on the skirt, whose left side echoes the rounded cut-away of the coat.

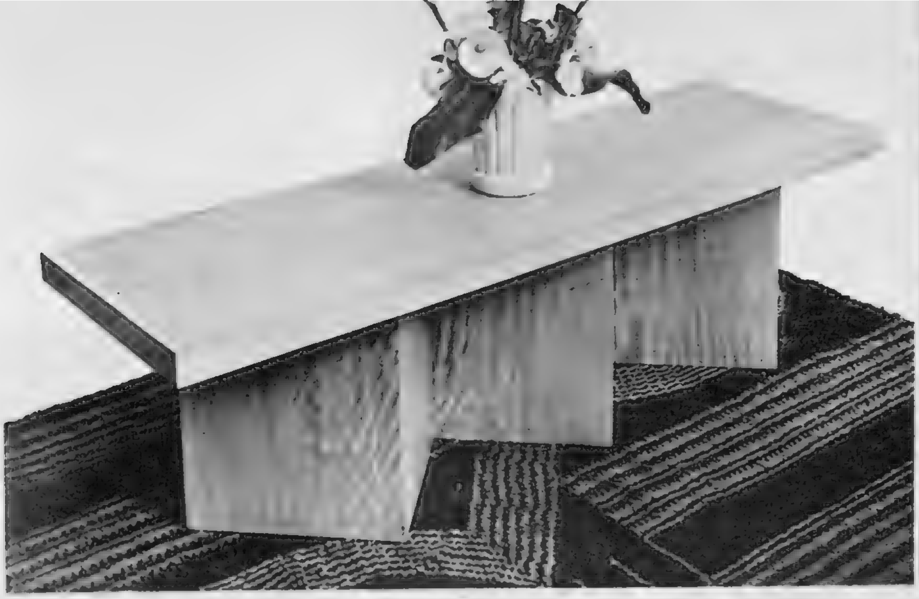
Those washing satin sports panties are news. They fit without a wrinkle, and have legs which can button up closely or be wide, as you desire them.

The shirt at the right is green Kashmir wool hopsack. Triple stitching trims collar, fronts, and cuffs.

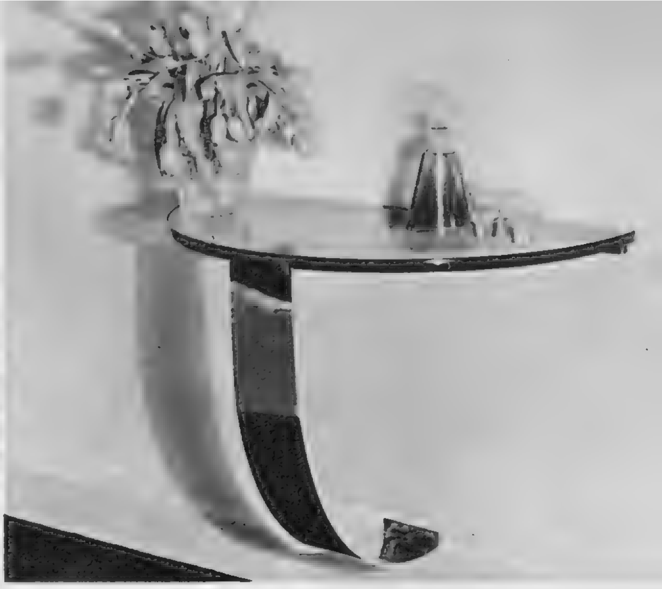
All the foregoing come from Jaeger's new shop in Regent Street, which is quickly becoming one of the sights of London.

At Woodrow, in Piccadilly, we sketched the sports hat, a nice woollen straw fabric, trimmed with brown ribbon and feather.

And at the left you see a new country coat in beige, brown and flame check, with wide cuffs, grand pockets, and the Studd and Millington perfection of cut and tailoring.

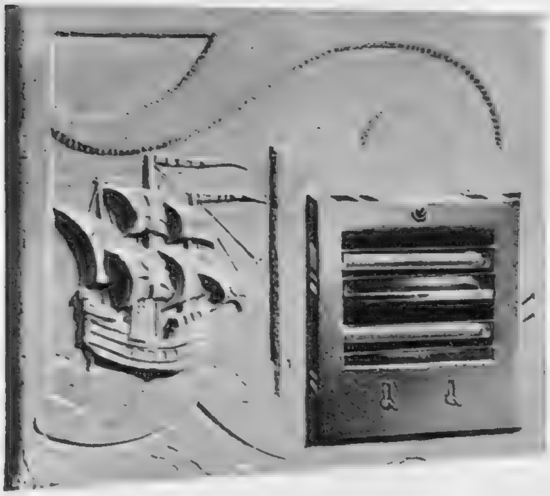


No monk would recognise this as a refectory table. Yet it is, 1935 version, and very lovely. The wood is feather-grain avodire, something like sycamore. BIRD ISLES



One curved sweep of flat chromium and half a sheet of thick glass make an attractive console table which fixes to the wall. ARUNDELL CLARKE

Look, *with the* Camera, at Some N*ew* Ideas *in* Furnishing

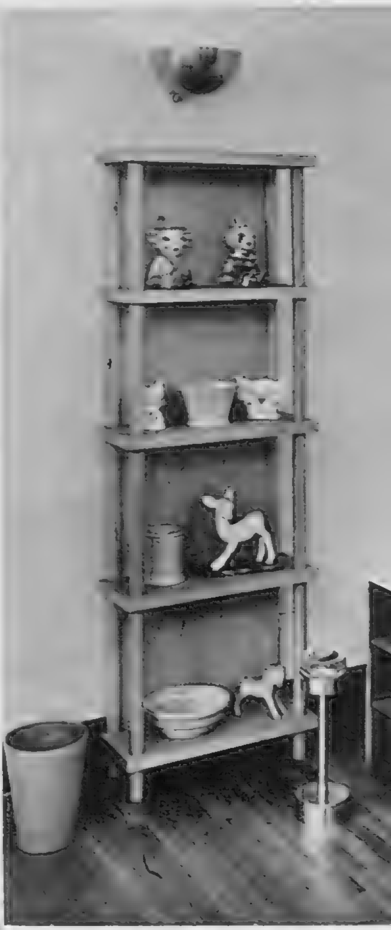


Left

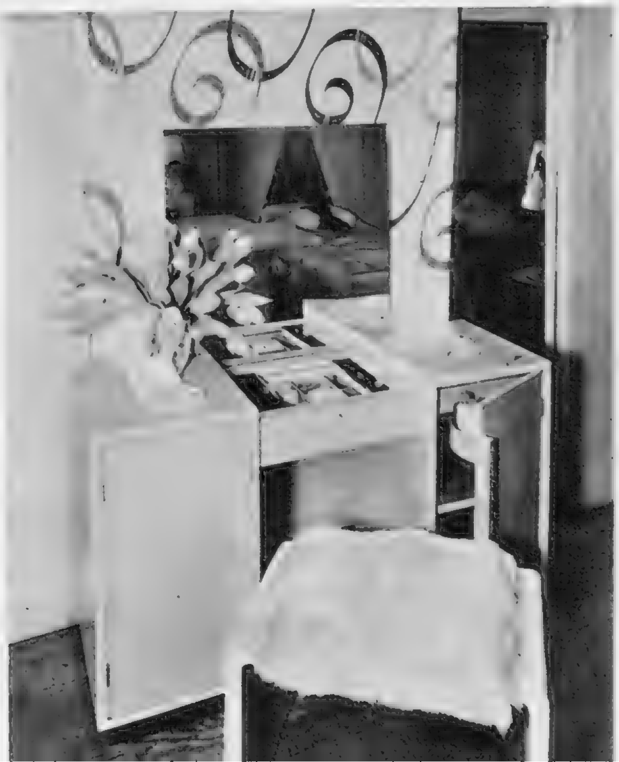
Enter occasional heating. Tabard wall-plaques and panels have started an entirely new line of thought in decorative heating. A plaque or panel of reconstructed stone has an electric fire fixed in it, as shown in this picture. The back is absolutely flat, so it can be fitted anywhere, to any wall. These plaques and panels are the answer to the problem of the cold spot, far away from the real fireplace, in any large room. It is a good idea to have one in the hall, or in a small room used occasionally, where there is no fireplace. They harmonise with any type of decoration background, modern or period

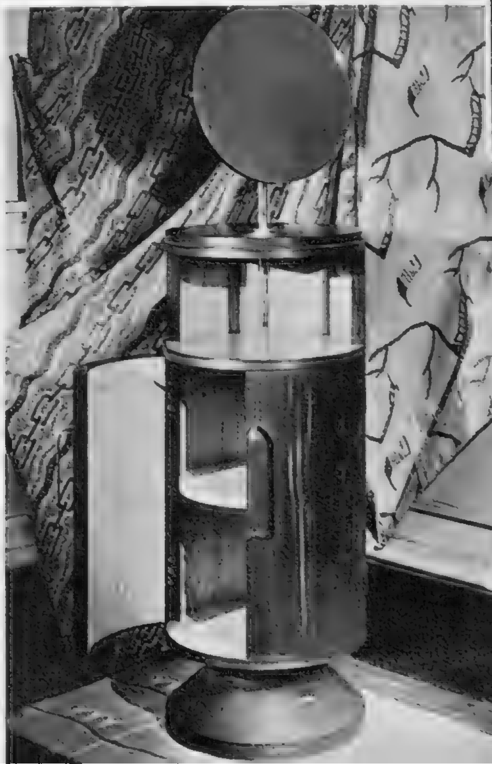
Left, below

Something really luscious and practical in dressing-tables. All make-up equipment goes into a centre sunken compartment, partitioned off for bottles, creams, boxes. A mirror-top slides together, and your dressing-table top is neat and lovely. JULIE JACOB



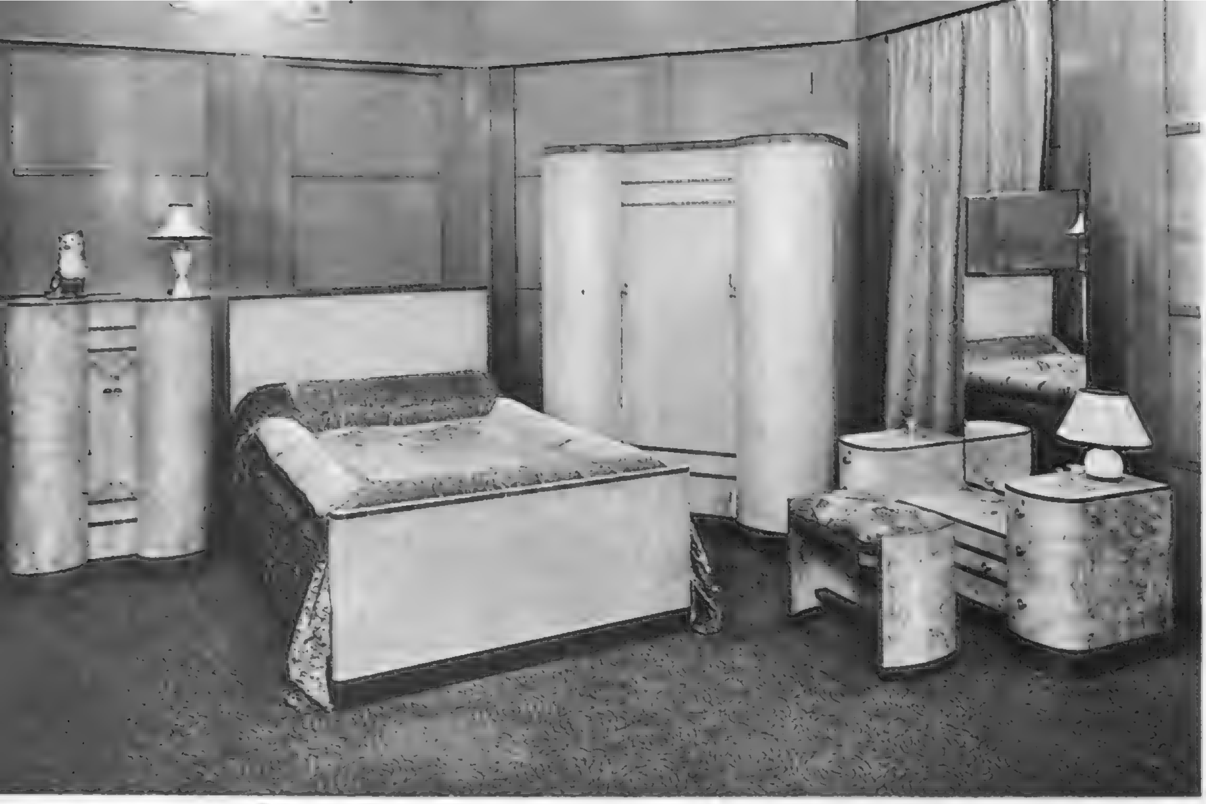
Whatnots are back. The one above, in natural pink pine, is a pleasant background for the eccentric pottery ornaments. BIRD ISLES





Left

If you don't want your husband's brushes and bottles camping out on your dressing-table, buy him a Toilet Tallboy for himself. It has a shaving-glass fixed on top. BETTY JOEL

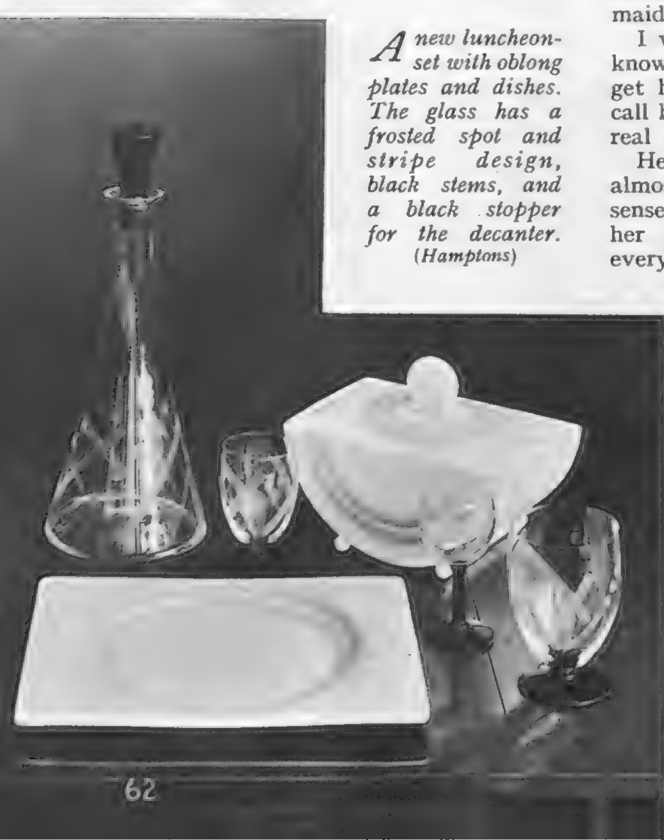


The Jubilee suite in the Guest Room is veneered Pacific myrtle, with straight-grain walnut bandings. The millinery cupboard (left of the bed) and wardrobe are lined with English sycamore.
(Hamptons)

A Day *in the* Life of a *House* - proud Woman

SHE wakes early, and rings for her orange-juice and toast. "Don't bother with lunch," she tells the maid, "because I am going to give the house a personal inspection tour and go shopping."

To-day, the new Hoover arrives. When you switch on the juice, a head-light appears. It goes into the dimmest corners, under the piano, inside cupboards, dirt-finding for you where you hardly thought there might be dirt.



A new luncheon-set with oblong plates and dishes. The glass has a frosted spot and stripe design, black stems, and a black stopper for the decanter.
(Hamptons)

She is glad her house is new, with the feeling of to-day about it. Proud of her up-to-the-minute accessories, which live so truly up to their name—labour-saving—that she runs this four bed-roomed home on wheels, with one maid.

I won't give her name—you wouldn't know it, anyhow, because she doesn't get her picture in the papers—but will call her Mrs. Bell. It 's near enough her real name to ring true.

Her house is her pride, her reason, almost, for living. But she has enough sense of proportion not to let it obsess her interests entirely. And it is, in every meaning of the word, a real home. Ask her husband.

Mrs. Bell, running her eye over the bed-room while nibbling her toast, notices the covers. "I must do something about you, my dears," she thinks, and makes a mental note to look up those coloured wool fabrics, like Turkish towelling, which she saw in one of the shops. They would do also for curtains.

She wonders if the shops would have that new chair-cover material called Fabricoid. They say it washes like a cotton handkerchief. How nice her Mansion-polished floor smells, faintly antiseptic . . . she can see it gleaming in a pool of early-morning sunshine.

As the sunspot moves, Mrs. B. remembers that she has to be up and doing, so she hurries through her dressing. She has a habit of writing notes to herself, and, with a sheaf of these in her hand, she enters to inspect the sitting-room.

Here, too, the curtains look sad. What made her have blue? Against the grey walls and primrose ceiling, blue looks dull, boring. But white? Yes, of course, white curtains. It will lift the room, be a grand experiment.

She finds a note to herself about a brand-new curtain material; a white glazed chintz without a pattern. It looks like kid. White, primrose and grey. That will be quite an Oliver Messel combination.

It is a round room. The new crescent-shaped couch looks nice drawn about the electric fire and its mimic fireplace of chrome and wood. The couch is in two sections, so it can be separated and each piece pushed into a corner on cool days, and the whole look of the room altered. The round table of bleached, carved wood has a top of marbled wood under glass. She nearly had yellow marbled wall-paper, too, but the plain grey is very good. A crescent-shaped sideboard has a marbled wood top, and glass to match the table.

LOOKING at the walls again, she still wonders if she likes them, and remembers hearing something about a bold new colour-scheme. So she rings up an architect friend, and asks his advice. Yes, he knows all about it. The idea is to have each wall a different colour.

" How do you like the sound of aubergine green, silver, and grey? Play safe with three colours at first, though the many-coloured walls are very attractive," he adds.

He says the newest thing he knows is glass bricks. They are well on their way, and people are having whole walls of them. They are mullioned and leaded round square, so they are very decorative.

H'm, well; next year, perhaps. . . .

" *She looks round the kitchen with real affection. It is bright and efficient* "

Mrs. B. finds the dining-room standing up pretty well. She is glad she decided to fall in with the revival of lace curtains. Hers are of very thick lace, the colour of strong tea and backed with old gold taffeta. The furniture here is of a new silvery wood called Cyprus, and the new plywood screen harmonises well. It is half an inch thick and in three sections. It is looking its best just after a treatment of Min cream.

She looks round her kitchen with real affection. It is bright and efficient, with two draining-boards, glass-fronted dresser, cupboards built in everywhere, and, nicest of all, a large pantry leading out of it, for her refrigerator.

The kitchen looks especially good this morning; but can do with some curtains.

Perhaps she 'll get some oilsilk curtains, with large gingham checks in apple-green. These are transparent and most attractive. Up in the bathroom she has the newest oilsilk, which comes in beautiful opaque colours.

In the kitchen, where the maid is making her tea-pots shine with Goddard's plate powder, there are stacks of plates which are not always in use. Mrs. B. finds a note reminding her of the very things for these—some new slip covers which are transparent, dust-proof, moisture-proof, and made in all the plate sizes. Also she must find the liquor-proof lacquer made for polished tables.

" *Her black and white staircase with its rope balustrade.*"
(Fortnum and Mason)

Now the spare room. Again a satisfied look round. And with reason. For a long time Mrs. B. wanted to do something about this poor little room which is never spared. So just a month ago she made a clean sweep of all the furniture it had contained. A medley of has-beens.

She bought a new suite, and rechristened it the Guest Room. This made it sound much grander. They made a great fuss of this suite in the shop, calling it Jubilee, because it is made of Empire woods. These are veneered Pacific myrtle, decorated with straight-grain walnut bandings. The millinery cupboard caught Mrs. B.'s fancy, and made her wish she were a guest in her own house sometimes. The bed-cover and quilt are of crushed velvet in a warm anchovy-pink shade.

There is a ring at the bell. Her friend has called to collect her for their shopping.

She has news about an electric cocktail-shaker which does the job noiselessly and efficiently. Mrs. B. knows that John will love this, because he is always grumbling about having to be his own barman as well as host.

Their first find, after a lot of looking and walking, is new decorations to take the place of pictures. These are plaques of black glass, painted with designs in white or colours. Black runs through the new linens, too. They discover tea-cloths with basket designs in large black, green and pink bars on a greyish linen ground.

After lunch, Mrs. B. buys a new tea-set of real silver on china, and she adds a couple of flower vases of the same to the purchase.

She stops to look at a new luncheon-set (*Continued on page* 106)

By Audrey Hughes

In the little room that leads off the sitting-room, the plastic walls and ceiling form the right background for the vivid tomato and white chintz-covered couch

The Artist *in the* Home

You need not buy pictures or bronzes to be represented in your home by famous artists to-day. For they are turning their talents to the design and decoration of more ordinary household gods

Left

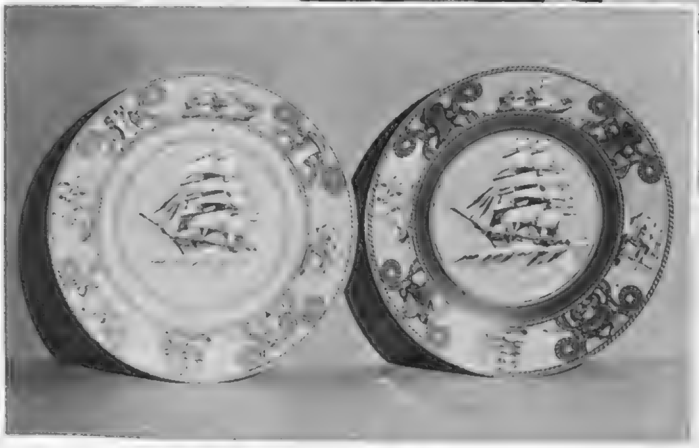
Coffee set by C. Walker (for the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.). Designed by Albert Rutherstone, Principal of the John Ruskin School of Art, Oxford

Right

Donald Gilbert, the sculptor, at work on a vase which may hold the flowers from your garden

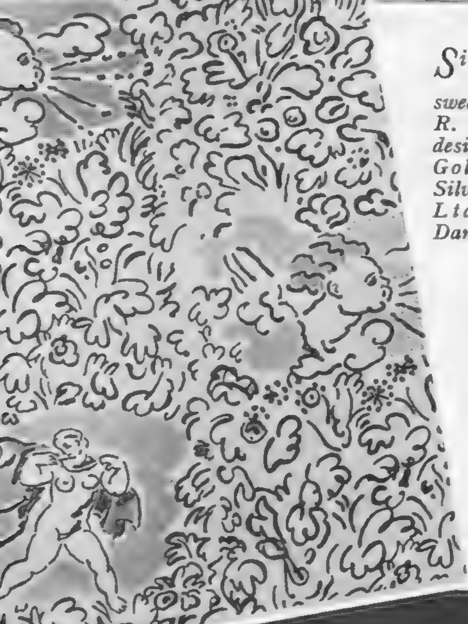
Above

Silver bowl by G. H. Hart; sweet dishes by R. E. Stone (both designed for the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.). Glass by Dame Laura Knight



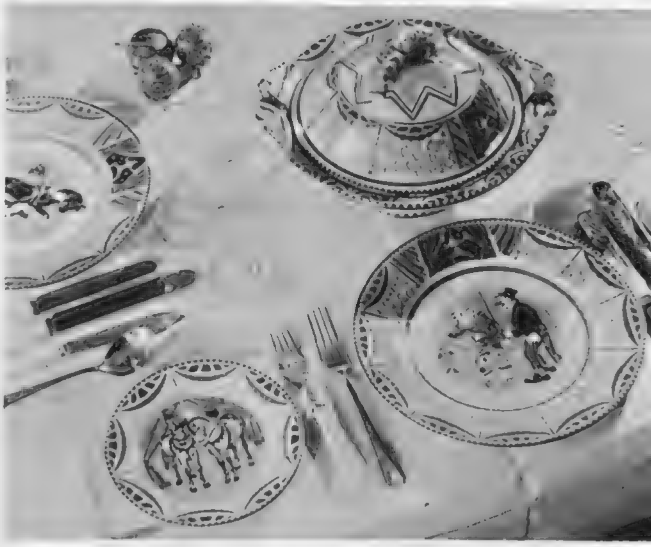
Above

Dessert set by John Everett. Alternate plates, one black and white, one coloured



Left

A lovely fabric for curtains or covers, by Duncan Grant—" The Winds "



Right

Dame Laura Knight designs a circus dinner-service, each plate with a different picture

Right

Dod Proctor's tea-set on Foley China: green, blue, and pink

Left

Clock by Chermayeff; in various colours: gold and chromium. Whiskey set by Paul Nash. Mirror tray by Raymond McGrath

Wear this Smart Jumper in Washing Cotton

Designed for
"Britannia & Eve"
by BONELLA

HERE is something to give you the knitting urge, a basqued jumper so well designed, so simple to knit, so smart to wear, that you'll feel you must dash out, buy your materials, and start *now*.

It is trim and tailored exactly right to wear with a new spring suit or, later, with a linen suit.

It is made in a new knitting cotton, which never loses its beauty however many times it is laundered.

This is tobacco brown, but there are many lovely shades to choose from.

Back.

With No. 11 pins, cast on 120 sts. Knit into the back of these sts. Work in pat. as follows:

1st row: * K. 3, p. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row: * K. 1, p. 3, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd row: Purl.

4th row: Knit.

These 4 rows complete one pattern.

Work pattern for 9 ins.

Shape Armholes.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 4 rows.

Continue on the remaining 104 sts. until armhole measures 5½ ins.

Shape Neck.

Work 40 sts. in pat., cast off 24 sts., work 40 sts. in pat.

Work on these last 40 sts. (placing the other 40 sts. on a spare pin), decreasing one st. at the neck edge every row until 30 sts. remain.

Shape the Shoulder.

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of every *armhole end* row, until all are cast off.

Return to the 40 sts. on spare pin and work to match.

Left Front.

Cast on 72 sts., knit into the backs of these.

Continue in pat., keeping 8 sts. in garter st. at the front edge (for button-catch). Continue for 9 ins.

Shape Armhole.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows (a dec. of 12 sts.).

Work in pat. on the 60 sts. left until armhole measures 5 ins.

Shape Neck.

Cast off 16 sts. at the neck edge.

Continue on the remaining 44 sts. in pat., decreasing one st. at the neck edge on every row until 30 sts.

Work on the 30 sts. for ½ inch.

Shape the Shoulder.

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row, until all are cast off.

Right Front.

Work as for the left front, with armhole, etc., at opposite edges and making buttonholes on the 8th row, and afterwards every 24th row, following in the border sts., making 6 buttonholes in all.

Make buttonholes as follows: K. 2, cast off 4, work to end of row.

Next row: Work back, cast on 4 sts. K. 2. Work 2 rows after last buttonhole before shaping neck.

Sleeves.

Cast on 84 sts. K. into the back of first row. Work in pat., increasing one st. each end of every 6th row until 92 sts., and when sleeve measures 4 ins. from start

Shape Top.

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 28 sts. left. Cast off.

Basque.

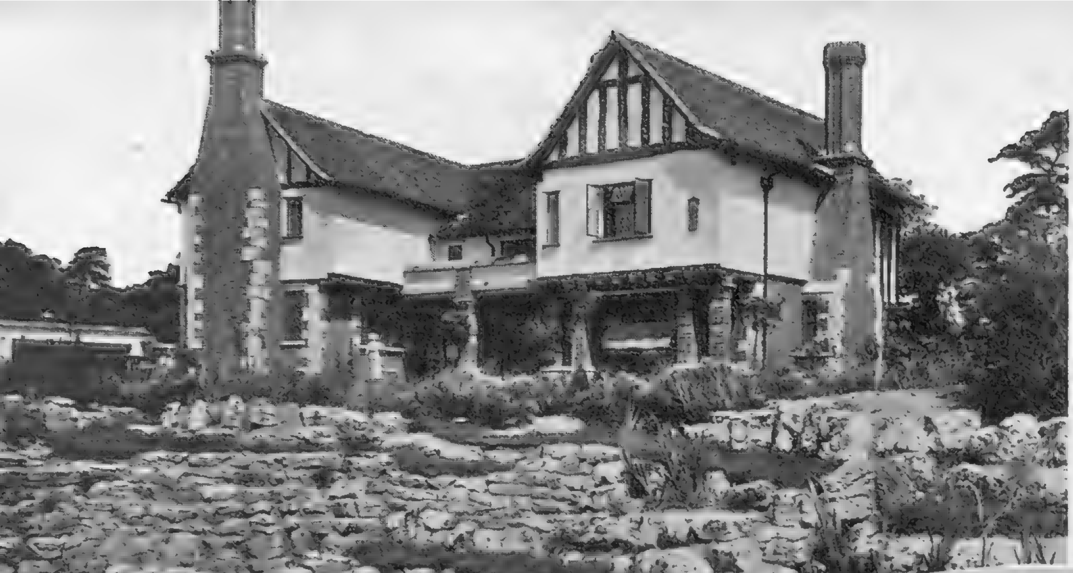
Cast on 240 sts., work in pat., keeping 4 sts. at each end in garter st. for 2½ ins.

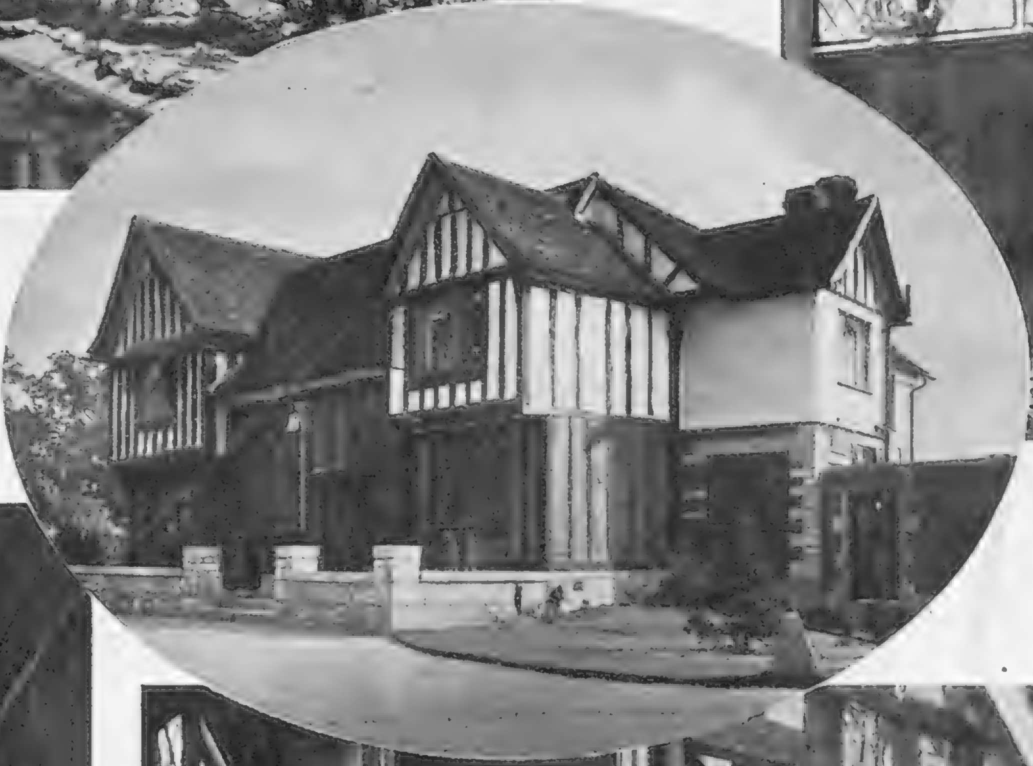
Change to No. 12 pins, work for ¾ inch. Cast off rather tightly.

(Continued on page 108.)

Other

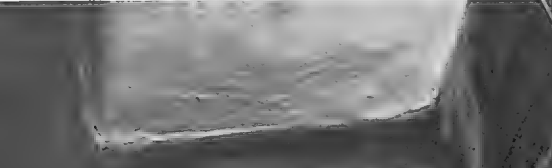
Loxborough
The Home

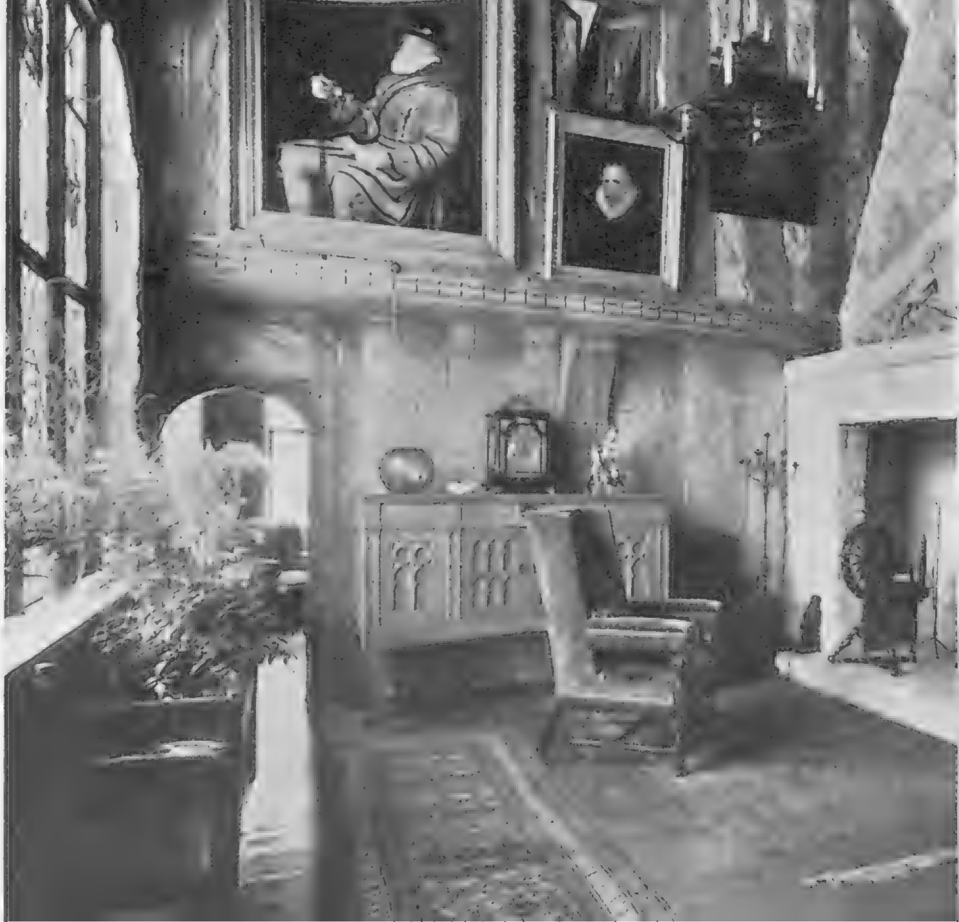




Loxborough Manor, showing the elevation from the rock garden. The excellent brickwork in the chimney stacks is worthy of note

(Right)
The north elevation, taken with a western aspect, shows off to advantage the beautiful oak timbers and the attractive and unusual formation of the gables



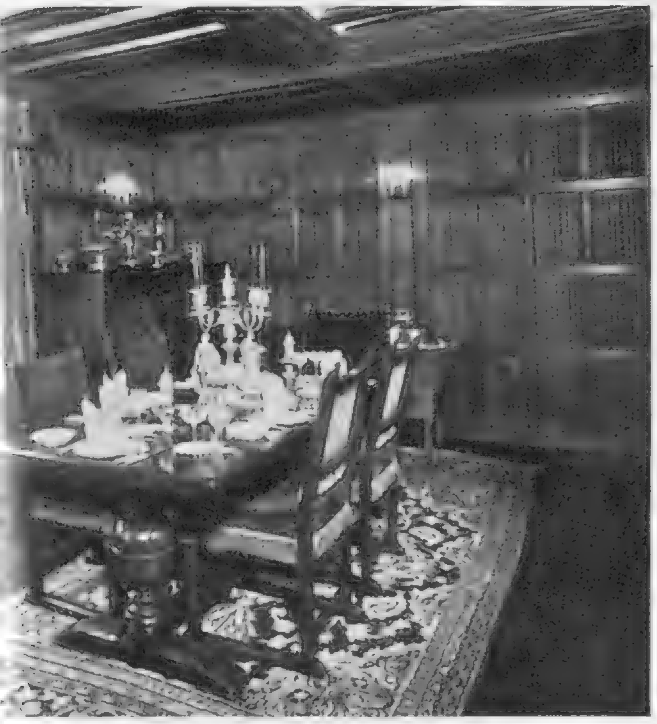


A peep-hole on the landing shows the magnificent kingpost and timbering in the roof of the Great Hall

(Right)
A general view of the Great Hall taken from the front door. Some very fine examples of old stained glass may be seen in the window to the left of the picture, beyond which is the entrance to the Solar. On either side of the fireplace are stone seats which prove very cosy and draught-proof corners for winter evenings

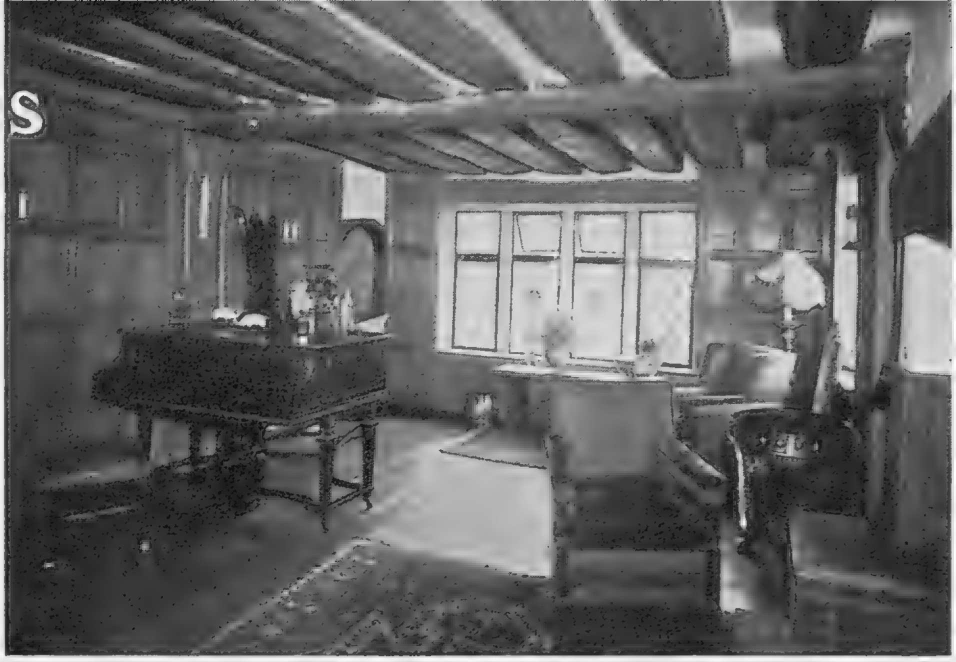
People's Houses

Manor, Northaw, Herts
of W. Clayton Russon



The Dining-room. with its original moulded ceiling beams, linen fold panelling and wide oak floor boarding, gives a good idea of the remarkable state of preservation of this woodwork, maintained throughout five centuries

Photographed for
BRITANNIA AND EVE
by "Sasha"



A general view of the Solar or Long Room, showing the particularly fine timber in the ceiling. Some of these beams are as much as two feet square

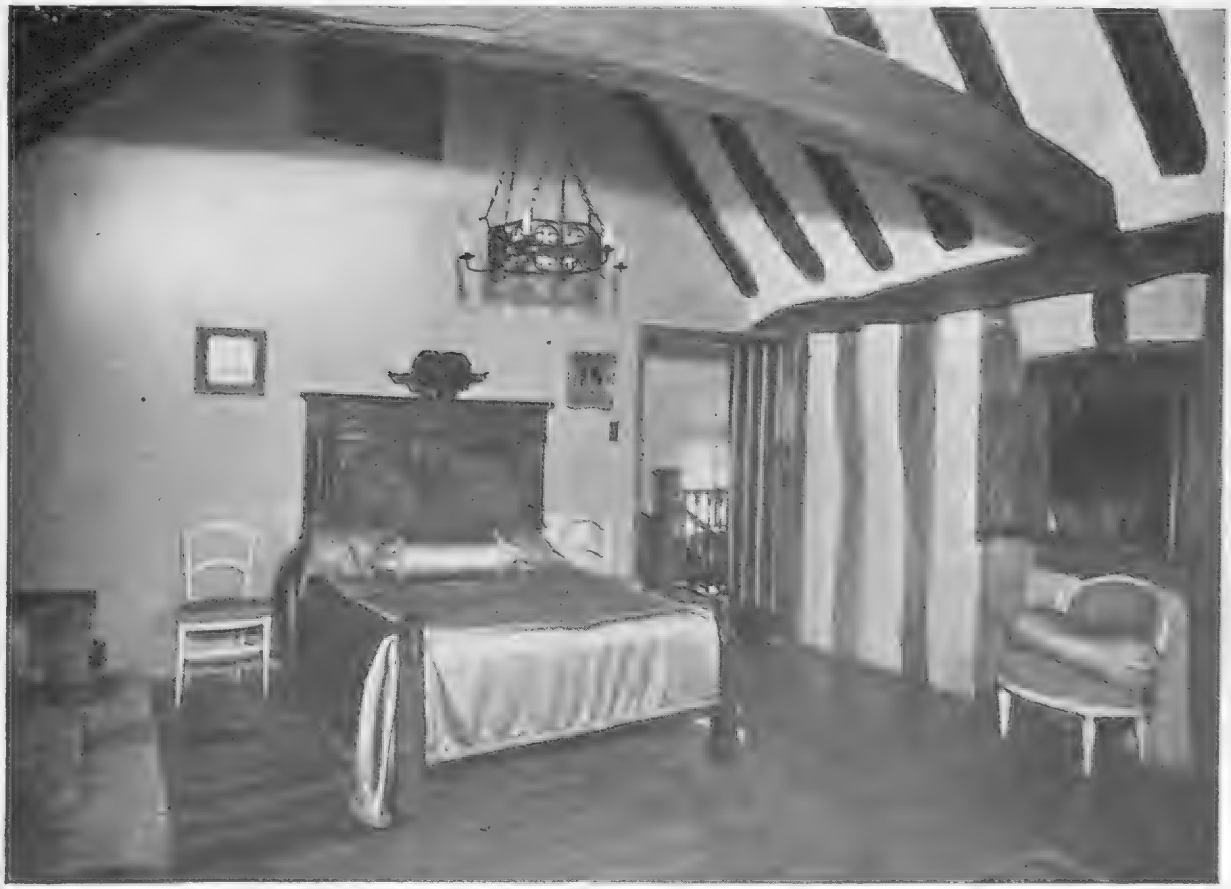
THIS old manor house, a gem of early fifteenth-century architecture, was originally built in 1410, in the village of Bildeston, near Ipswich, where it remained undisturbed until about ten years ago, when it was removed piecemeal into Essex and there re-erected. It stood here for some years until, with the progress of this age, that part of Essex was subjected to the onslaught of the developer, and the surrounding district became a hive of industry with factories and their attendant colonies of workers' dwellings. It was then that the present owner purchased it and decided to restore it completely, and re-erect it on the Hertfordshire hills in an appropriate setting, and one which was likely to be undisturbed.

The work of taking down, restoring and rebuilding took a year, and old craftsmen from all parts of the country were engaged for the purpose. It was gratifying to find that, despite five centuries of exposure to the English climate, the oak timbers were in splendid condition and, apart from several small items, the whole of the original fabric was used.

Extreme care was taken to preserve the old plan, and no deviation was made from it, with the exception of the buttery, which was converted into a study.

It is probable that there are few examples of architecture of this period remaining within the easy distance of twenty-five miles of London.

The Principal Bedroom, with its vaulted and beamed roof, has a small casement window overlooking the Great Hall



LEFT-OVERS INTO TRIUMPHS

By A. H. ADAIR

Glamorous Ways of Disguising our old friend the Cold Joint

THERE seem to be, in the average kitchen, only two schools of thought about " left-overs ": the lazy, wasteful " once cold and throw the rest away," and the other, more thrifty but equally unimaginative, " We'll have mince this week and rissoles next week."

Rissoles . . as George Graves (when Baron Popoff in *The Merry Widow*) used to say: " Oh! those rissoles! I once found a tram ticket and a couple of hairpins in mine! "

Well, George Graves was lucky; what he found was at least exciting, whereas what I usually find are tasteless shreds of hard meat and bits of gristle.

All this, however, does not solve the " left-overs " problem, so let me look for other solutions, of which there are many, provided that you remember certain rules.

Whatever meat you are using should be really well trimmed.

There is no need to over-cook the meat a second time; it merely requires heating.

Many delicious dishes can be very quickly made with rice—in half an hour you can produce a succulent *pilaff* with a spicy sauce—but remember that only fish, lamb, mutton or chicken are suitable, cold roast beef being much too hard. The same rule applies to curries.

Perhaps the best of all made-up dishes is one of Chicken Pancakes, for which a recipe is given below, though there is no limit to the fun an imaginative cook can have with remnants. Have you ever thought, for instance, about macaroni?

Here, for once, you can borrow a page from the books of Southern housewives, who make all sorts of delicious dishes with macaroni as a basis. But you must be careful about your macaroni.

In Italy and other macaroni-eating countries, good cooks are very particular in their choice, many of them making the paste and drying it themselves.

I remember in the island of Malta vistas of flat roofs grilling under the hot sun; while great strips of macaroni, hanging like washing across wooden " towel-horses," dried and hardened.

However, if you are not blessed with flat roofs and hot sun you can at least take advantage of the wonderful new product Milkaroni, in which are incorporated all the richness of creamy milk and health-giving wheat, the result being macaroni of perfect smoothness and fine flavour, which is not surprising when you learn that it is made by the Quaker Oats people.

Milkaroni can be used, of course, for all the familiar macaroni dishes as well as a basis for many new ones which it will be fun to try; while it is also an excellent accompaniment, plainly boiled and seasoned with salt, pepper and a little piece of butter, to stews and similar dishes, by way of a change from plain boiled potatoes.

Milkaroni Pie.

Cut the left-over flesh of a cold roast chicken into fairly small pieces and brown them in butter with salt, pepper and a little cayenne pepper.

Remove this and keep it hot, then chop one shallot and brown it in the pan, put back the chicken and add your Milkaroni previously cooked in boiling salted water. Mix well and put into a buttered pie-dish. Cover with a layer of paste (the flaky kind), paint with beaten egg and bake in a quick oven until the paste is done and nicely browned.

Hachis de Bœuf.

Pass the remains of a roast of beef—well trimmed, with all fat and gristle removed—through a mincing machine, adding one onion and a little parsley. Put the mince into a saucepan with a little butter, salt and pepper and season with Worcester sauce and chopped pickled walnuts.

Make the mixture thoroughly hot and serve it with a dish of Milkaroni. The Milkaroni should be cooked in the usual way, thoroughly drained and put in a hot serving dish with a small piece of butter, salt and pepper and the dish well shaken before sending to the table.

Pilaff of Lamb.

First cook the rice, a small handful for each person, in boiling water for fifteen minutes—it must not get too soft—and drain it well.

Cut the cold roast lamb in small pieces, trim well, removing all fat and gristle. Melt a small piece of butter in a large frying-pan and quickly beat the pieces of lamb. Add salt, pepper, a pinch of curry powder, one of mixed spice and, if available, one of Paprika.

Now put in the rice and a handful of seedless raisins previously soaked in warm water, stir all this well together and cook for ten

(*Continued on page* 106)

• An Informal Buffet Supper Suits all Moods and all Appetites. . .

•PLAN for a PARTY

IT is easy to give a successful party if your guests are all ready to enjoy the party.

Then, no matter how you mix your food, drinks and people, the evening must be a triumph.

But every party does not sail along so smoothly. However careful the hostess, elements arise to disturb the social sea.

There are those people who didn't really want to come, but felt it a duty. Those who, good in a gathering of one or two, are frightened or lost in a roomful, and therefore a great responsibility to the hostess. Those who have come because they'd nothing better to do. Your dearest enemies. Some you had to ask out of duty.

They will all be certain to criticise your party.

So, if you anticipate having to give welcoming smiles to people like these, side by side with your friends, don't give them anything to grumble about where your food and drink are concerned. Yet, contrive to make the party look as if it had just happened, without a lot of fussy preparation.

No formal party is ever so gay, so right, as this sort. But there, of course, is where the cleverness of the hostess comes in. There have been preparations, but they were so well planned, and the scheme carried out so discreetly, that the result is smooth perfection.

THE first thing to settle is the menu. Let it be short, but varied, imaginative. No sandwiches, please. A hot soup, a few cold fingers, by way of *hors d'œuvre*, one hot dish complete in itself, and/or a collection of cold meats with a mixed salad.

For a sweet, something like fruit salad or an ice pudding served with sweet biscuits, wafers, or fingers and a dish of cheese in some form or other.

For the drinks there is much to choose from. Personally, I should give everybody a cocktail the moment they arrive to put them in a good mood at the start. Afterwards you can have beer, whisky and soda, dry white wine or a cup according to your fancy, and a soft drink, like barley water, freshly made orange or lemonade or a fruit squash.

Having settled the question of food and drink (a specimen menu with directions is given below), the next thing to arrange is the buffet table. The food chosen, of course, will not require knives, and the guests will help themselves.

If there is enough room, I should have one large table—a trestle table is easily and cheaply hired—with everything arranged on it. In the centre, the hot things, soup and the main dish, standing on a hot plate and flanked by plates and bowls or cups (for the soup).

Behind these the cold meats and salad with more plates, and on each side of these groups the bowls of fruit salad or dishes of ice-cream, which will be placed in a large bowl of crushed ice.

AT each end of the table, a collection of the drinks, whatever they may be, with an array of glasses and a corkscrew, mineral-water opener, with an extra supply of minerals under the table.

If there is not enough room to have a table large enough for all the food and drinks, the best plan is to arrange a separate table for the drinks and glasses.

It always seems to me a great waste to have bowls or vases of flowers on this kind of table. First of all, they take up a great deal of valuable space; and secondly, at an informal affair, the vases will probably be knocked over, or at any rate moved about all the time, so that even the decorative scheme is lost and a general untidiness remains throughout the evening.

If you must have decorations, let them be flat ones of greenery or flowers, pinned on to the cloth.

But, above all, let the arrangements be practical. Plenty of plates, spoons and forks, with piles of paper napkins, and all along the front of the table I would have little dishes of the *hors d'œuvre* type of food which people can snatch at odd moments. Olives, small pieces of cheese and of cold, grilled sausages, potato chips, nuts, little fingers spread with various mixtures, and so on.

And so, having made all the preparations well in advance, and arranged the tables with everything in readiness, the curtain goes up on your party, leaving you with no further worry. You will find in this way that quite a large number of people can be entertained with only one servant in attendance to keep things tidy and remove dirty plates. It is wise to have one table quite empty, on which guests can lay down used plates and glasses. Litter is irritating at a party; so is having to wait for food and drink; so is inefficiency.

Don't forget—ash-trays all over the room in every possible place.

Note.—You need not have all the things suggested in the following menu. If you have the soup, the hot dish is not essential nor *hors d'œuvre* if you have mixed cold meats; also one of the two sweets would be sufficient.

SUPPER MENU.

HORS D'ŒUVRE.

SOUPE À L'OIGNON.

MOUSSAKA.

COLD MEATS.
SALADE MALAX.

FRUIT SALAD.
ICED PARFAIT.

ROCQUEFORT CUBES.

Hors d'œuvre.

I have already described the type of *hors d'œuvre* suitable for a party buffet. Various mixtures can be used for spreading the fingers, sardines and butter or anchovy, or smoked cod's roe, mashed and mixed with butter; chopped ham, meat pastes with a little Worcester sauce added.

Soupe à l'oignon.

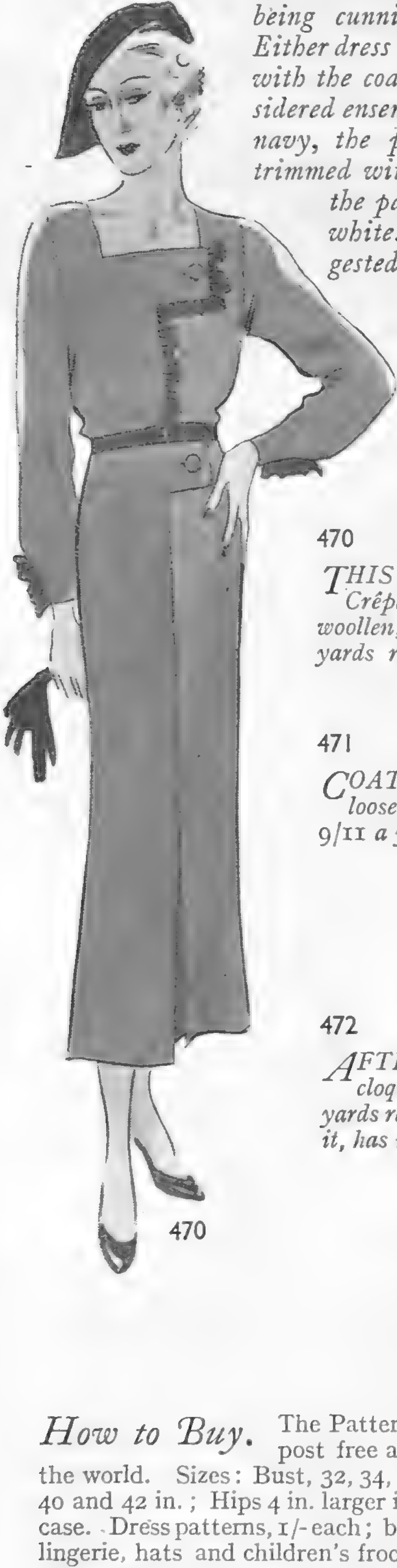
For the onion soup, simply peel and cut into shreds some onions (a pound for six people), cook them slowly first in butter, afterwards letting them get brown. Add boiling water (allowing a third more for evaporation), salt and pepper.

Simmer until one-third of the liquid has evaporated,

(*Continued on page 106*)

Making *it* Easy to

A long coat is your best friend through Spring and Summer days. This one is simple to make because there is no fussing with collar or revers, shoulders, sleeves and high smart neck being cunningly seamed into one. Either dress is good on its own or, worn with the coat, looks a carefully considered ensemble. The coat might be navy, the plain dress dirty pink, trimmed with navy linen flouncing, the patterned dress navy and white. The materials suggested can be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove, who have an unusually grand selection of new fabrics



470

470

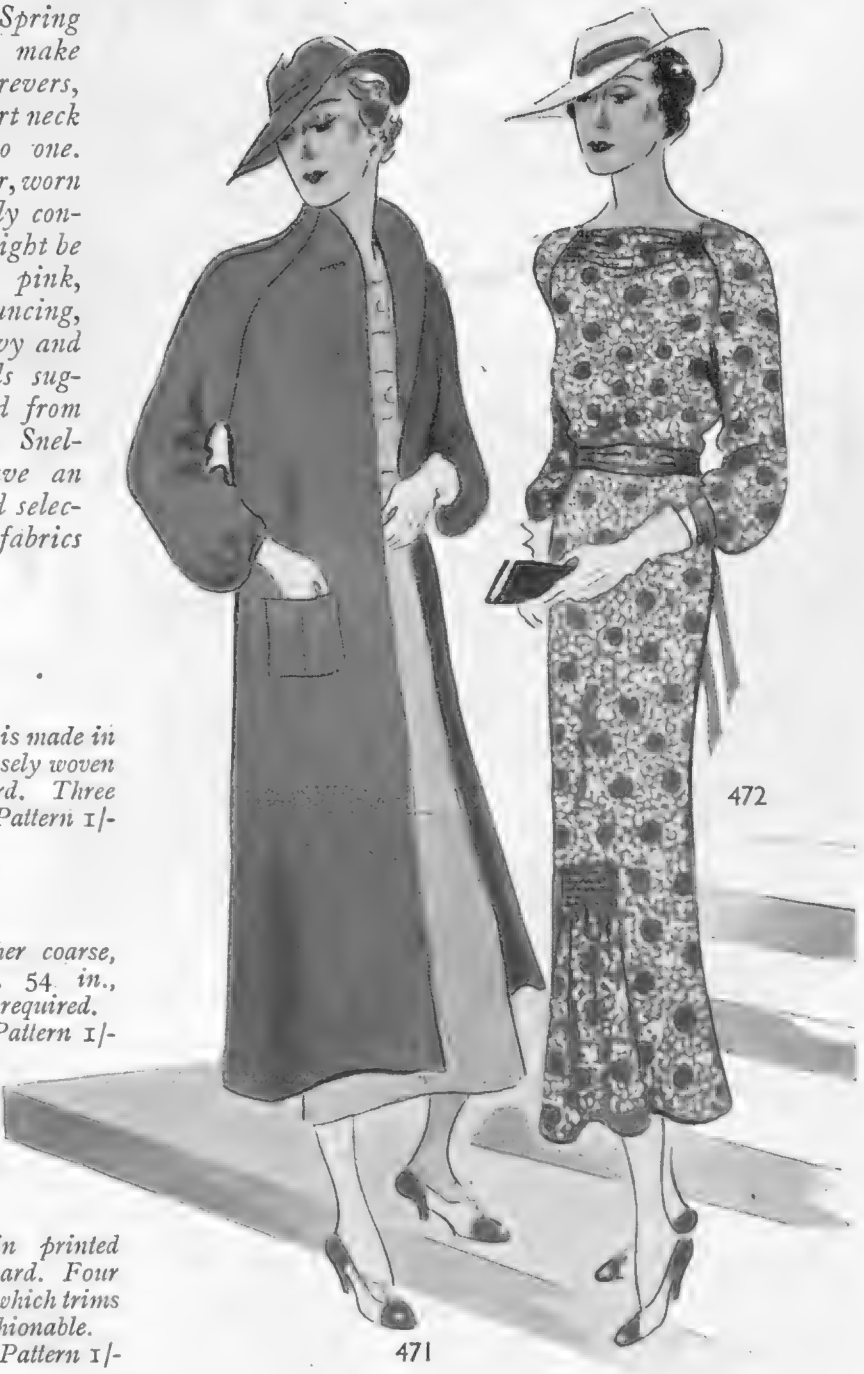
THIS frock, quiet, simple, is made in Crêpe Anglais, a fine, closely woven woollen, 54 in. 6/11 a yard. Three yards required. *Pattern 1/-*

471

COAT in Atlanta, a rather coarse, loosely woven woollen, 54 in., 9/11 a yard. Three yards required. *Pattern 1/-*

472

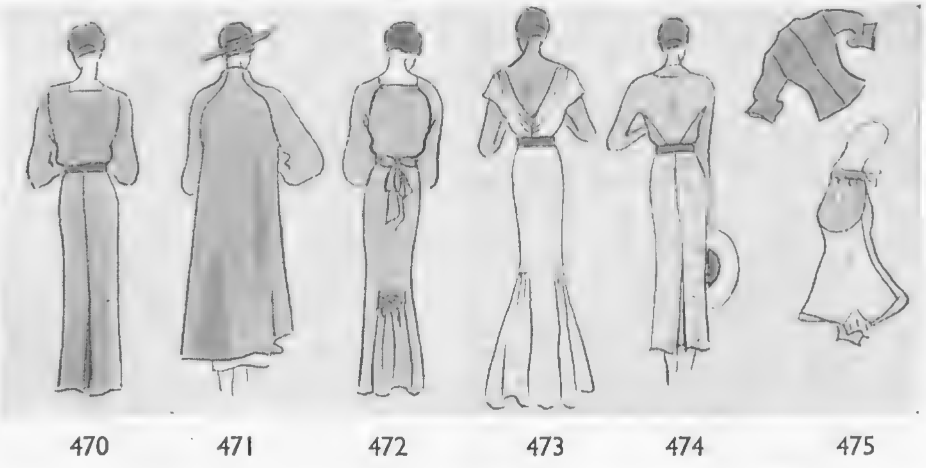
AFTERNOON frock in printed cloqué, 36 in., 8/11 a yard. Four yards required. Shirring, which trims it, has never been more fashionable. *Pattern 1/-*



472

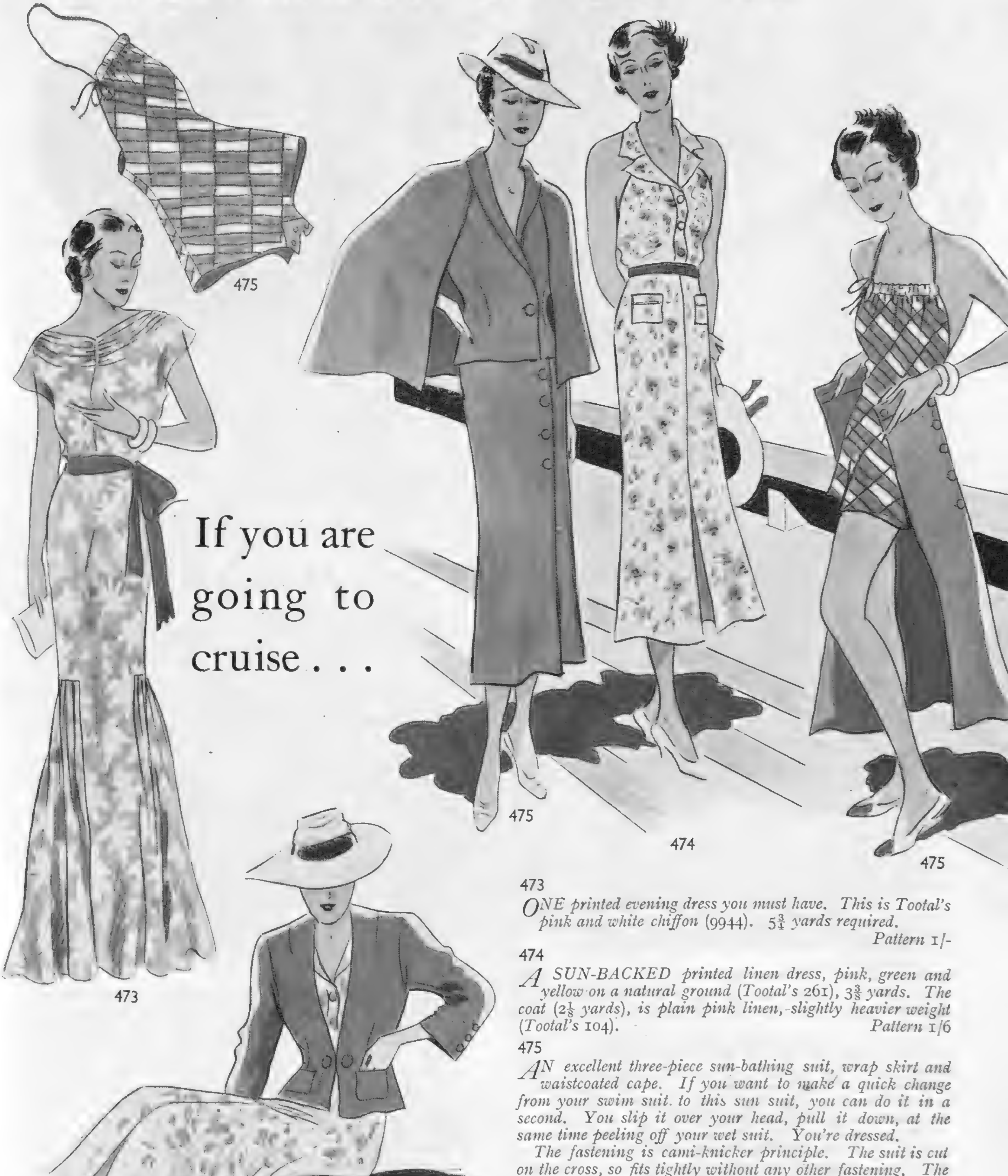
471

How to Buy. The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each, costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.



470 471 472 473 474 475

Dressmake *at* HOME



If you are going to cruise . . .

473

ONE printed evening dress you must have. This is Tootal's pink and white chiffon (9944). 5¾ *yards required.*
Pattern 1/-

474

A SUN-BACKED printed linen dress, pink, green and yellow on a natural ground (Tootal's 261), 3⅜ *yards. The coat* (2⅛ *yards), is plain pink linen, slightly heavier weight (Tootal's* 104). *Pattern* 1/6

475

AN excellent three-piece sun-bathing suit, wrap skirt and waistcoated cape. If you want to make a quick change from your swim suit to this sun suit, you can do it in a second. You slip it over your head, pull it down, at the same time peeling off your wet suit. You're dressed.

The fastening is cami-knicker principle. The suit is cut on the cross, so fits tightly without any other fastening. The skirt and the cape turn it into a ready-to-go-visiting costume.

The materials are lovely: 1⅝ *yards of green and white patterned linen for the sun suit (Tootal's* 162). 6½ *yards of plain green linen for cape and skirt (Tootal's* 13). *Pattern* 1/6

All these materials are crease-resisting.

Most nursery scenes can be avoided

Plants to care for lead her to interests outside herself

They must be allowed to litter and play freely

You have only Yourself to Blame

If *your* Child *is* Naughty

Written and Photographed by LISA

Give them plenty of occupation and freedom from interference

YELLS and shouts from the nursery. There is a scene again. A small, hot-faced child is making himself felt by noisy protest in a suddenly disapproving world. The child roars, dimly hoping by this jungle-like method to induce terror and submission in his elders.

Every baby is, to himself anyway, the centre and core of the universe. Everybody and everything revolve about his most important person.

People run about to obey his every wish, and admiration, enough to turn the head of any prima donna, showers upon him. He has an insatiable appetite for appreciation.

" Watch me ! "

" See how *I* do it ! "

" See *me* jump ! " Some of his earliest utterances are to draw attention to his unusual gifts. Nurse, parents, visitors, all voice their admiration of baby's startling progress and charms.

Then one day he finds himself older—less noticed and admired. Possibly there is another baby in the nursery. His Majesty is indignant, rebels and becomes exceedingly naughty.

He tries by such ugly means to get the attention he now lacks. He feels his growing power and shows it over-vigorously to a bewildered, often overburdened, parent.

Yet had that parent been wise, this should not have happened. She should not have allowed her child to feel the pains of growing up so keenly. The child must be helped gradually to face his dethronement in the nursery.

Whether there is a fresh arrival or not, he must slowly, step by step, be helped to discover that he is not the only pebble on the beach.

This must be no harsh process, but a gradual one in which he can be shown to take pleasure in his growing independence.

Although plenty of love and admiration is still necessary to the child, he must no longer depend so much on others. He must amuse himself and be given interests suitable to his age. He must never be lonely or bored, or he is sure to be naughty.

Give him pets and plants to care for. These enthral him and lead him to interests outside himself. Give him space in which he can move freely and make a really hideous amount of noise and litter; shouting, singing and hammering as loudly as is natural to his age.

So much that goes by the name of naughtiness is the result of cramping a child into unsuitable surroundings. Too much model behaviour must not be expected of the child, nor must his natural curiosity be checked.

Idle hands do not keep out of mischief. He must be given plenty of interesting occupation, things to take to pieces and to reconstruct.

The horrible word " don't " must not meet him at every corner. This arouses his opposition and causes many unnecessary scenes.

With a little ingenuity, it is possible to avoid " don'ts " altogether and to achieve what is wanted much more easily.

It is not suggested that the child should rule the rost. It is a good thing if occasionally his mother has her own way. A child who is sensibly handled should be ready to understand that mother has a headache and needs quiet at times.

He will be willing to tidy up and enjoy the activity, if he is not asked to be unduly orderly, or to tidy away some precious building or game, before his imagination has ceased to play around it.

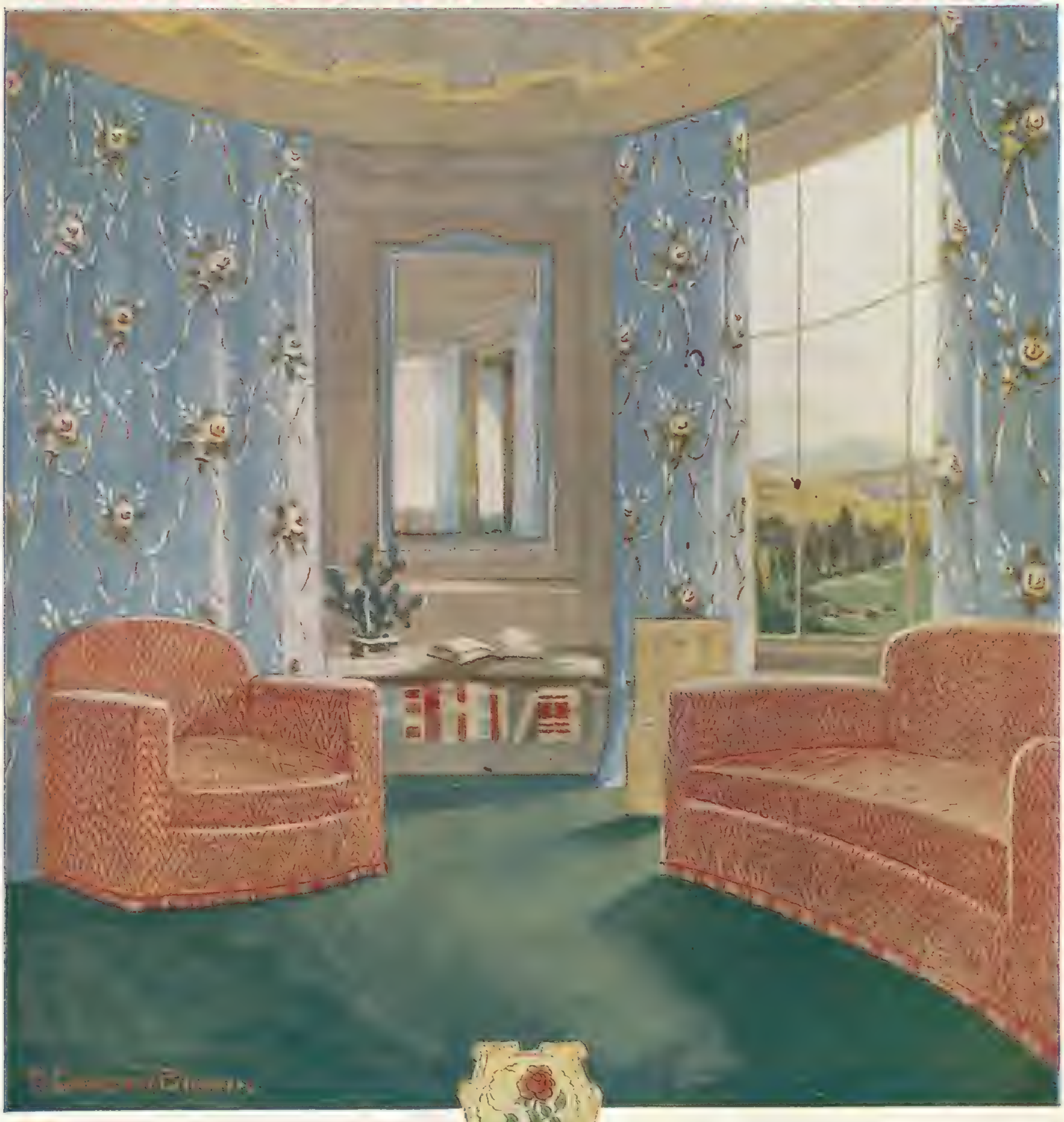
Much so-called naughtiness is merely a clash between the wishes of the person in charge and the needs of the child.

True, these are often very difficult to reconcile, their tastes being so dissimilar and the child being so noisy and insistent.

But a sympathetic nurse or mother will have an insight into the difficulties of the child's developing mind and body and will lead him carefully to mental and emotional maturity.

(*Continued on page* 94)

FABRICS OF DISTINCTION



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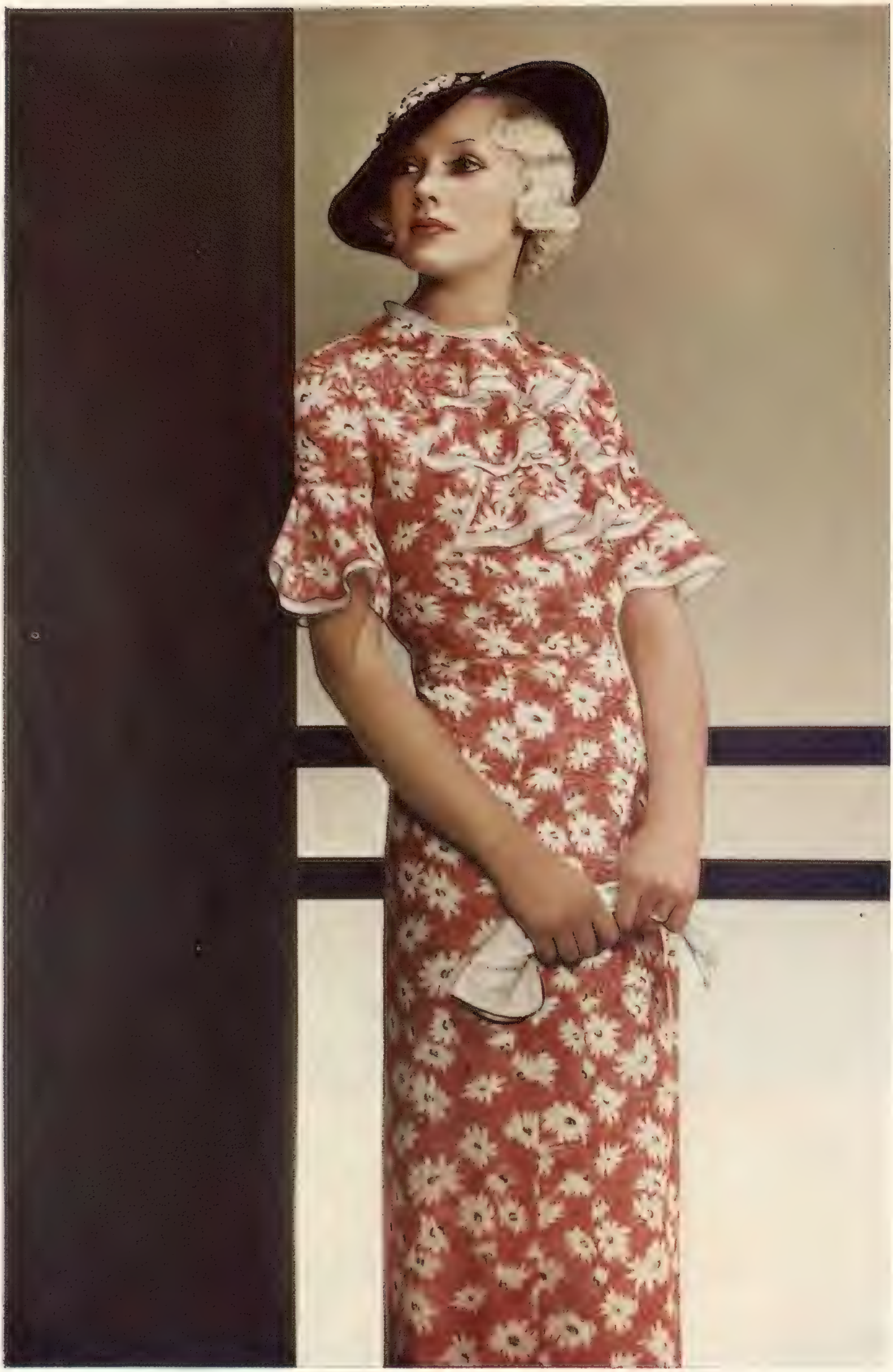

A FROCK MADE OF ROBIA — ONE OF THE TOOTAL CREASE-RESISTING FABRICS

HAVE YOU SEEN HOW BEAUTIFULLY ROBIA Regd. MAKES UP?

THIS COLOUR

PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS YOU

Our illustration shows you, most convincingly, what can be done with a few yards of Robia.

Robia drapes beautifully. It will take the tiniest pin tucks. Or you can get the most modern effects by choosing some with an embroidered or drawn thread surface.

But it's when you actually wear Robia that you realise its greatest charm.

For Tootal's patented process has given this seemingly delicate fabric a power to resist and recover from creasing equal to that of wool. It washes beautifully too—simply wash as wool and it keeps its crease resistance.

Robia costs only 1/11 to 3/11 a yard. A delightful range of prints, novel woven effects and plain colours. The name is always on the selvedge. And here is the Tootal Guarantee that goes with it: "Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material, Tootals will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making up."

Ready-made frocks are also available, including the model illustrated, No. L133. If you can't get just what you want write us as below. Cuttings to demonstrate the Crease-resisting power of the cloth will be sent on request.

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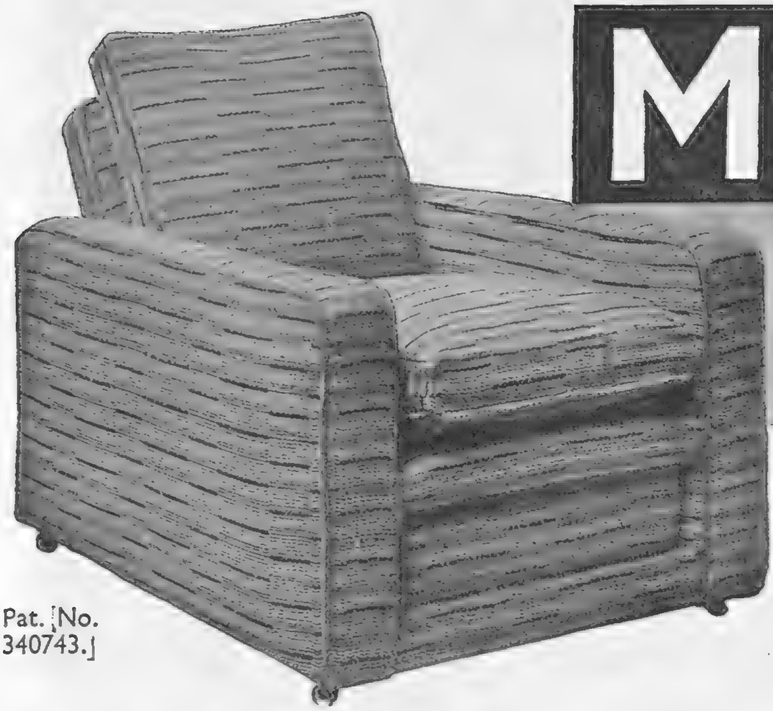
MINTY
CLUB CHAIR



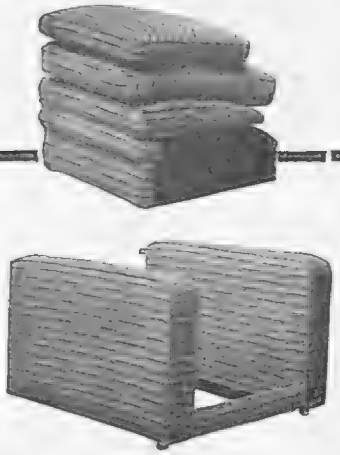
Pat. [No. 340743.]

The luxurious lines and beautiful coverings of the Minty Club Chair appeal immediately to the eye. But that is not all. Have you ever put your hands down the sides of the seat of an ordinary arm chair, and raked out odd coins and things, to say nothing of dust and fluff? This cannot happen with a Minty, because it 'takes to bits' (as illustrated) to be cleaned, and is therefore always absolutely Hygienic. The women folk will appreciate this, especially if loose covers are desired.

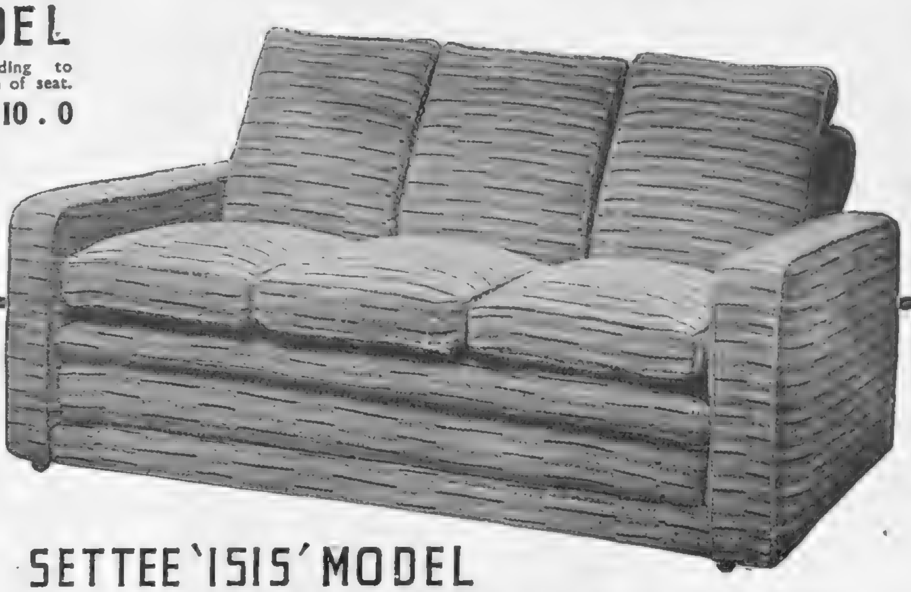
CHAIR 'ISIS' MODEL

CHAIR from £5 . 19 . 6 According to length of seat.

"ISIS" SETTEE from £10 . 10 . 0



Above is shown the unit construction of both the 'ISIS' and 'MERTON' models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.



SETTEE 'ISIS' MODEL

Pampers the human form as never before. The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better quality chair at the price. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

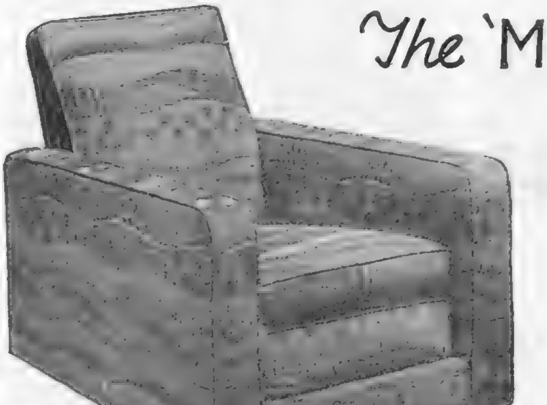
Two chairs and a settee form an admirable Suite.

The 'MERTON' *Economy Model*

Shown below. It is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout. Made in three sizes.

CHAIR from £3 . 19 . 6. **SETTEE from £7 . 19 . 6.**

According to length of seat. Deferred terms can be arranged.



'MERTON'

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Write for Catalogue of the Minty 'MERTON' and 'ISIS' Chairs and patterns of coverings.

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A Page of Kitchen News and Views

Especially for HOUSEWIVES

LAST month I told you of a wonderfully versatile kitchen utensil which would grate, grind, chop, slice and shred.

This month I am going to tell you of another, which is even more versatile, and which has the additional advantage of being worked by electricity.

It is called the "Supreme" Culinaire, and, having seen it at work, I am really wildly enthusiastic about it.

It is not an easy thing to describe the manner in which it works, so you must just take it from me that it beats, whips, mixes, mashes, slices, juices, shreds, chops, minces and grates at a speed and with an efficiency which would make most first-class cooks look very slow and incompetent.

What cook or kitchenmaid have you ever known who could slice 1½ lb. of potatoes in a minute and a half, or who could cream 4 oz. of sugar and 4 oz. of butter in less than 2½ minutes.

The "Supreme" Culinaire can do this for you with no fuss, while you sit down and rest your feet.

Here are just a few facts about this Culinaire. It has a lynite bowl, heat proof and acid proof, and is supplied with beaters (for eggs, cream, etc.), a juicer, a mincing attachment with feeder and three cutting blades, one for mincing meat and the other two for chopping vegetables, fruit and nuts to various sizes, also one slicing and one shredding plate.

A complete demonstration will be given to anyone who is interested, and I can particularly recommend it for use in any establishment where catering has to be carried out on rather a large scale.

EVEN in the best-run households there are times when some small accident will fuse the electric light all over the house. Or, through no fault of your own, there may be some breakdown at the local power station, which will, for a time, plunge the house into darkness.

The provident housewife will, of course, keep a supply of candles in her store cupboard for such an emergency, and in this connection I would like to tell you of some absolutely new candles which have just been brought to my notice. They are appropriately named "Emergency Candles," and differ from the ordinary kind in that they have a weighted base, inset in which is a self-extinguishing element, which makes them absolutely safe to use without holders.

ENQUIRIES relating to anything mentioned on this page should be addressed to The Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, and a stamped envelope or postcard enclosed for a reply

I DO like neat cooking. I hate my fried egg to be served up in any shape, having been allowed to run all over the frying-pan. That is one of the reasons why I fell for the "Osoeezi" grillpan directly I saw it.

It differs from an ordinary frying-pan in that it has a grill base in the centre, round which are four indents for eggs.

All you do is to place a little butter or dripping in each indent and break one egg into each (you need not use all four, if fewer eggs are required), place your rashers of bacon on the grill base, and turn them when necessary.

When the eggs are cooked they will be thick, oval, tidy and appetising, and you will have a delicious dish of *grilled* bacon and *fried* eggs. I have just given bacon and eggs as an example, but, of course, steak and onions, kidneys, tomatoes, liver, and so on can all be cooked in this grillpan.

NOTHING makes a home look more neglected than tarnished brass and silver, unpolished furniture and dirty windows, and there is no excuse for the busiest of you to neglect these important details if you will invest (at small cost) in a set of "Quixie" cleaning and polishing cloths.

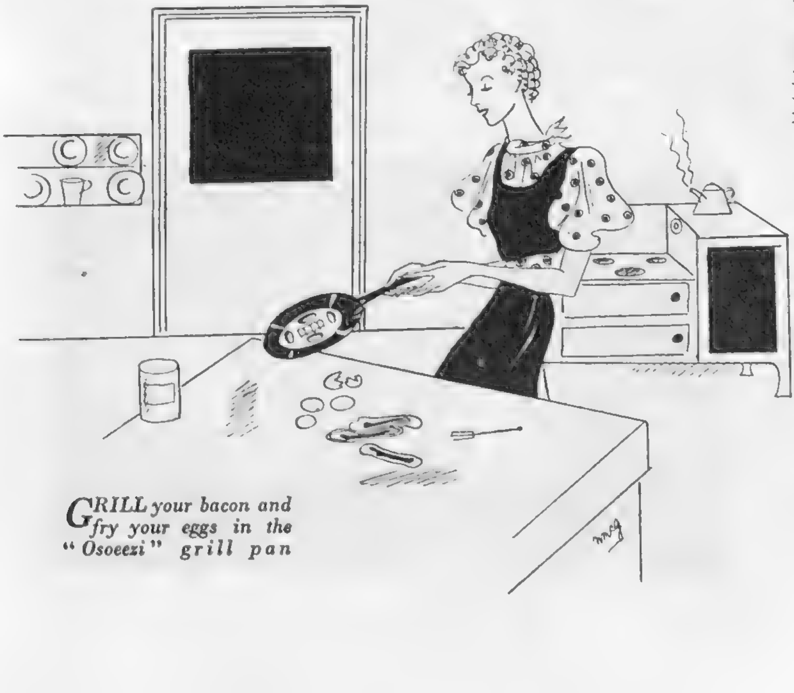
They act like magic. There is one for every purpose, and each is made in a different colour, so that you will not get them mixed.

Number one is for mirrors, windows and plate glass; No. 2 for gold, silver, and electro-plate; No. 3 for furniture, woodwork and leather upholstery; No. 4 for brass, copper and aluminium. Get a set to-day and see how much time and labour you will save.

HAVE you seen the new "Casten-Ware" with machined base, specially intended for use on electric and other hot-plate stoves? It is made of cast iron, vitreous enamelled, and is guaranteed free from lead. The advantages of this ware are many and obvious. For one thing, it is easy to cook in it, without danger of burning. Then it keeps food hot for a very long time, and, being attractive in design and enamelled in an attractive shade of orange, food may be served on the table in the dish in which it is cooked.

There are round and oval omelette dishes, oval dishes with covers, suitable for game and poultry, round Dutch pots with covers, round and oval flat dishes with covers and a cast-iron grillpan. The latter is not enamelled, as it is not the type of utensil to grace the table in civilised households.

UNNECESSARY noise should never be allowed in a well-run house, and there are few things that fray my nerves more than the clatter of pails on a stone or brick floor. I have proof that I am not alone in this objection, for you can now buy little rubber buffers to fix on to the bottom rim of your pails. These prove most efficient silencers.



GRILL your bacon and fry your eggs in the "Osoeezi" grill pan

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

what AUSTIN OWNERS *say about* INVESTING

Report No. 553. Car No. B7/152

"I HAVE CUT MY LOSS AND RETURNED TO AN AUSTIN"

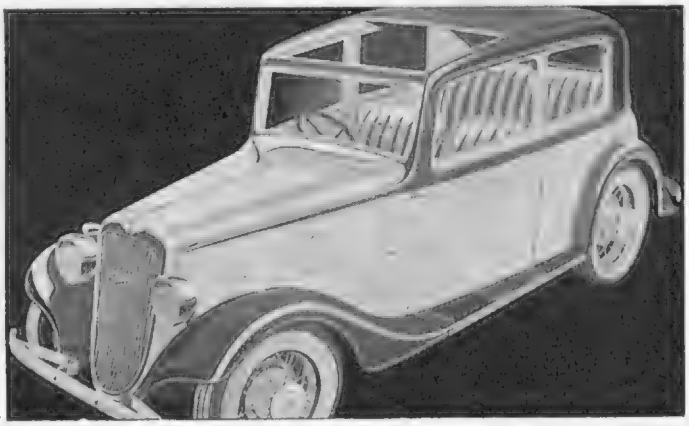
"I was foolish enough to be persuaded into giving up my long association with Austin cars to buy one of the new ——. The performance on trial sold me but after 7,000 miles I have cut my loss and returned to an Austin . . . After association with one of your competitors, I can appreciate just how good your products are. I will leave it at that! I wish I could warn the thousands like myself."

Well, here's the warning—straight from the type of person who matters, *the man who has learnt from experience.* It is so easy to choose a car on looks, or after half-an-hour's run. But wait a month or two, a year or two, and then judge your car by what it has done and what it has cost you. That's why Austin is an investment. Thousands of miles of dependable running without a penny spent on repairs, the lowest depreciation of any car on the road . . . aren't these the things that matter?

The Ten-Four Lichfield Saloon (*as illustrated below*), *with* 10 *h.p. four-cylinder engine* (*Tax* £7.10.0). *An attractive four-seater. Synchromesh on top, third and second gears. Pytchley sliding roof, Triplex toughened glass and Dunlop tyres standard. Prices at works:*

LICHFIELD SALOON	£172.10.0
FIXED-HEAD SALOON	£158
COLWYN CABRIOLET	£178

Read the Austin Magazine : 4d. every month



You buy a car—but you INVEST *in an*

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Birmingham and 479 Oxford St., London.
London Service Depots: 12, 16 and 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 and 10 h.p. North Row, W.1. Export Department: Birmingham.

Some "Don'ts" for the New Motorist

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE is to-day a widely held belief, which motor manufacturers (who can blame them?) are inclined to encourage, to the effect that anyone, however unskilled, can drive the modern car. In a sense this is true; for any normal person certainly can get from A to B and back again without encountering any real mechanical difficulty, provided only that he can distinguish between the different controls.

The new motorist will be mistaken, however, if he imagines that this bare minimum of knowledge will enable him to get continuous satisfactory service out of any motor vehicle. Nearly all the latest devices, designed to make driving simpler and more enjoyable, are capable of being misused. In gross cases of misuse, they will either give trouble themselves, or cause trouble to develop elsewhere. The 100 per cent. fool-proof car has not yet been, and perhaps never will be, invented.

Let us take an obvious example. A car is produced with a new type of gearbox, so designed that a "crash" gear-change becomes an impossibility. It is sold to a novice, with the assurance that "you can do nothing wrong with these marvellous gears." The novice accepts this literally, and drives away rejoicing.

If he is content to change up and down in a reasonable manner, it is perfectly true that he can never go wrong. Supposing, however, that, to astonish or impress his friends with this new engineering marvel, he develops the habit of slamming his gears in at all speeds, perhaps changing from top into bottom gear at 30 m.p.h., How will a car react to this sort of treatment?

The answer may be summed up in the general term, "transmission trouble." Even if the gearbox itself stands up to such abuse, other of the moving parts will not; and sooner or later, sure as Fate, there will be a lengthy repair bill to be met. Unless a car is built on the lines of a steam roller, there is a definite limit to the stresses which it will withstand.

Here, then, is our first "don't" for the new motorist. *Don't* use any of your controls with violence. Never indulge in "stunt" driving, unless you are sure that you know exactly what you are doing.

Again, many engines are now so designed that they will start up in the morning almost automatically. The novice is told merely to pull out the choke and turn the engine-cum-starter switch. This is a perfectly adequate procedure under normal conditions; but one can imagine abnormal circumstances when, if no other measures were taken, such blind obedience to routine would not achieve its purpose.

One hears of cases, indeed, where batteries have been run right down through owners persisting, ineffectually, in using the self-starter. We may therefore say, *don't* try to start a reluctant engine by merely repetitious methods. Try to visualise what the difficulty is, and modify your control settings accordingly.

Then, when the engine has been started, it becomes only nominally fool-proof, being actually quite capable of suffering damage. If the "choke" control is fully used, it will almost at once be possible to drive off at a good speed. It will certainly be possible to reach high "revs" in third gear—and some drivers will indulge freely in this third gear "revving," with the cheerful notion of getting the engine warmed up in the very shortest space of time.

NOW, however good the engine, this sort of thing is sure to lead to trouble. The probable result will be a bill for reboring the cylinders and fitting over-size pistons after a comparatively few thousand miles. Another "don't" therefore is, *don't* ask too much of a cold engine. Don't ask it to do anything strenuous for the first five minutes after starting in the morning.

Then again, many modern cars are advertised as being wonderfully safe to drive, owing to their remarkable powers of acceleration, and also to their ultra efficient brakes. Such advertising is by no means untruthful. Cars which are highly efficient in these respects ought to be more than ordinarily safe to drive. In fact, however, it is the highly efficient car, selling at a low price, which most often gets involved in accidents.

Only the other day, a colleague mentioned to me that the new "X" models were suffering far more than their fair share of road crashes. Here is a case in point. The "X" is a good car, and it should be a safe car. Why does it so frequently get the beginner into trouble?

THE answer, undoubtedly, is this. The "X" accelerates far more rapidly than any car of equivalent power which was built a year or two ago. The novice revels in this remarkable efficiency. He is tempted to take chances, and to race up to high speeds on twisty sections of the road. As a result, he occasionally finds that he is approaching a treacherous corner very much too fast. At the last moment, he jams his powerful brakes hard on. The car sways, slithers—and, if any other vehicle approaches, there is one more item to be added to the motor casualty list.

Trouble of this sort always makes me feel genuinely sorry for the unfortunate car designer. He produces a better vehicle than existed before, and has the mortification of seeing it worse driven. His good work is perverted to disastrous ends.

Here, then, is a final "don't" for our list. *Don't* regard the modern car's efficiency merely as an aid to achieving record average speeds. Don't forget that it can be, and should be, also a means of keeping out of trouble, of driving at reasonable speeds "with a bit in hand."

NEWS!

"A real advance in lubrication"
—Engineering Laboratory of Cambridge University

WAKEFIELD PATENT
Castrol
MOTOR OIL

REDUCES CYLINDER WEAR
REDUCES OIL CONSUMPTION

DID you know that friction is *not* the only cause of cylinder wear? CORROSION, like rust, eats away the metal. If your cylinders were made of stainless steel they would resist corrosion—just as a stainless steel knife resists rust and acids. If your cylinders lasted longer you would use less oil, get less carbon and postpone expensive reboring.

But cylinders are not made of stainless steel, the secret of which is chromium. So Wakefield have at last perfected an oil which gives the same effect. Wakefield PATENT Castrol is the famous Castrol plus a "soluble chromium stabiliser" which eliminates corrosion. As though this were not enough, yet another brilliant technical success has been gained.

You know how oil discolours in use, indicating the formation of oxidised substances, which eventually become sludge or gum; this is because the oil absorbs oxygen when churned up in a hot engine. In PATENT Castrol the deterioration has been delayed by a "tin-derived inhibitor" which opposes the combination of oxygen with the oil in use.

Independent proof of this two-fold triumph will be published. If you would like full technical details, please send the coupon. Better still, prove it to your own satisfaction by beginning to use PATENT Castrol to-day. It conquers corrosion as Castrol masters friction. There is a suitable grade for every type of engine.

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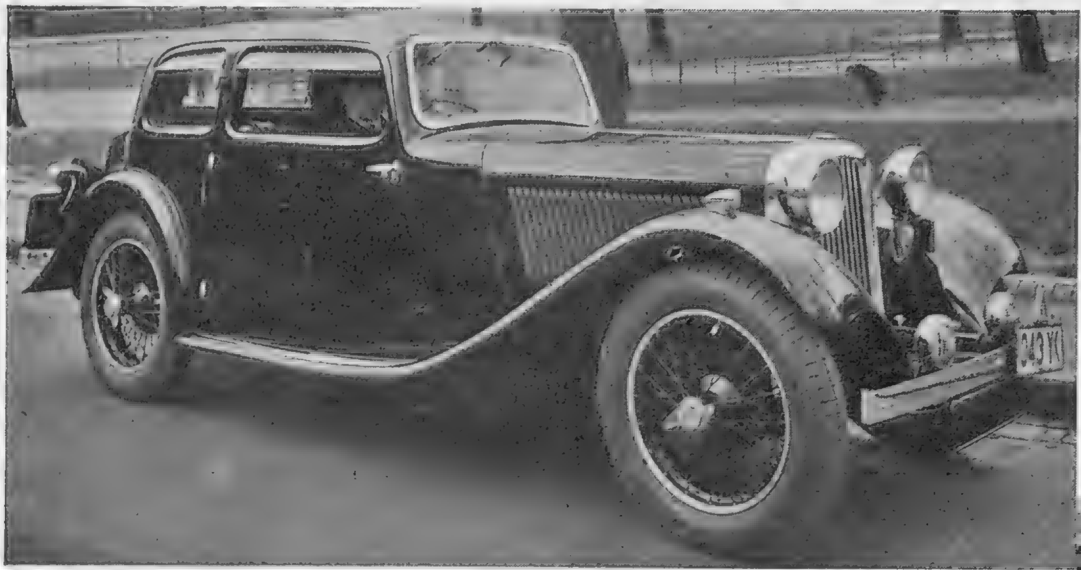


THE "S.S. II" keeps up the family tradition. It is notably a good-looking car

An Attractive Small Sports Car

The "S.S. II"

THERE is something very definitely attractive about the latest "S.S.II," not only in the matter of looks but also in the way it "handles" on the open road. It is designed primarily as a sports car; and this, perhaps, gives the key to the whole of its character. It has its full share of sports car virtues; where it has limitations, these are of sports car character; and its appeal is to those motorists—very numerous nowadays—who ask for something a little different from the ordinary run of 10 h.p. motor cars.

No doubt one's first introduction to any S.S. model will arise out of admiration for its graceful and distinctive "lines." The "S.S. II" model undoubtedly keeps up the family tradition in this respect. It is notably good-looking; for it is built low, with a long bonnet, compact coachwork, and a well-shaped luggage boot at the back.

For its performance, it relies on a skilfully adapted Standard engine, with twin carburettors and special cylinder head. This may be of 10 or 12 h.p.—10 h.p. in the case of the car kindly loaned to me by Messrs. Henlys. This is a very efficient little unit; for it not only develops a high degree of power, but also does its work with singularly little fuss or bother. At all speeds it runs very smoothly, and is capable of really brisk acceleration.

The gearbox has synchro-mesh engagement for second, third and top gears. Provided a fairly gentle change is made, there can be no possible difficulty between any of these ratios. This is a distinctly good point; for the driver is encouraged to make proper use of his second gear, which, in some less comprehensive synchro-mesh gearboxes, he might feel tempted to neglect.

Third gear, as is proper in a sports car, is a very useful ratio, which gives a maximum speed of 50 m.p.h. In top gear, 70 m.p.h. can be reached, and the comfortable cruising speed is correspondingly high. One need not very often be overtaken, therefore, when the roads permit of the car's full speed range being used.

THE steering is agreeably definite and enables the car to be handled on bends in a thoroughly confident manner. An improvement here would be a sharper steering lock, giving a smaller turning circle; but the present arrangement is naturally quite adequate for all main road purposes, in this country at any rate.

THE steering is agreeably definite and enables the car to be handled on bends in a thoroughly confident manner

THE engine is a very efficient little unit. It not only develops a high degree of power, but also does its work with singularly little fuss or bother

The springing is very efficient, and contributes to the steady way in which the "S.S." "sits down" on the road. In a car of sports type, this is obviously a valuable feature. The brakes, which act mechanically, are of great power and do their work both well and smoothly.

A GOOD minor point, which I should like to see incorporated in many other cars of low build, is that accessible jacking pads are provided at front and rear. In the old days, it was a comparatively straightforward business to set a jack under the axle; but now, with cars designed on the popular modern lines, either jacking pads or permanent jacks are becoming virtual necessities. "S.S." owners should be grateful that their jacking problems have been thought of and provided for. (*Continued on page* 84)

The "S.S. II" in brief.

Engine: *10 h.p. (or 12 h.p.), four cylinders, with twin carburettors.*

Gearbox: *four speeds, second, third and top being synchro-mesh.*

Performance: *third gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 70 m.p.h.*

Steering: *limited lock, but good and definite.*

Springing: *good, and car holds road well.*

Brakes: *mechanical, very efficient.*

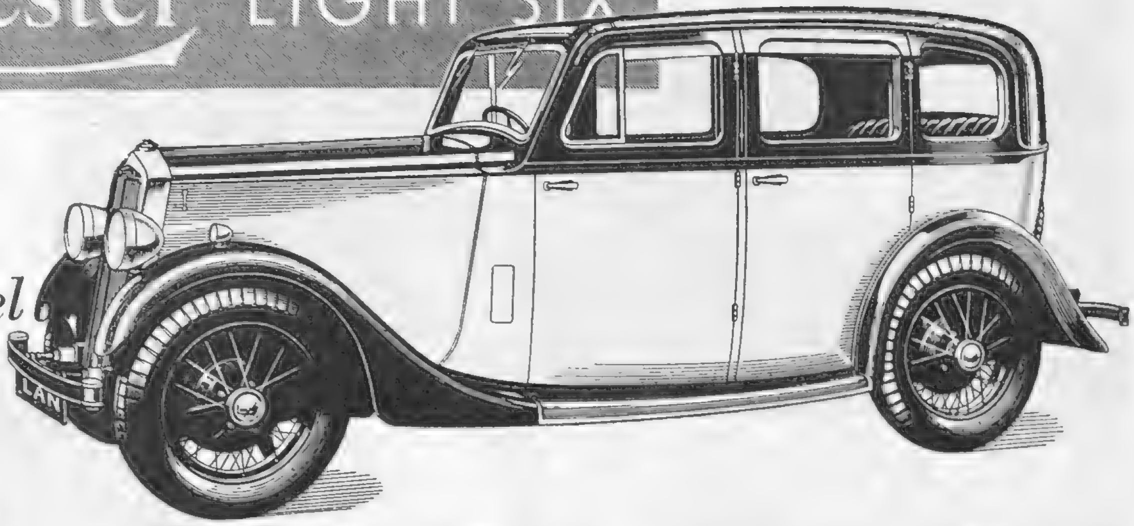
Coachwork: *very good looking; space somewhat restricted.*

Price: *with saloon body, £265 (10 h.p.) or £270 (12 h.p.).*

THE SILENT

Lanchester 'LIGHT SIX'

With Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission



BY APPOINTMENT

The Car Mart Ltd

This car will help you to appreciate the more refined motoring. For here is silent running, a most impressive road performance, ease of handling, coachwork and equipment of a high order both in design and finish, a new principle of engine construction and also the famous Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission, which has a thrill for the experienced motorist as well as the novice. The 'Light Six' and the full range of Lanchester cars are on view at The Car Mart. You can inspect them all and have a trial run at any time to suit your convenience.

The Car Mart are Distributors of Lanchester, Daimler and B.S.A. Cars

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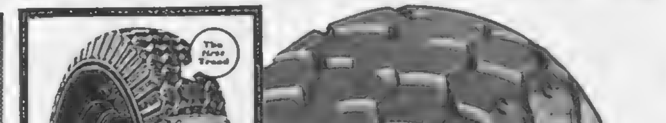
LONDON'S LARGEST CAR DEALERS

Beware of smooth tyres!



This diagram shows how the patented holes form the second tread, and air-cool and air-cushion the tyre

Other tyres in the Avon Range:—"Avon Supreme," for high-powered cars. In complete range of sizes. "Avon Premier," for average tourers. In complete range of sizes. "Avon Democrat," high quality at a popular price. Available in small and medium sizes.

Change to Duo-Treads–They never *wear smooth!*

SMOOTH tyres defeat the most powerful brakes, and constitute a grave danger to you, to pedestrians and to other motorists. *You* can't afford to run risks. Fit Avon Duo-Treads, the anti-skid tyres that *never* wear smooth. When the first tread wears down, the second tread appears. *Avon Duo-Treads begin a second lease of life when ordinary tyres are worn dangerously smooth.* Every Duo-Tread tyre gives almost twice the mileage, *plus* safety — and is insured for 12 months FREE! Ask your garage or dealer about these remarkable tyres to-day.

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LIMITED (Estd. 1885) MELKSHAM, WILTS. Depots: London (Mabledon Place, St. Pancras, W.C.1). Manchester, Glasgow, Bristol, Birmingham, Nottingham, Newcastle, Liverpool. Belfast, Dublin.

Patent No. 305,11
Reg. No. 783,219

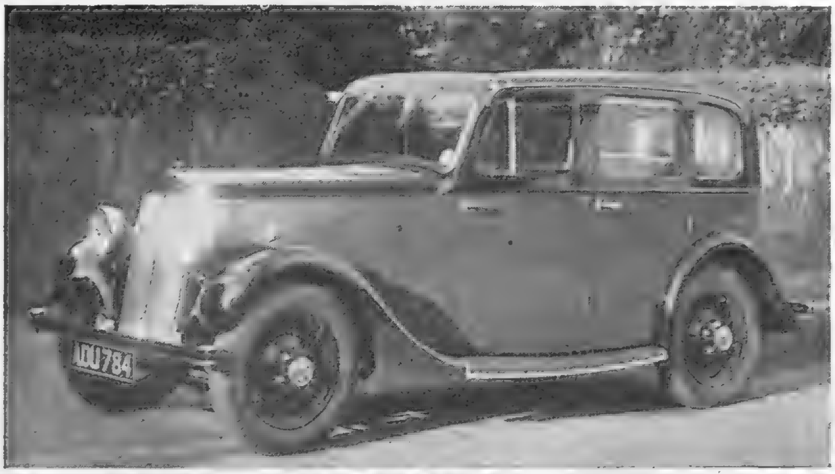
AVON Air-Cooled **DUO-TREAD** (TRADE MARK) TYRES

TWO TREADS
for Safety and nearly
Double Mileage

A Successful New Lanchester

The 12 h.p. "Light Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan



FOUR different views of the Lanchester 12 h.p. "Light Six." Priced at £365 this car is an example of excellent value for the motorist who likes to combine luxurious quality with modest running costs

I TAKE it that the new "Light Six" Lanchester was introduced mainly with a view to filling up a gap—the gap that formerly existed between the popular Lanchester "Ten" and the considerably larger 18 h.p. car. The 12 h.p. six-cylinder model certainly achieves this purpose; indeed, it does more. It fills the gap not merely adequately, but with distinction.

In size, the "Light Six" is much the same as the "Ten"; but it is quite considerably livelier; and, of course, derives greater smoothness from its extra two cylinders. In every phase of its performance it exhibits an exceptional degree of refinement. Thus, the engine is utterly vibrationless, no matter whether it is pulling slowly with the fluid flywheel "slipping" or "revving" vigorously at speed.

It says much for the car that, when I first jumped into it, I was in a tearing hurry. I wasted no time in "feeling my way," but drove off at once with the utmost despatch. Even so, I can truthfully say that I never had an anxious moment. All the controls functioned "just so," and I was able to make good time even through the thick of West End traffic.

On the open road a really impressive turn of speed is available. In third gear, the maximum is a good 50 m.p.h., while in top gear 70 m.p.h. can be reached. Owing to the engine's smoothness, a very high cruising speed can be maintained, and at 50 or even 60 m.p.h. one seems to be running at quite a comfortable pace.

One cannot, of course, sum up the performance of any Lanchester car without making reference to the fluid flywheel transmission. Although I personally quite enjoy making gear changes of the normal type, there is no denying the great advantage of being able to go ahead in any gear under any circumstances. With this car, for instance, one can comfortably travel at any speed between 0 and 50 m.p.h. in third gear alone. One may change down for a quicker get-away, or change up for increased speed; but such changes are made, not because the car demands them, but because the driver is so disposed. It is quite possible to start from a standstill even in top gear.

Naturally, the best performance is obtained when the gears are used in a more or less normal manner. This is readily accomplished, since the gears are of pre-selective type, and are therefore completely non-crashable. The whole transmission system is utterly fool-proof in the most literal sense of the term. It is definitely not possible either to miss a gear or to stop the engine inadvertently.

AS an example of fluid-flywheel simplicity, one may perhaps quote the procedure for starting a Lanchester from a complete standstill on a very steep hill. With ordinary transmission, a good deal of skill and judgment would be called for. In this case, however, one may engage first gear while the car is stationary, and accelerate the engine to about 600 r.p.m. while holding the hand brake hard on. On the hand brake being released, the car will instantly move forward. It cannot run back, nor can it stall its engine. In other words, a rather difficult manœuvre is carried out smoothly, (*Continued on page* 84)

The "Light Six" Lanchester in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, 12 h.p. Overhead valves, in integral cylinder head.

Gearbox: Four speeds, of pre-selective type. Assisted by special Daimler fluid flywheel.

Performance: Third gear, 50 m.p.h.; top, 70 m.p.h. Infinite flexibility.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, good. Car holds road well.

Steering: Good, light.

Brakes: Excellent. Mechanically operated.

Coachwork: Comfortable and roomy.

Price: With saloon body, £365.

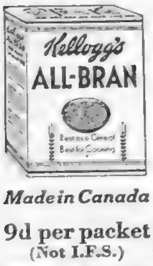
KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE
Radiate Sunny Health!

Those who radiate sunny health are the people who get on—both in business and socially. You shouldn't look and act as though all the worries of the world were on your shoulders. Usually it is common constipation that makes people dull and dispirited.

More "bulk" in your diet will soon overcome constipation. No need to use pills or drugs. And in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN you will find a pleasant way to get that "bulk."

The "bulk" in it gently exercises the intestines and the Vitamin B in it purifies and enriches the blood. Get rid of the poisons and wastes in your body and *you'll* soon be radiating sunny health.

Eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers.



Made in Canada

9d per packet
(Not I.F.S.)

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

825

with certainty, and without any mental or physical effort on the part of the driver.

ALTHOUGH it calls for no skill, the Lanchester none the less has many qualities which a skilled driver may appreciate. For example, one may quote the excellent steering, which gives one a very satisfactory sense of confidence. The brakes also are remarkably efficient. Of mechanical type, they provide plenty of stopping power, and, although the pedal action is light, there is no unpleasant abruptness when a sudden stop has to be made.

The springing is very satisfactory, and, for a saloon car, the Lanchester holds the road notably well. The coachwork has many good points, although one slight defect may perhaps be mentioned. For a person of medium build, both the front wings are invisible from the driving seat. I should explain that I personally have no objection to this. When one has driven a good deal, one can judge a car's width without needing direct visual aid; but I can imagine a beginner just at first being somewhat embarrassed.

Among the good points, the complete absence of obstructions around the front seats is a valuable feature. There is no gear level of the usual sort; the hand brake is placed low down on the driver's right, and the propeller shaft is kept below the level of the floor. Thus the driver, when alone in the car, can get in and out either on the near or off side with an equal degree of ease.

It was a saloon model which was loaned to me by Messrs. Car Mart, priced at £365. The seating arrangements proved very comfortable, and there was ample evidence of good planning and good taste in the scheme of upholstery and interior fittings. Altogether, although not a cheap car, one may fairly quote the new Lanchester as an example of excellent value for the motorist who likes to combine luxurious quality with modest running costs.

An Attractive Small Sports Car

(*Continued from page* 81)

The attractiveness of the coachwork has already been mentioned; and certainly, in the matter of looks, the description given in the catalogue is no exaggerated praise. In just one respect, however, the catalogue writer has indulged a spirit of optimism. He has stated that full accommodation is provided for four adults; and, as an honest man, I must query the word "full."

It is, perhaps, fair to add that I am not only an honest man, but also rather a large one—being just over six feet in height. Also, the "S.S.II" sets out to be a small sports car, rather than a family saloon. Moreover, there is compensation for any lack of space around the back seat in the form of a very useful rear luggage trunk.

The latter is a distinct asset, for it will carry a number of suitcases, or alternatively, can be used to house all those small odds and ends which otherwise are so apt to clutter up a car's interior. Thus one can avoid all needless intrusion upon the available body space.

The price of this saloon model is distinctly reasonable, being £265 with the 10 h.p., or £270 with the 12 h.p. engine. In the light sports car class, it is safe to forecast an increasingly wide popularity for it. Speedy, economical, good-looking, individualistic, it represents just what a large number of motorists are looking for. During the coming summer, it may well rival the success of the already well established "S.S.I."

A Home in the Country

IF you live in a town, there must be many spring mornings when you long for a little house in the country to which you could go for week-ends, with a little garden where you could grow your own flowers and, later on, lie in a deck-chair in the sun.

You have probably dismissed this longing on the grounds of expense, but it has recurred again with obstinate persistency whenever the spring sunshine has filtered through the leaves of the plane tree opposite your bedroom and you have thrown open the window and felt spring in the air.

Why not realise your ambition this year? There are still many rural districts where a small plot of land may be purchased at a reasonable price and, later on, becomes your garden.

As for your home, get in touch with Boulton and Paul, Ltd., 139, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, and ask them to send you their catalogue, "Timbered Homes."

Do not be misled into thinking that a timber home is just a wooden hut of the type used as a temporary measure in the Army. The homes to which I refer are hygienic timber buildings which are built to last, and are just as suitable as permanent dwellings as they are for occasional week-ends.

They can be occupied immediately after erection, are dry from the start and remain dry under all conditions.

A bungalow with two bedrooms, a living-room, kitchen, store and verandah costs £115, and for £200 you can have a house with three bedrooms, a living-room, bathroom and lavatory, kitchen, larder, coal store and verandah.

If you send for the catalogue I have spoken about you will find a number of most attractive little homes at extremely moderate prices, together with well-drawn plans and specification.

Perhaps you already have a home in the country and you want a greenhouse, or possibly you are contemplating keeping chickens or breeding dogs. Here again Boulton and Paul will help you, for they have poultry houses, kennels, greenhouses and garden frames justly famous for their quality, design and durability, at prices to suit every purse.

M. F.

1775-1935

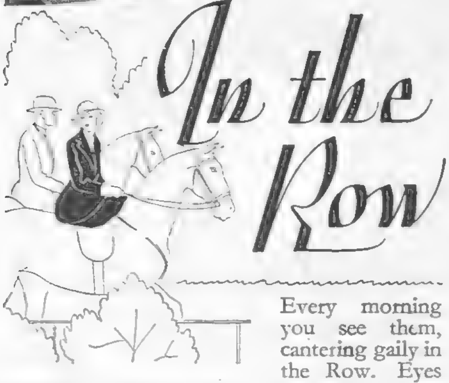
Creator of Fougère Royale,
Le Parfum Idéal, Quelques Fleurs,
Le Temps des Lilas, Présence

and of so many other
universally appreciated perfumes

Houbigant

maintain unaltered
the supreme quality which has
established their world-wide reputation.

All HOUBIGANT preparations are manufactured exclusively in FRANCE in the model laboratories at NEUILLY-sur-SEINE, near PARIS, under the direct and personal supervision of the creators.



Every morning you see them, cantering gaily in the Row. Eyes sparkling, cheeks aglow. And *lips?* Notice their lips particularly. No painted look, no scarlet bow that repels, forms part of their make-up. No—they use *Tangee*—the lipstick of the sophisticated; it gives to the lips the youthful colour of radiant health.

LIPS NATURALLY LOVELY

Tangee is not paint. It contains a magic colour change principle that intensifies natural colouring. In the stick it is orange, but on the lips it changes to *your* shade of rose. Tangee actually changes to the colour hidden in your own lips! You will have to try Tangee to see that this is true.

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee changes on your lips. It gives the colour most becoming to you and keeps your cheeks from looking painted. When you get Tangee Lipstick ask for Tangee Rouge.

TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE

Tangee Lipstick 4/6, 2/6.

Tangee Rouge Compact 3/6.

For those who prefer a more vivid colour there is Tangee Theatrical, specially suitable for evening use.

Tangee Face Powder containing the same magic colour principle 4/6, 2/6.

Trial sizes of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Face Powder, 6d each.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

LUFT-TANGEE LTD.,
88, Regent Street, W.1.
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1.

An Odyssey of Sport

(*Continued from page* 23)

days at regular intervals made a habit of London.

"A big blond, lumbering, lumpy fellow Palzer, shaped more after the style of a weight-lifter than a fighter, slow in the up-take: there was but a flicker of intelligence in his pale face. But there was iron in him. He happened at a time when we were screaming for a 'white hope,' so that Jack Johnson might be dethroned.

"I am American through and through, but I do confess that I hoped that Wells would beat Palzer, if only to start a revolution of which boxing, in a world sense, was in sore need.

"Wells and Palzer had scarce struck a fighting attitude when the elegant Bombardier, feinting with his left, crashed the jaw of Palzer to reduce him to such a heap that the fight seemed to be all over bar the shouting. The blow, in its perfection of timing and the colossal weight behind it, was something that I had not seen for years, and high into the air did I throw my hat and yell. . . . . 'We have a world beater at last.'

"But in the ecstasy and heat of my Irish blood I did not notice what less emotional onlookers saw . . . Wells stood the while Palzer lay struggling, as if petrified. He was shaking like an aspen leaf. 'One,' and for almost ten seconds did the time-keeper count. Then Palzer, by a miracle, so it seemed, scrambled up and grabbed the fast-rooted Englishman, who, instead of shaking himself free, as he could and should have done, allowed the American to hug him as he would a bear.

"And, incredibly, Wells, though he had not taken a single blow of serious account, so developed fidgets when the gong called him into the second round, that I felt like feeling for a six-shooter by way of helping him to realise what to everybody else was obvious—that near to decapitation of the American was child's play. But this is what happened. . . .

"Palzer grunting, snorting, not only survived the second round but in the third knocked Wells stone cold. Why? I could have wept.

"Jim," I answered, "if I live until I am as old as Methuselah I shall not be competent to offer any explanation of the ups and downs of Wells other than that he was the greatest enigma the ring has ever known: he was the joy and despair of us all.

"There was a Sunday in 1913 when in the Floral Hall of Ghent Exhibition, he perhaps the more outraged common understanding than any other fighter of his or any generation. He took the ring to fight Georges Carpentier, then little heavier than a middle-weight and a year short of twenty. The only possible justification of the match, so stupendous the physical disparities, was the brazenness of the Frenchman. But a few months before, Frank Klaus and Billy Papke had in turn left him more dead than alive; and yet on this day he dared to do battle with the champion of England, a full-grown man and one who not only stood head and shoulders higher, but at a modest estimate was three stone the heavier.

"Men had come from the coal fields of Northern France in battalions, hard-swearing men, drenched by torrential rain. They shouted and sang. They wore no bridle: the "Marseillaise" was blasted, 'Vive Carpentier' screeched. And that queer little manager, Descamps, fussed and clowned. The wonder was that he escaped murder. For no sooner had the fight begun than Wells, showing his left smashed his right to the jaw of the Frenchman to send him toppling over like a shot rabbit.

"'Assassin,' broke the crowd into an ear-splitting chorus. 'Assassin,' but Descamps, whom they thus execrated, instead of bolting made extravagant faces. And there was Carpentier on his knees, face green and sick, eyes rolling, hair tumbling about his puckered brow; Wells, standing off, pale, his long arms hanging loose, kind of paralysed.

"In my sureness that the end had come I reached for my coat and scorned the offer of my nearest neighbour of 1,000 to one on the Bombardier. There was no betting. The timekeeper had bawled the 9th second when Carpentier pumped enough life into him to rise and so avoid the full count. But he had only his fighting instinct left.

"'Hit him, Billy. For the love of Mike, hit him,' pleaded his brother Sidney; but Wells did not hear: to the entreaties of his frantic corner he was stone deaf.

"Carpentier was now on his feet, but even a pulled punch would have been enough to have reduced him to physical bankruptcy.

"Descamps, his moon-shaped face already wet with tears, hammered the floor of the ring. Shouts of 'Stop it,' persisted as Carpentier, so that his knocking knees might not give way entirely, entwined his arms around the body of Wells, and, unheeding the referee's chant of 'Break,' held on.

"It would have been easy for the Bombardier to have pulled himself free and applied the closure, but his limbs were palsied, his fighting brain so twisted and befogged that he knew not how, and the bell sounded the end of the round.

"Amazingly the Frenchman, though he wobbled, had the clearer idea of what was actually happening. Wells, so far untouched by any blow, was rolling and pitching after the way of a sailor full three sheets in the wind.

"Descamps received Carpentier with open arms as he flopped into his corner at the foot of which I sat.

"'François,' excused Carpentier, 'he is too big and heavy, but wait . . .'

"Then, 'Time.'

"Into the centre of the ring Wells strode; but, instead of launching an immediate attack upon the still weary and befuddled Frenchman, he cocked an ear for orders, and Carpentier grabbed him so as to take a much-wanted breather by leaning on. In his condition Wells should have found it as easy to have unloosened himself as it would have been to have flicked a fly off a jam-pot. Instead, he groaned protestations against being held, the while he allowed his ample feet to be glued to the floor. So it was that the face of Carpentier shed a tell-tale greenness and brightness had returned into his eyes when the end of the second round had come; he was then near to normal.

"'How now?'" inquired Descamps.

(*Continued on page* 88)

"Good Bread won't fatten anyone"

says lovely

Evelyn Laye

THE FAMOUS BRITISH
FILM AND STAGE STAR

"Bread and butter, toast, rolls—I enjoy them all. No starvation diets for me. I value my health and vitality too much. Good bread won't fatten anyone who leads a normally active life.

I eat bread, not only because I like it, but because I really need it to put back the energy I use up in my work. Nobody leading the strenuous life of an actress can afford to go in for slimming crazes.

Sensible, balanced meals at regular times —that's *my* slimming secret—and believe me, the baker calls *every* day at my house!"

Evelyn Laye

Take Evelyn Laye's sound advice and eat plenty of Bread. Above all others it is those people who work hard and strenuously who need Bread to renew their lost energy.

C.F.H. 51

“ ‘ Très bien,’ whispered Carpentier.

“ Descamps grinned and hummed and whistled.

“ Answering the call of the third round, a reborn Carpentier jumped at Wells and, getting the inside position in the first few seconds, rammed right and left fist to a point just above the pit of the Bombardier's stomach. Under each punch Wells quivered, and his long, beautifully shaped legs so took to buckling that when the round was spent he went reeling to his corner.

“ The fourth round was the last. Into it Carpentier leapt to beat a two-fisted tattoo in the neighbourhood of the Bombardier's waistline. Astonishingly, Wells had neither the wit nor the physical strength to find the least shelter. How we squirmed in our aggravation of that which should not have been! In a frenzy of despair we coaxed and cajoled, even threatened Wells. It was no use; for, at a signal from Descamps, Carpentier uppercut the British champion, and then, swinging a right that started from his hip, he caught him full on the chin. Down fell Wells with what, to his agonised, confessedly ashamed countrymen, was a sickening thud. It was all over: Wells, stretched to his ever so many inches more than six feet, was counted out.

“ Need I say that Descamps was not assassinated: on the contrary, he, together with Carpentier, was shouldered high and triumphantly by the very men who but a few minutes before had clamoured for and swore to have his blood.

“ Inquests inevitably followed and various juries were not a little sceptical as to the bona fides of the match. Having, in the editorial position which I then held, been a party to the contest, I was not a little furious that there should be the least suspicion of the genuineness of the fight. It was left to the National Sporting Club to straighten many quizzical noses by inviting Carpentier and Wells to have a return bout in their own historic ring. The invitation was accepted without question or quibble.

“ Jim, I shall never forget that night at the old Club. Carpentier and Descamps turned up with shaven heads to hit off the apache rampant. Their explanation? —‘ to frighten the elegant Billie.’ ”

“ Seconds out,” top-hatted Mr. Zerega, the time-keeper, called. The fight was on. Wells, with his arms arranged so as to give every protection to his body, which, I assumed, was according to prearranged plans, left it to Carpentier to take the initiative. Which would have been horse sense had he not been stricken by mental astigmatism. As it was, the Frenchman, like the rest of us, saw gaping holes in the armour of Wells, and through it Carpentier sent first his left and then his right. Ping! went another blow and the bridge of the finely chiselled nose of Wells was cut. There and then Wells dropped his guard. Carpentier punched him on each side of the face and followed with left, right and left to the body. Wells dropped: he was out to the world. But one minute thirteen seconds had gone. We were struck dumb, all of us except Jim Driscoll, who, beside himself, raved at the helplessness of Wells.

“ ‘ Don't, Jim,’ cried Wells as he revived under splashes of water.

“ It was merciful that Lord Lonsdale came and led Driscoll away, for the old champion, drunk with the passion of outraged dignity, knew not what he was saying; he would not have it that Wells had fought after the way of a Britisher.

“ Wells was no coward; neither do I share a widespread belief that he had an unconquerable physical weakness. The vulnerable spot of which so much capital was made did not exist.

“ Wells failed to reach the top of the world because he was two entirely different men. As an elephant is scared of a mouse, so Wells was without a sense of perspective. His skill was undoubted; his heart was in the right place: he was no quitter. He had most everything but the gift of seeing and appraising things in their actuality.

“ Otherwise there would never have been Carpentier as he came to be. By the very tragedy of his own failures Wells put the Frenchman on the highway to fame and fortune.

“ If, instead of shutting up like a knife as he did at Ghent Exhibition, Wells had won by a knock-out, as he assuredly should have done, Carpentier, at his small weight, would not have ventured among the heavies; it is possible that, like so many others, he would have spent the rest of his fighting days in a cul-de-sac of mediocrity.

“ ‘ I disagree,’ said Corbett, ‘ Carpentier would have touched greatness if only because he was a Frenchman made of ice; his receptiveness, uncommon intelligence and determination to produce finality whatever the consequences earned for him a lasting place among the towering personalities of the ring. The perfect stylist he was not; neither did he tell of any one particular school. Nevertheless, he was much of a wonder, as was proven by his courageous stand against Dempsey.’

“ I wonder whether France will produce such another. Not in my time I fear. My concern, however, has most to do with Britain. The crowning of an Englishman as champion of champions I do indeed hope to see. You taught us how to box. The first lesson I had was given me by one of your own countrymen; but it can never be that in my time I shall again see the likes of Driscoll. . . . ‘ Peerless Jim ’ he was well and truly called. But this is a fighting age that is different from that in which I was reared. It has become severely, almost impossibly, commercial. Pride of profession has given way to merchandise. The winner used to be free to take all. When I fought. . . . But enough. The world has changed and will ever change. And, old fogey though I be, I would march with the times.

“ I am still wondering, however, why Bombardier Wells did not beat the world.”

Let “RANEE” read your character from your Handwriting

“RANEE” has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.
The services of “Ranee” are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of “Britannia & Eve” in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.
All that “Ranee” requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.
Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to “Ranee,” c/o “Britannia & Eve,” 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*
In due course “Ranee” will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

“RONUK Floor Polish,
Mrs. Robinson?”

“Yes, Doctor—RONUK, of course.
Doesn't it smell nice?”

“And makes your floors clean and germ-free!”

RONUK

is not only the

BEST OF ALL

POLISHES

but also a definite health safeguard. Its special germicidal properties free floors, etc. from dangerous disease germs and produce a refreshened atmosphere and feeling of cleanliness.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

3d., 6d. and up to 2/6 per tin.

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FOR A JUMPER

2nd Prize £50 3rd Prize £20

250 PRIZES IN ALL!

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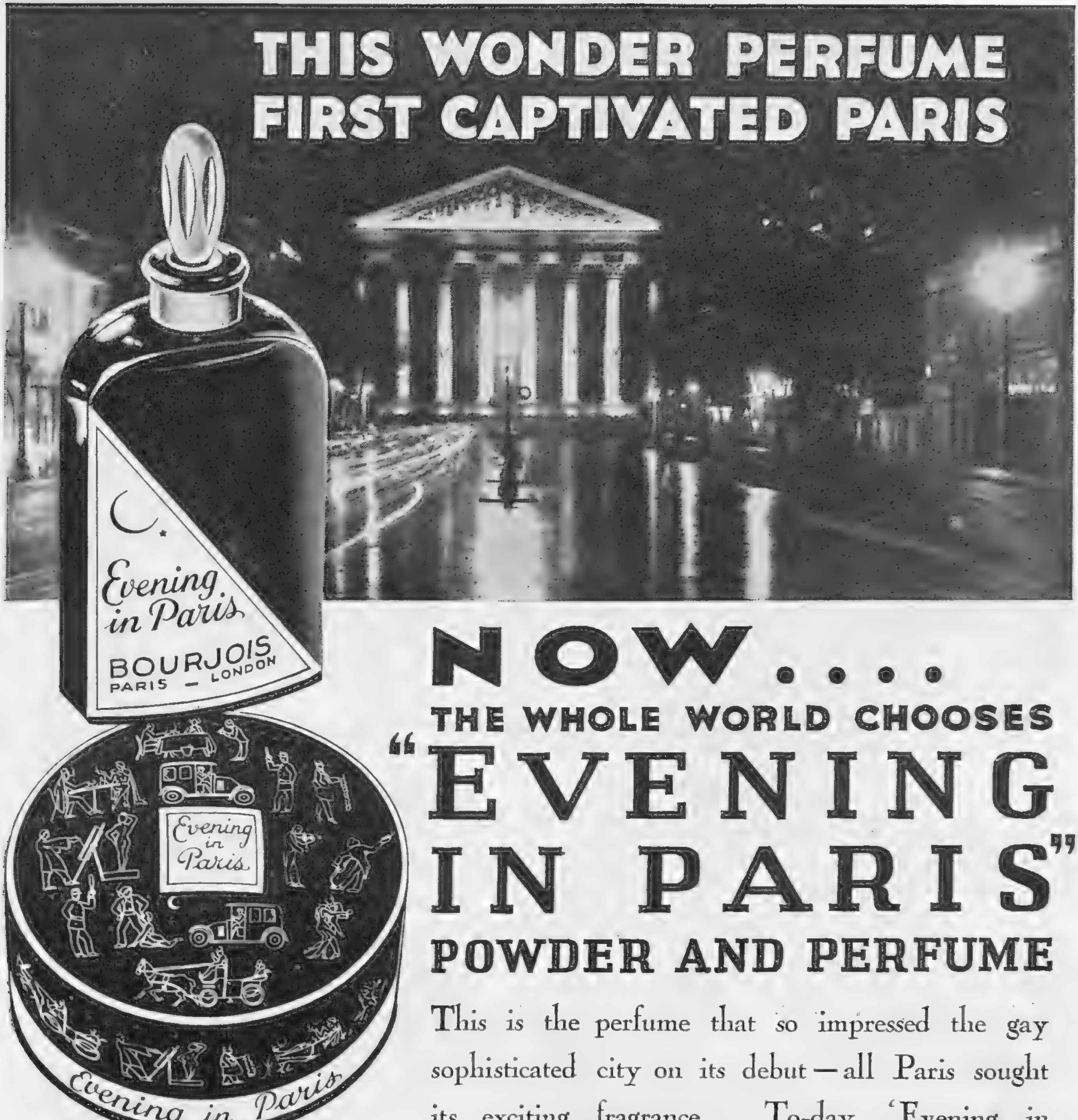
PORTSLADE, SUSSEX

THIS WONDER PERFUME FIRST CAPTIVATED PARIS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NOW . . . .

THE WHOLE WORLD CHOOSES

"EVENING IN PARIS"

POWDER AND PERFUME

This is the perfume that so impressed the gay sophisticated city on its debut—all Paris sought its exciting fragrance. To-day 'Evening in Paris' is used by the smart women of five Continents . . . disturbing in its sweet allure, surprising in its modest cost.—Perfume from 1/3 to 21/-, Powder 1/9. Follow Paris and be RIGHT.

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NEW BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Skin Freshener	2/6
Astringent Lotion	2/6
Complexion Milk	2/6
Cleansing Cream	2/-
Wave Setting Lotion	2/-

BOURJOIS

"Make your meals more interesting"

Says
Mrs. Cottington Taylor
Director, Good Housekeeping Institute

"Here's a useful 'tip' about soups. There's no need to keep trying new kinds of soups in order to get variety and tastiness. You will find the ordinary, favourite soups will be much more delicious, rich and creamy if you include a little Quick *Quaker in place of other thickenings—much more nourishing too.*

"Just stir in the Quick *Quaker whilst your soup is cooking—allowing about a dessert-spoonful per person. It melts straight away into the soup—that's because in* Quick *Quaker the oats are cut, rolled thin and already partially cooked when you buy it.*

"Apart from soups there are many familiar dishes, such as Lancashire Hot Pot and Irish Stew, which benefit from the similar addition of a little Quick *Quaker Oats while cooking.*

"There is, moreover, an almost endless variety of appetising dishes for breakfast, lunch or dinner, which can be made simply and economically with Quaker Oats."

(*Signed*)

D. D. Cottington Taylor

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

MADE IN CANADA
Quaker Oats Ltd., London

Re-Union in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 21*)

"O.K.," she said. "I'll go."

When the day arrived Linda was there on the platform, all organdie and flowers, with a host of minor stars as satellites. Behind the barrage of cameras there was the usual crowd of lookers-on, and Linda caught sight of an unshaven face which for a moment she thought was Ralph. Pity was swamped by the thought of the unpleasant story it would make for the tabloids if he did follow her to Hollywood, and she made a mental note to see her attorney about divorce. It was really time she made a great marriage. Her publicity demanded it.

Meanwhile the train arrived, and a moment later the great Oscar was posing on the steps for the cameras. Linda looked at him and blinked. Was she having delusions? Here was another man like Ralph.

More like Ralph.

Exactly like Ralph.

It was Ralph.

NEITHER Linda nor Ralph had any idea how they managed to get through the next few minutes. As a matter of fact they did it creditably enough, although their dazed hesitation was not unnoticed by the newspapermen. "Rheinwort Riddled by Poole's Pulchritude" these announced the next day, and proceeded to hint at possibilities of romance. Meanwhile, as soon as the reception was over Linda and Ralph lay low and avoided each other. Each required a period of convalescence after the shock at the station. Linda quite frankly was feeling rather embarrassed. Considering the number of times she had imagined Ralph's lean and hungry face amongst the crowd of unemployed, it was a little humiliating to find him shaved, valeted and manicured, and drawing a salary as formidable as her own. How can he have done it, she wondered? What are these Germans thinking of? How can anyone ever have been hoodwinked into thinking that Ralph was a genius?

And Ralph, to do him justice, was thinking much the same thing. He had never bothered about Linda during the early days of his struggles in Berlin; but when success had come, he, too, had sometimes pictured her walking the streets, down at heel, perhaps the worse for drink. Sometimes he had told himself that he ought to do something to help her, but he was too busy ever to take any active steps. And here she was, the great, glamorous, romantic Leda Poole, with a fan mail that weighed tons! What on earth was Hollywood thinking of?

They were both still more or less dazed and convalescent when they met at the inevitable party in Beverly Hills. It was a good party. The hostess had already been carried up to bed before they arrived, but Linda and Ralph were both stone-sober, as they always were.

Some officious deputy-hostess who had not been at the station insisted on introducing them.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Poole."

"Very glad to know you, Mr. Rheinwort."

Then as the deputy-hostess left them they sat down.

"Well, Linda!"

"Well, Ralph!"

They smiled at each other guardedly.

"I couldn't believe my eyes," Ralph went on.

Linda studied him.

"You recognised me at once?"

"Of course, you haven't changed a bit."

"You haven't changed either."

"Well, well, it seems kind of funny looking back."

There was a pause. Both of them were wishing that the deputy-hostess would come back and separate them.

"Were you surprised to find who I was?" Linda asked at length.

"I—huh," Ralph hesitated. "I should say I was. . . . But, of course, I always knew you'd make good," he added hastily.

"You always knew that?"

"Sure, I did—and what did you think about me?"

"I knew you'd get there one way or another."

"You did?"

"Sure I did. Well, well! it does seem kind of funny looking back."

Once more there was a silence. Then Ralph asked a question.

"I—huh—did you ever divorce me, Linda?"

She shook her head.

"I never seemed to have time, Ralph. . . . Did you divorce me?"

"No, Linda. It never seemed kind of worth while to divorce someone you never saw."

"That's just about how I felt about it."

"And it's been a long time, you know."

"Sure, it's been a long time."

"Seems kind of funny that we never divorced."

"It does."

"Seems kind of as though we were still married."

"Guess it does."

"Well, well, it does seem kind of funny looking back."

This time the deputy-hostess did come to the rescue. Ralph stood up abruptly.

"Pardon me, Miss Poole."

"It's been a pleasure, Mr. Rheinwort."

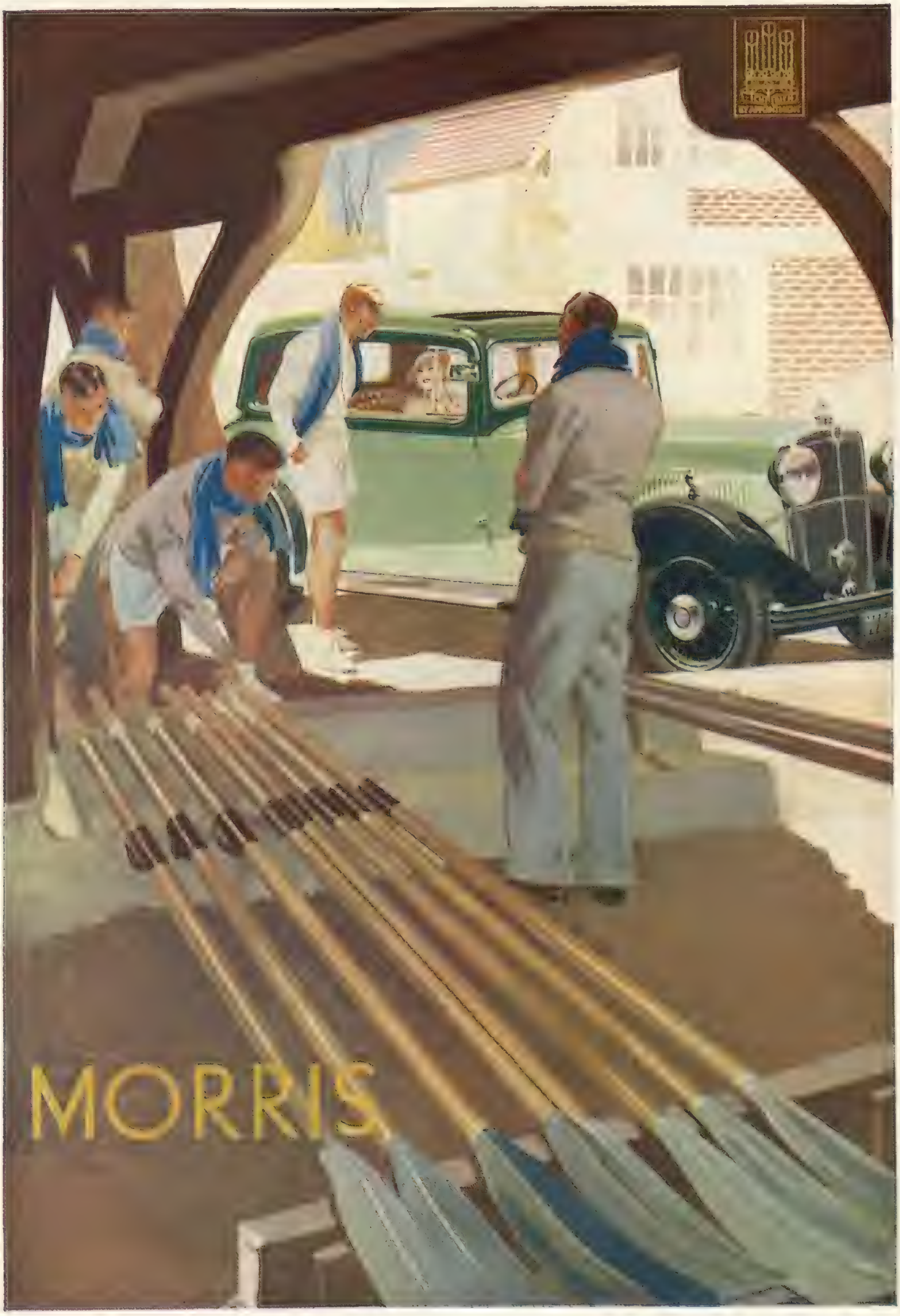
And they were both lost in the swirl of the party.

After this encounter they both went into a second period of convalescence; but it was impossible to avoid meeting in that small hierarchy and during the next fortnight they always seemed to be thrown together. Ralph told Linda about his struggles and successes in Berlin; Linda told Ralph about her struggles and successes at Elstree; and in between times they sometimes thought of those happy, earlier, dreaming days before they were married.

Perhaps it was because she had acted in so many sentimental films that Linda began to think somewhat filmily. After all, it would be a fine ending after all they had been through. First love! There was something about first love that made it different. And Ralph was a man any woman could be proud of now. In the same way Ralph was thinking of his old passion for Linda. First love! There was something about first love that made it different. And Linda was marvellous. Even a genius might be proud of her as a wife.

One evening

(*Continued on page* 93)



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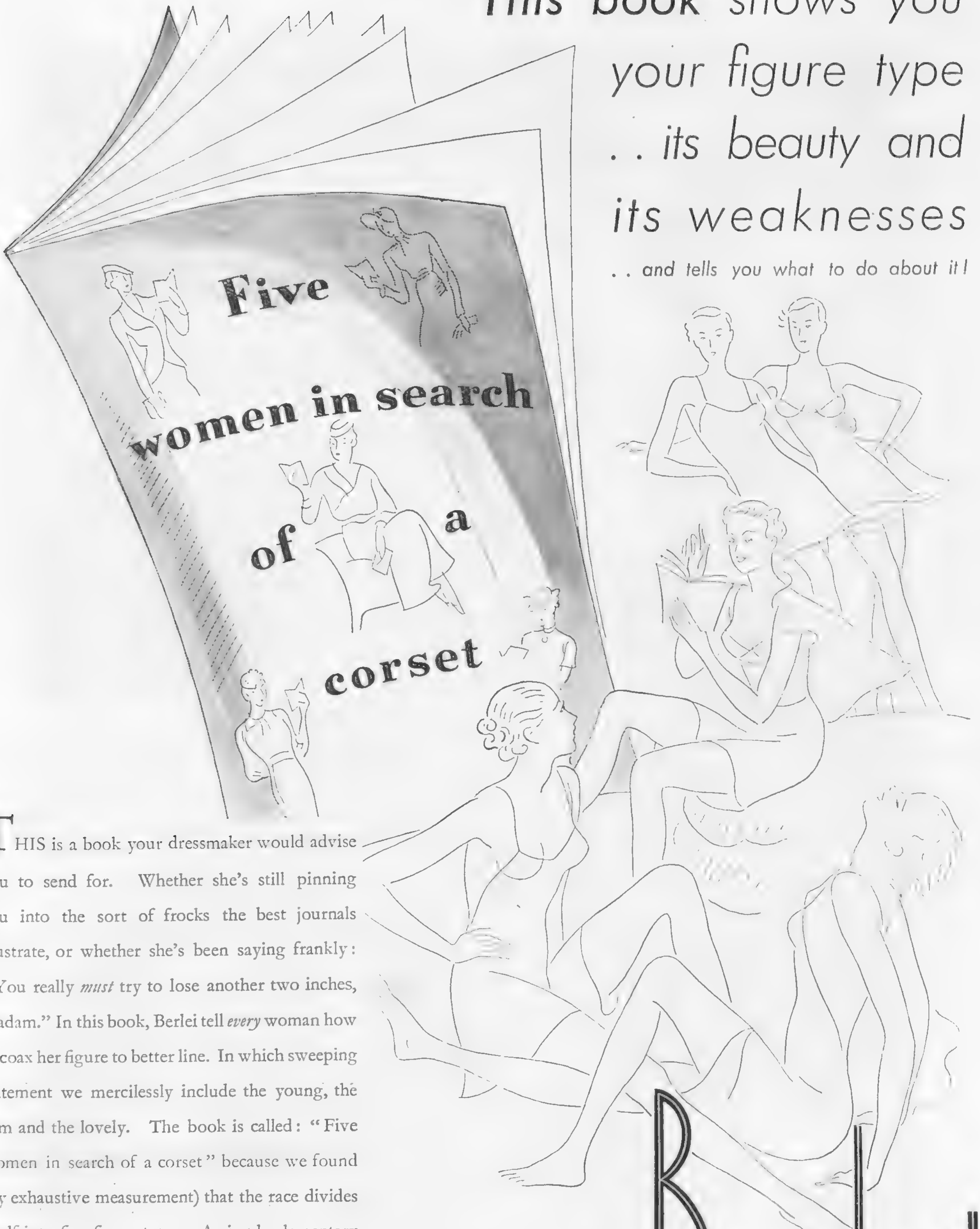
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he went and called on her at her luxurious house.

After he had drunk a high-ball he sat down beside her on the sofa.

Presently he took hold of her hand.

" Do you ever think of the old days, Linda ? " he asked softly.

" Yes, Ralph," she replied, " I think of them sometimes."

" Remember those plans we made, how you were going to be a great actress and I was going to be a great author ? "

" Yes, I remember. And now you're a great producer, and that's better than any mere author."

" That's true, and you're a great star."

" I suppose I am, Ralph, a great actress."

He shifted his position on the sofa and went on earnestly.

" You see, it's all come true," he cried passionately. " Every word of it's come true, Linda : everything, that is, except . . . . "

" Everything except us."

" That's it. Everything except us. Can't we make that come true too, my dear ? . . . First love, Linda. There's something about first love that makes it different. I feel that we owe it to our young selves, that eager boy and that sweet young girl, to make it come true."

" It's a beautiful thought, Ralph."

" Oh, I know we failed at that time, Linda," he went on, " but circumstances were against us. We have nothing to be ashamed of. It wasn't because we were petty. It was because we were big. Canaries and love-birds can live in a cage. But eagles must soar."

" That's true, Ralph, we were big. Eagles must soar."

They gazed into each other's eyes for a moment, then he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. It was beautifully done, so beautifully done that Linda felt that the superb moment was incomplete. A camera ought to have been clicking somewhere.

After a while he released her and sat with his arm round her, their heads together.

" Linda, Linda," he whispered; " we've already found ourselves. Now we are going to find each other."

" The last of our dreams come true ! "

" My dear, it's beautiful."

" My own dear dear."

After this there still remained one important thing to be settled, and that was whether they required another wedding or not. In solving this question romance and publicity had both to be considered, as well as a great many other things. On the whole publicity won with romance quite a good second. Certainly it would have been romantic to have started off quietly on a second, brighter, better married life ; but that didn't seem nearly so romantic as having the biggest wedding that Hollywood had ever seen. Furthermore, there were certain disillusioned people about who might not believe that they had ever had a wedding at all unless they actually saw it ; and both their contracts had a clause in them about moral turpitude. Finally, even supposing that their previous marriage were proved, it might lead to unnecessary inquiries into why they had parted, who their parents were and a host of other things which were nobody's business.

Thus everything pointed to a brand new wedding, and Linda got busy. Ralph was producing at the time, so that the whole arrangement was left in her hands, including the furnishing of what the tabloids called the Love Nest in Beverly Hills. Everything was quite safe in her hands. With three telephones and four secretaries and descriptions of all the previous big weddings in Hollywood, she set out to break all records.

She succeeded. The wedding was an orgy of organdie, of traffic cops, of cameras, of flowers, of Miss Californias, of Jews, of lipstick, of pulchritude and of gin. When the reception at last broke up, the happy pair were preceded on their drive to Beverly Hills by eight police on motor bicycles and followed by as many more behind. Ordinary people might have preferred a little more privacy at this stage of the proceedings, but Ralph and Linda were not ordinary people. They took all this as perfectly natural and proper ; and Linda, with a radiant smile for the cheering crowds on the left, and Ralph, who was bowing to the ecstatic onlookers on the right, murmured at intervals to each other.

" Happy, my dear ? "

" Sure, I'm happy."

" Are you excited about seeing our new home ? "

" Sure, I'm excited."

" I've all sorts of surprises for you that you never expected."

" Sure, I'm longing to see it all."

They went on bowing and smiling, and eventually the car turned in at some white gates and drew up at the door of the new home. There was a long pause as they stood on the steps and were photographed and rephotographed, but at last the doors were shut and they were alone : at least nearly alone : there were still a great many butlers, valets and maids about, as well as two sheepdogs and four pekinese.

These were all dismissed ; for this was the moment that Linda had been waiting for. Ralph had never seen the house ; he had been working so hard, and she had taken everything off his hands. She wanted to be alone with him now : alone with him and with their memories of the flat in Acacia Terrace.

She showed him the two vast drawing-rooms with their soft divans and thick carpets, and he murmured approval. She showed him the library with its five thousand books which they never intended to read, and again he murmured approval. She showed him the dining-room with its crystal table and its hidden lights, the gymnasium, the swimming pool, the billiard room, the cocktail bar, and he went on murmuring approval.

She led him up the great staircase and showed him her own rooms : her enormous bedroom with the seven windows and the vast bed whose gold coverlet looked like the Middle West when the wheat was ripe. She showed him her bathroom with all its taps and gadgets, and then her boudoir, which was as big as the bedroom itself. These three rooms occupied the whole southern sunny side of the house, and though he appeared to admire he made very little comment.

After that she showed him his own rooms which were at the side : his bedroom with a single bed, his bathroom with fewer taps, and his " den " with one window. He made no comment at all when he saw these, but began to breathe noisily through his nose.

Linda noticed his expression.

" Aren't you pleased, Ralph ! " she asked. " Don't (*Continued on page* 94)

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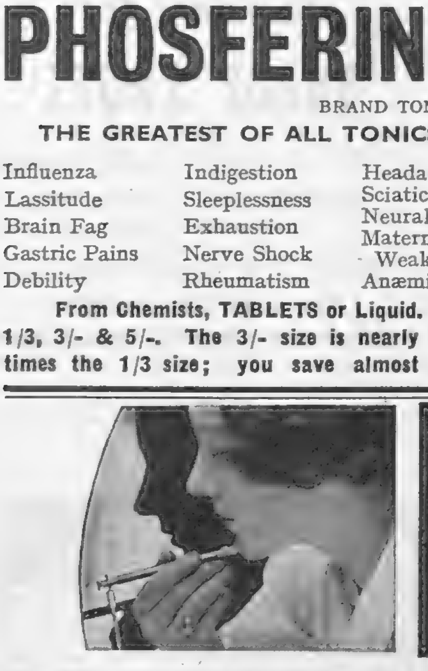

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you like the colour of the curtains?"

"The colour's charming," he answered coldly. "But well—really, my dear!"

"I don't understand at all."

"Oh, well, never mind. You've done it charmingly in many ways, quite charmingly." He led the way back into her bedroom; then he added, "I'll have your boudoir made into my bedroom, and then I think we can manage."

Linda sat down on the vast bed and stared at him.

"Give up my boudoir!" she murmured.

Ralph was breathing noisily through his nose again: it was a trick he had developed when downing opposition at conferences.

"Has it occurred to you," he asked shortly, "that you've pinched the whole sunny side of the house?"

"My dear, the wife always has those rooms; it's perfectly normal."

Ralph's temper was rising.

"Indeed! I think it rather depends on whom she marries. You haven't married a nonentity, you know. I think my position in the film world is unique: quite unique, if I may say so. And I have my public to think of What would people say, I should like to know, if they found I only had a poky little room at the side of the house?"

Linda bounced off the bed. She was furious.

"Your public indeed! What about mine? What would people say if they found that Leda Poole hadn't got a boudoir facing south?"

"I don't think people really take quite such an interest in Leda Poole as you imagine," he said nastily.

"Ha! What about the crowds on the way here?"

"I was in the carriage as well as you."

"You! D'you think they'd cheer like that for a third-rate producer?"

"A third-rate producer!"

"Yes, that's all you are. You can't write yourself, so you get the best stories by the best authors and then knock hell out of them."

By now Ralph was breathing, not through his nose, but through his teeth.

"Really, you make me laugh," he sneered. "After all, I've got a worldwide reputation, while your only public is in the servants' halls. Act! You never could act, my dear. Tricks, tricks, tricks, and too many teeth. That's all you can do."

For a moment they stood facing each other, breathing hard; then simultaneously they each lifted up their right hands and smacked the other's face.

Again for a moment they stood looking at each other—with a look of surprise now. That action seemed to them to have destroyed time. It seemed to have shown the futility of both time and riches. They were back just where they had left off in Acacia Terrace.

They stared and stared, and at last there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," they both said at once.

It was the butler.

"Excuse me," he murmured, "but it's the gentlemen of the Press. They say they won't go away unless you give them some message."

Linda and Ralph glanced at each other.

"Tell them," he said gloomily, "that we are so happy that it cannot be expressed in words."

"Tell them," she corrected him, "that our happiness is far, far too deep for words."

The butler withdrew. Ralph sat down on the nearest chair and buried his head in his hands. Linda flung herself sobbing on the vast gold bed.

"Hell, hell!" he groaned.

"And hell . . . hell . . . hell!" she repeated.

END

If Your Child is Naughty

(Continued from page 72)

She must see that no jealousy arises between her charges. She must be strictly fair in all she does. She must not lavish all her attentions on the younger child, forgetting the hurt little presence of the older one.

Punctuality in bedtime and meal-time, and certain comings and goings, must be always strictly observed. There should, if possible, be no exceptions at all in the nursery. If this is so, there is no dissatisfaction or tiresome pleadings for "just five more minutes."

WHEN an orderly existence is taken for granted by the child, many naughtinesses, arguments and exasperations can be spared. The child feels secure when he knows what to expect, and he is usually happy if surrounded by a fixed routine.

Naughtiness has a mysterious way of disappearing under such circumstances.

If there must be punishment, let it as nearly as possible fit the crime. This the child will understand. If he dawdles and is late, let him miss the outing he hoped for.

If, through untidiness, he loses a shoe, let his game be delayed until it is found. Life is like that—cause and effect—and it will do the child no harm to discover this for himself.

Then he has no one to blame but himself. He cannot rage against some overbearing adult, feeling himself helplessly small and thwarted.

Let the child take the consequences of the little lies he is sure to attempt. It is wiser not to show anger or to express moral horror.

Just quietly let him feel that he is being rather silly and making himself a person who cannot be taken seriously or believed. Explain to him how awkward it would be if everyone behaved like that.

Be wise, though, in distinguishing between imaginative fiction, in which the child will indulge quite harmlessly, and untruths which are definitely meant to deceive.

Many a child is unjustly punished for his flights of imagination; this is harmful and a pity.

The youngster who is reasonably treated is quick to see the consequences of any silly naughtiness. Much of his disobedience will automatically disappear.

Such principles are being practised in many modern nurseries, and I find, among others, that the child of to-day is not nearly as naughty and deliberately trying as we were to our nurses in our youth.

END

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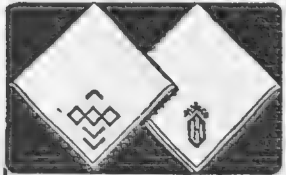

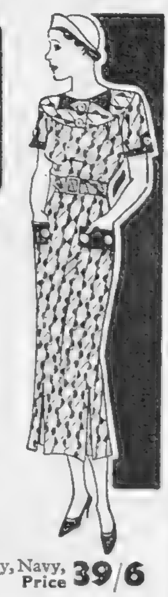

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The Red-Headed Wench

(*Continued from page* 55)

interrupted with a boisterous laugh. "Of some account—that, indeed, she was. There are few in the profession who have not heard of Ellen Gavin: and so you're her daughter? There's much of your mother about your eyes and your hair——"

"Then you knew her, sir?"

"I have seen her play many a time, young lady," Mr. Howard answered. "And now I'd see her daughter play. Off with you, Nell, off with you and prepare for our little jest. We'll soon have your father out of his melancholics—aye, and the smiles back on your lips, too, child."

"Sir, how can I ever thank you?" she asked gravely, and he saw tears in her eyes.

"Thank me, egad—thank me? Why—let me think now." Mr. Howard affected a mood of heavy humour. "Why, Nell, I have it. When your father presents me to his daughter—with you and me pretending 'tis the first time we've ever met—'So this is your girl, Tom?' I'll say. 'A winsome lass, indeed. Come, young lady, give your father's old friend a kiss.' Then you shall give me a kiss, and it shall be my thanks. What of that now?"

"Gladly, I will," she said, laughing in mild confusion.

"Then 'tis all settled. Away with you, and get you out of this plaguey weather."

She nodded and left him, hurrying along the pavement already deep in snow. He watched her until she reached the corner and she looked back and waved. Mr. Howard's hat swept from his head in response, and then, as though a mask had come unseen upon his heavy-jowled face, all expression seemed to strip from it. In dull, wooden fashion he stared through unseeing eyes at the dancing snowflakes, till of a sudden, he turned with an oath to seek the nearest tavern.

It was a rough, noisome place. Its company of drunken sailors checked a raucous chorus as he entered, eyeing him in suspicious astonishment.

"Hey, landlord," he called. "Bring me a gill of brandy—of your best."

He threw a crown upon the parlour table, took his drink at a gulp and went out into the snow.

HALFWAY down St. Thomas's Street Mr. Howard stopped before a neat, flat-fronted house against the steps of which the crisp snow was already drifting. A brass plate was on the door, its prim lettering proclaiming: "Mr. Vernon. Professor of Elocution and Deportment."

Mr. Howard regarded it for a moment, almost with disgust.

"God! How are the mighty fallen!" he exclaimed in a thick incredulous voice. Then with a magnificent gesture he swung his cloak about his shoulders. A smile of high good humour that belied the heaviness of his heart came to his expressive face as he strode up the steps and hammered at the door.

Nell answered his summons. Mr. Howard's acting was superb. In mellow voice carefully pitched to carry into the little hall beyond, he demanded courteously:

"Madam, have I the fortune to find Mr. Thomas Vernon within?"

"He is within, sir; will you be pleased to enter?"

Mr. Howard shook the snow from his cloak and crossed the threshold.

"Then would you have the kindness to tell him an old friend would see him? An old friend who heard not half an hour since at his inn that Tom Vernon was in the town, and hurried post-haste to seek him out and shake his hand after many a long year."

In the shadows at the back of the hall a man's tall figure loomed. Mr. Howard saw it, although he appeared not to do so.

The girl was conscious of it, too.

"Sir, what name shall I give to my father?" she asked uncertainly.

"Name? Why, young lady—say just a friend, an old friend. That's how I'd have myself announced. I know no better name."

"I will do as you say, sir," she said, and turned.

But the man at the back of the hall came forward.

"Go to your room, Nell," he said sternly. "I know this man."

The girl cast a piteous look at Mr. Howard and then fled up the stairs. Mr. Howard stood his ground.

"Well, Tom; have ye no warmer greeting for this man after all these years?" he asked, extending his hand.

Thomas Vernon ignored it.

"What warm greeting should there be between you and me, Howard?" he answered bitterly. "I know what's brought you here well enough."

Mr. Clarence Howard inclined his head.

"Nay, Tom, you don't," he said with the faintest of smiles. "But that's neither here nor there."

"Then what do you want with me?"

The man's tone was strained, his eyes fixed anxiously on Mr. Howard's face.

Mr. Howard smiled again. His voice dropped until it was little more than a whisper. Yet each word came distinctly.

"Tom—I want a chair by the fire, and a glass of wine with you, and a talk—about old times. But first, your hand. That's what I want of you."

Vernon stood stock still, staring incredulously. Then slowly his hand went out.

"My God! Yes, I think—I think—I believe you, Clarry," he said as softly.

Mr. Howard gripped the outstretched hand and took him by the arm.

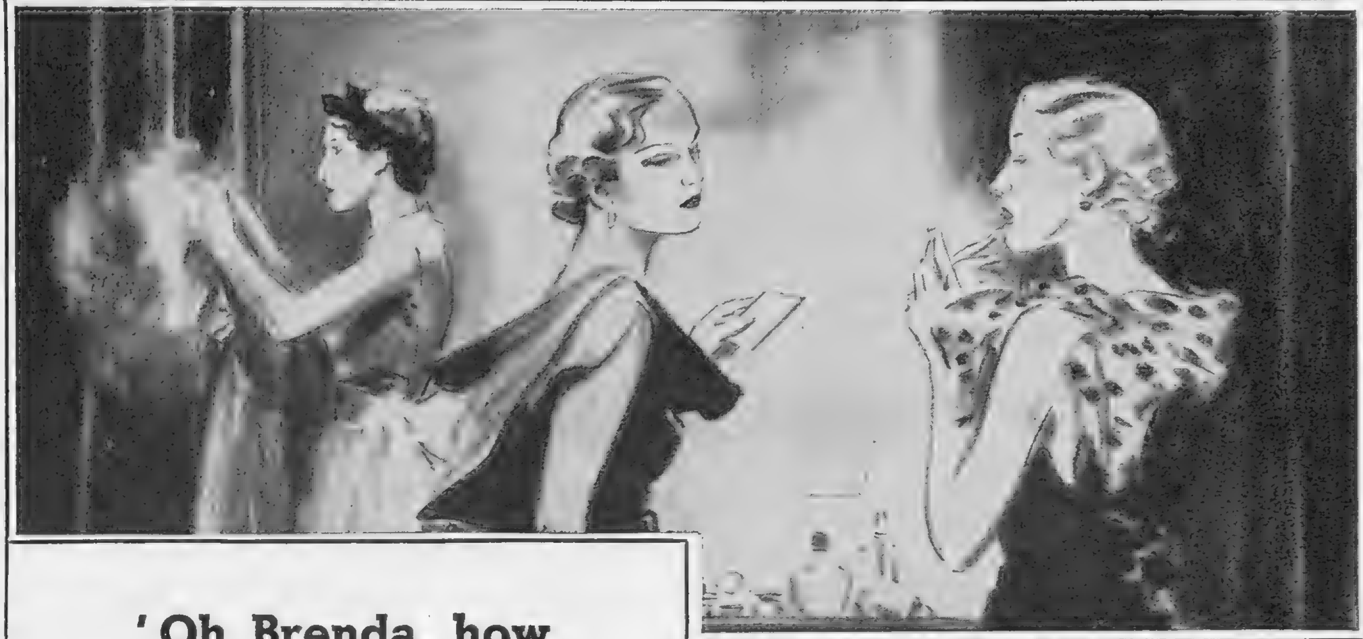
"Lead on, lead on, old friend," he said. "We've much to say to one another—and, ecod! little enough time for a tithe of it now. But we'll just make a start, Tom. Faith, man! But you've altered! And yet I'll wager not as much as I have, eh? Egad! But I was as thin as you when last we met. And now look at me. Gone to fat, Tom. Gone to fat."

Mr. Clarence Howard gave one of his rich, chuckling laughs, and the girl, listening half frantic at the top of the stairs, heard it and sighed with immense relief.

Mr. Vernon could raise but a wan smile as he murmured: "Aye, you've changed, Clarry—more than I'd credit."

He led the way into a snug sitting-room. Through the window Clarence Howard glanced for some seconds at the tower of the

(*Continued on page* 98)



'Oh Brenda, how do you keep your skin so beautiful?'

The girls were powdering their noses in the cloakroom just before the dance. Thelma looked at her friend's complexion with envy.

" I suppose you simply spend the earth on beauty preparations ? " she said.

" As a matter of fact, I hardly spend anything," smiled Brenda. " I used to, until I discovered what wonderful things Eno every morning can do for the skin ! "

Thelma looked astonished.

" But what has Eno got to do with keeping one's skin nice ? " she said.

" Everything, my dear, if you only knew it," said Brenda, " though it took a doctor to open my eyes ! As he said, how can one expect to have a lovely clear complexion, cooped up in an office all day ? It stands to reason, one's system *must* get sluggish. Since I grasped that I've been taking Eno regularly."

Now Thelma was a sensible girl. She didn't let Brenda's advice go unheeded. And what a difference Eno has made to her ! Gently and naturally, it has washed away all those complexion-spoiling poisons. Her skin, fed each day by pure blood, has grown fresh and clear. In herself she feels a new being.

But what a few women realise how much health means to looks ! How many are rubbing on cleansing creams hopefully every night—when all the time they ought to be taking Eno every morning !

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parish church topped by its golden ship vane fast growing white with snow. Just for a while his assurance seemed to have left him. He coughed nervously, then turned of a sudden and threw off his cloak.

"Well, Tom," he said simply.

Mr. Vernon stood leaning on the mantelshelf. The leaping flames threw queer shadows upon his lean face, and he looked old beyond his years and very sad. He raised his head.

"Best get it over," he said.

Mr. Howard shook his head slowly.

"Nay, Tom, let's count it over. Let the dead bury its dead. Why rake up cold ashes of what—eighteen years since?"

"Are they cold?"

"Unless two fools blow 'em back to life."

"Yet you hated me for it."

Mr. Clarence Howard's puffy eyes half closed, as if he were in pain.

"Aye—I hated you, Tom," he said in a queer, dreamy voice. "Time was when—thank God, you never came across my path or I would have killed you." Suddenly he swung back his shoulders and smiled again. "But that's all over, old friend. I cannot keep a hate alive for all those years. The fires die away, as the years go by. Time's a mighty consoler; time and affairs, and new troubles to face. Egad! I've hated many a man since then, and I'll wager many a man's had cause to hate me. We can but hope that the debts will cancel out in the Recording Angel's books."

"And so, 'tis true, you bear me no ill will?"

"I bear ye none."

Mr. Vernon sighed.

"You're generous, Clarry," he said. "More generous than I've been. I knew you'd come some time. I feared your coming, for I thought you'd come for revenge, to jeer and gloat over a broken man. I'd have done it, Clarry, I would. Aye, I'll be honest with ye, I'd never have forgiven a man if he'd taken her from me as I took her from you."

Mr. Howard crossed the room and laid his hand on Vernon's shoulder. There was sadness in his voice.

"Nay, Tom, you're wrong," he said. "You didn't take her from me. No man ever took Nell Gavin; she took him. She chose her man: she called, and he had to follow. Do you not know it? Do I not know it? 'Tis her I should have hated, not you. She robbed me of my best friend. Yet I cannot hate her."

"Aye, do I not know it?" Vernon echoed in a whisper.

He turned away, and Mr. Howard saw him go to the sideboard.

"I'd drink a toast with you, Clarry?" he said softly.

Mr. Howard nodded.

Mr. Vernon filled the glasses.

In silence they raised them. In silence they stood for some moments staring at nothing, as it seemed, while the firelight flickered through the ruby wine and the driving snow beat dully against the window panes.

Then in silence they drained their wine to the last drop, and the two glasses crashed to fragments on the stones of the hearth, never to be used again.

Mr. Howard sank into a chair.

"Tell me about her, Tom," he said.

MR. VERNON'S eyes fixed on the spluttering coals and he did not answer for a while.

At length: "'Twas here she died, Clarry," he said with effort.

"Aye. I'd heard that."

"'Twas a galloping consumption that took her, after—after the child was born. 'Twas all over in six months."

Mr. Howard's dark chin sank upon his chest and he nodded slowly.

"That was a tragedy, Tom," he murmured. "God! That was a tragedy. How long since would that be?"

"The child is seventeen," Mr. Vernon answered.

"'Tis a long time. How came ye to the town, Tom?"

"I was playing here—a four-weeks season. The child was born in the second week. On just such a day as this." Mr. Vernon's mind had gone back through the years. "Yes, just such a day as this. And when she took ill, I couldn't leave her alone with the child. I stayed on with her. I've stayed on for seventeen years."

"Have you never played since?" Mr. Howard exclaimed in amazement.

Mr. Vernon shook his head.

"I' God's name how have you lived?"

"I've managed somehow."

"But have you never wanted to play? Didn't it call you, man; didn't it call you?"

"Aye, that it did, Clarry, many's the time. But there was always the child. I couldn't leave her with strangers. I'd promised Nell I'd not do that. And so I stayed on. I was always going back, but I never did. And when the money gave out—I tried my hand as Professor of Elocution. I've made a living—and I've kept the child—and she's been happy."

Mr. Howard sighed.

"I' faith, Tom, 'tis a tragic rôle that I could not have played. But you were ever the better man. She knew, when she chose you." He rose abruptly. "But an end to melancholics, old friend. 'Tis not well for men to live in the past. Come now, fill us two glasses and we'll toast ourselves, and then I'd have you bring in that red-headed wench of yours and we'll toast her, and the future—and a merrier future, Tom. On that I pledge you my word. For I've a mind to make you wake up again. Why damme, man, you're younger than I am, and here ye are playing the lean and slippered pantaloon——"

"It's too late, Clarry. I've lost all heart," Mr. Vernon said sadly.

"Then, by Gad! I'll find it for you, Tom. 'Twill make a pleasant employ for my hours of leisure. Aye, I'll make a hobby of it instead of the bottle—and that'll not harm me either." Mr. Howard threw back his head and roared at his jest. "I'll give it grave thought as I sit in the dressing-room waiting my calls. 'How?' I'll question myself—'How can I find old Tom Vernon's lost heart for him?' and I'll lay you a thousand guineas to a groat I find the answer in a week. Is't a bet, Tom?"

Mr. Vernon smiled.

"Clarry—you haven't changed. You've the same great generous spirit you ever had."

"Nay, 'tis but that I fight the same fight against melancholy. And I fight it with laughter. How else should a tragedian fight tragedy? But 'tis a bet. And egad, you as good as owe me a groat already. But

(*Continued on page* 100)

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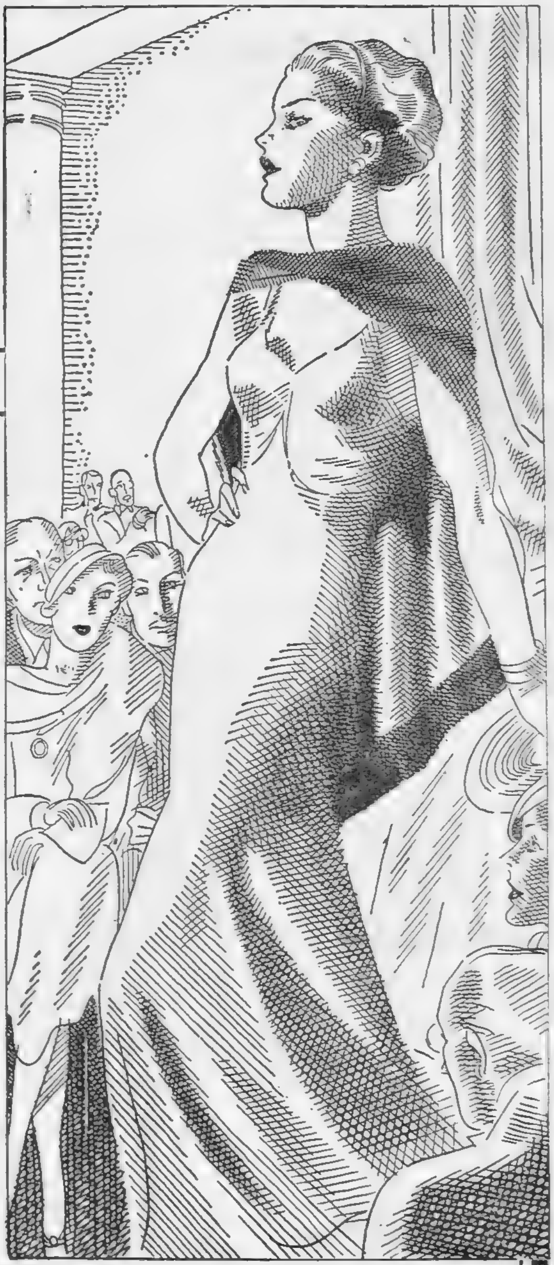

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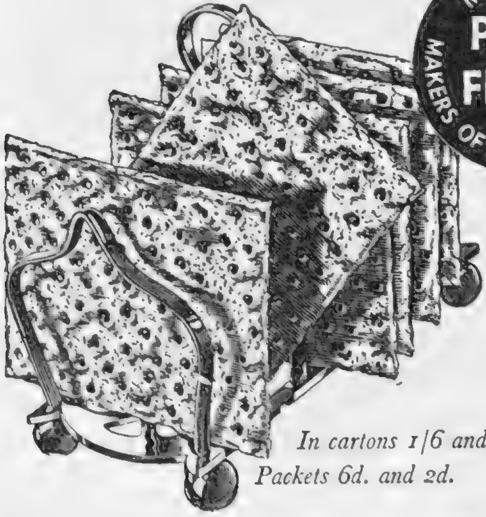

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let's have the wench in. Call her, Tom. Nay, I'll call her, an I may."

Mr. Howard strode across the room. He flung open the door, and his rich voice rang through the quiet house.

"Hey, young lady," he called, "Come ye down, for your father and his old friend Clarence Howard would drink a toast to ye."

He stood waiting as she hurried down the stairs, and ushered her in with a magnificent gesture.

The girl glanced anxiously at her father's face, then turned to Mr. Howard. Mr. Howard's left eyelid flickered in a shameless wink.

"So this is your girl, Tom?" he said. "A winsome lass indeed. Come, young lady, give your father's old friend a kiss."

"Gladly, sir," she said blushing.

"And to think that we have never met before, Nell," Mr. Howard went on with immense gravity. "'Tis a thought that saddens me."

And then she began to laugh at the drollery of it all, and because the strain was over, and Mr. Howard joined her, and even her father's grave melancholy faded as he watched them in some amazement.

Mr. Howard recovered his composure.

"Come, Tom, fill up the glasses," he said, "for I would drink to this laughing lass of yours, and then I must away, for i' faith I have business toward that will not wait."

Gravely Mr. Howard toasted her.

"And now I'd have you drink to me, Nell," he said as he lowered his glass. "'Tis to wish me luck in a matter of great moment. 'Tis an enterprise I have undertaken, lass, and I stand to lose much should I fail."

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed in sudden concern. "Oh, sir, I trust you will not fail."

"Thankee, Nell. Thankee. Your father thinks I shall."

Mr. Vernon's hand trembled as he filled her glass.

"'Tis nonsense, child," he said. "Mr. Howard speaks in jest."

"Nay, Tom, never was I more serious in my life," Mr. Howard answered. "You mistake me. 'Tis to Mr. Clarence Howard's Company of Comedians and their opening performance in Portsmouth Theatre to-morrow night, patronised by His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence; and Mr. Thomas Vernon, some time of the Haymarket Theatre and Drury Lane, and the principal theatres of Dublin, York, and Edinburgh, and Miss Ellen Vernon, his daughter, and egad! I hope by all the rest of the nobility and gentry of the place at the moment. 'Tis that toast I'd have you drink, Nell, for it means much to me."

"Sir, may it be all your heart can wish," she said simply, as she lifted her glass.

"Amen to that," said Mr. Howard solemnly.

MR. CLARENCE HOWARD ploughed his way through the snow towards the George, and he smiled from time to time as he trudged along. Yet when Sam Angel greeted him in the inn hall he was frowning.

"Aye, Sam, but 'tis plaguey weather," he said as his man relieved him of his snowy hat and cloak. "Bring me something hot to my room, Sam. I'm chilled to the marrow. I'd thaw before I dine. Is Mr. Bertram here?"

"He's waiting."

Sam was not given to words. He glanced keenly at his master as he turned away. There was something the matter—he knew it. The guv'nor wasn't himself.

Sam bustled to the bar to order brandy hot, his mind filled with gloomy forebodings.

Mr. Howard coughed as he entered his room. He drew close to the fire, chafing his hands and shivering slightly.

"Ah, Bertram," he said to his manager, "I'm growing old. This starving wind's caught me." He cleared his throat. Mr. Bertram looked worried, but he made no comment.

The drink which Sam brought seemed to do Mr. Howard good. He ordered another, and talked affairs with animation. Yet the frown on Mr. Bertram's face grew deeper, for his master's voice was undeniably husky.

He spoke of it as he was leaving, though Mr. Howard laughed his fears aside. But he spoke more plainly to Sam in the hall.

"Sam, get the guv'nor to bed early," he said. "He's taken a chill, and if his voice goes, God help us to-morrow night. It'll ruin the season."

Sam's face was dark.

"I knew it," he said. "I knew it. I told him he never ought to come to this place. I had a feeling there was bad luck waiting."

"Your feeling's damned near right," said Mr. Bertram in a troubled voice. "But for God's sake go and deal with him. He'll listen to you."

Sam shrugged his shoulders gloomily. He shrugged them yet more gloomily an hour later, for though Mr. Howard had dined he had ceased to protest that he was all right. Sam found him scowling and distressed, and his voice harsh and thick.

"Eh, Sam," he said and coughed raspily, "it's going, it's going." He pointed to his throat. "I dare not venture out again to-night. Go tell Mr. Bertram they must get on without me. But make light of it, Sam, with the company. Tell 'em I'm drunk. The odds are 'twill be all right to-morrow."

Sam's wizened face displayed despair.

"The odds are, it won't," he murmured despondently.

"Cease your croaking, man," Mr. Howard began angrily, but a sudden outbreak of coughing checked his words.

He took a pull at the hot drink by his side, and that eased him.

"No matter, Sam, no matter," he went on hoarsely. "Get ye to the theatre, and on your way deliver this letter in St. Thomas's Street. 'Tis to a friend on whom I should have waited this evening, but faith! he must wait on me instead."

That letter brought Mr. Vernon hurrying to the George, his mind filled with alarm, for Clarence Howard had admitted more to his friend than he had to Sam or Mr. Bertram.

"But this is a bad business, Clarry," said Mr. Vernon in distress as he entered the room. "And ye seemed so well."

Mr. Howard, a shawl pulled about his shoulders, looked up from his chair by the fire and smiled bleakly.

"But I'd felt it in the morning," he answered, "though I'd hoped it would come to nothing. (*Continued on page* 102.)

in spite of cutting sea winds

. . . her skin is petal-smooth

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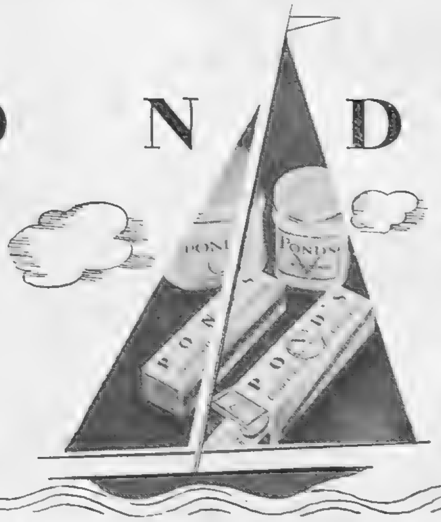

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I put it from me—it's not a pleasant thought for a man to carry with him all day. But it's caught me, Tom. It's come this way before. 'Twas the fear of it that I had in mind when I asked Nell to drink that toast, for Tom, 'tis worse than you think. I've not a man in the company could play the Moor to-morrow night to such a house. Think, Tom, think. There'll be His Royal Highness and Mistress Jordan and all the admirals and the generals—a gala night. Ye cannot put up anyone to play to such a house. 'Twould mean ruin to the season."

Mr. Vernon nodded.

"Aye, that's true, Clarry," he murmured frowning. "You must change the bill."

"Yet that's as bad, man, and unlucky to boot." Mr. Howard pressed a hand wearily to his forehead. "Nay, I see no way out of it, Tom. Unless—Tom, old friend—I've just had a thought."

"What is it, Clarry?"

"Tom—would you help me out? God, man, you could do it an you would. Tom, old friend, you're my only hope."

Mr. Vernon started back as though he were affrighted.

"But, Clarry, how? How could I help?"

"Play the Moor for me to-morrow night. 'Twould save all if you but would."

Mr. Vernon shook his head.

"Clarry, you must be mad." He spoke jerkily. "After all these years. I—I play the Moor! Why, man—Oh, God knows I'd do anything to help you—but that—I couldn't—I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"'Tis seventeen years——"

"To hell with your seventeen years. You'd not think it seventeen days once the curtain were up. 'Twould all come back to you as easy as it comes to me."

"I don't know. I don't know. 'Tis sheer folly." Mr. Vernon spoke like a man distraught.

"Will ye but try for me, Tom?" Mr. Howard said very softly. "For her sake, Tom—I think she'd want you to do it."

Mr. Vernon was trembling, and he breathed heavily.

"I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it," he repeated as though he spoke to himself.

"'Twill all come back, old friend. Try you a speech or two now and you'll find I'm right. Come now. There's Brabantio. 'Nothing, but this is so,' he says; then you answer: 'Most potent, grave and reverend signiors.'"

Mr. Vernon braced himself like a man waking from a dream, and he took up the speech, haltingly at first, then in a moment in a voice that swelled in glorious cadence.

"My very noble and approved good masters
"That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
"It is most true; true I have married her. . . ."

He went on to the end as though he were inspired, a queer, far-away look in his eyes.

Mr. Howard sat motionless until he had finished. Then he sighed.

"And for seventeen years the world has been the poorer for the loss of that voice," he said. "But it's all there, man, it's all there still. You've not forgot a thing, Tom. Will you play it?"

Mr. Vernon came to life suddenly. He seemed a different man, a younger man, as he strode across the room. "By God! Clarry, I'll try," he said.

"Thankee, Tom," said Mr. Clarence Howard very gravely. "I knew you'd not desert an old friend in trouble. I'll ring for Sam and we'll have Bertram round."

THE winter sun that shone upon a white and glistening town next morning, shone too, at every corner, it seemed, upon Mr. Vernon's name, for Mr. Clarence Howard had been busy overnight.

"Spare no cost," his instructions had been, and printers had been at their presses since dawn that the town might be plastered with fly-bills announcing in bold letters: "Return to the Stage of the Renowned Tragedian Mr. Thomas Vernon (from the Haymarket and Drury Lane Theatres, London). "Mr. Vernon," the bill added, "will make his First Appearance on Any Stage for Many Years at the Portsmouth Theatre to-night in the rôle of Othello, The Moor of Venice (Mr. Clarence Howard being indisposed)."

Mr. Clarence Howard kept his room next morning, for his voice had almost gone. Men came and went, and from the depths of a huge four-poster Mr. Howard gave his instructions in a queer, penetrating whisper, for though Mr. Howard might not be able to act, he could still control his Company of Comedians.

Nell came to him in the early afternoon. Mr. Howard was sitting up then, a thick comforter about his throat.

Since early morning when her father stood at her bedside babbling some strange tale of Mr. Howard's being taken with a chill and his having to go to the theatre to help him, Nell's humdrum world had been turned upside down. When she set eyes on the bills that plastered the town, she had thought herself crazed.

It was incredible. Her grave and quiet father's name blazoned in huge letters at every street corner as the "Renowned Tragedian" who was to play Othello that night in the theatre! It was beyond understanding.

It was not until she saw Mr. Howard huddled dejectedly by his fire and heard his strange weak voice that the real tragedy of it struck her.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I am distressed. And it meant so much to you. Sir, it must be breaking your heart." Tears came to her eyes.

Mr. Howard laughed huskily.

"Nay, dear lass," he said striving to console her. "Dry your pretty eyes. My old heart's been broke so often that a new crack is of no account. 'Twill mend itself. Come, Nell: 'Tis no way to cheer a man to weep in his presence. I like you better laughing—as you did yesterday."

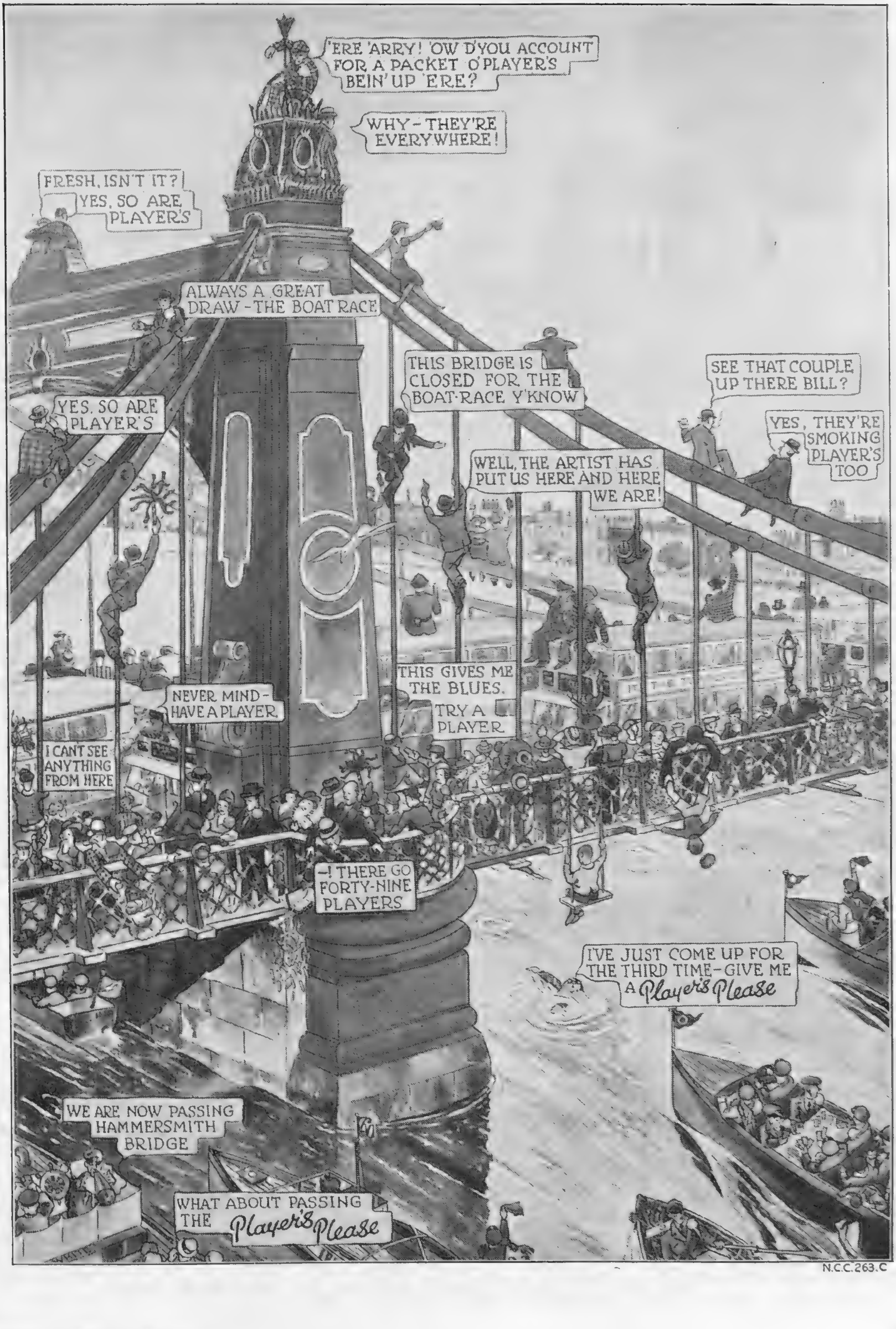
She tried to smile.

"Why 'tis nothing but that my voice has deserted me, lass; time enough for tears when my friends desert me. And that they've not done. 'Twill all be well. But harkee; I'd have you play another jest with me. 'Twould seem we were fated to play jests together. Will ye do it?"

"Why yes, sir, if I can."

"'Tis this," said Mr. Howard smiling, and his hoarse voice dropped even lower. "They think to keep me in my room to-night, and

(*Continued on page* 104)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FRESH, ISN'T IT?
YES, SO ARE PLAYER'S
ALWAYS A GREAT DRAW - THE BOAT RACE
YES. SO ARE PLAYER'S
THIS BRIDGE IS CLOSED FOR THE BOAT-RACE Y'KNOW
SEE THAT COUPLE UP THERE BILL?
YES, THEY'RE SMOKING PLAYER'S TOO
WELL, THE ARTIST HAS PUT US HERE AND HERE WE ARE!
NEVER MIND - HAVE A PLAYER
THIS GIVES ME THE BLUES.
TRY A PLAYER
I CANT SEE ANYTHING FROM HERE
-! THERE GO FORTY-NINE PLAYERS
I'VE JUST COME UP FOR THE THIRD TIME - GIVE ME A Player's Please
WE ARE NOW PASSING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE
WHAT ABOUT PASSING THE Player's Please

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K. 18

Faith! they shall think it. But they'll not do it. Nell, there will be a coach come for to take you to the theatre. Tell the driver to come first to the George, and I'll steal out and we'll go together."

"But, sir, you are ill," she protested. "Should you not keep your room?"

"Ill or well, Nell, there's nothing shall keep me there. I'll swathe myself like a mummy an you will, but at the theatre I will be."

She had to agree, and soon he had the smiles back on her face. When she left him Mr. Howard rang for Sam. He flung a couple of guineas on the table.

"Sam, there must be flowers in Mistress Vernon's box to-night. Go, beg, buy or steal them somewhere—the best the town can produce," he said.

TO Nell Vernon that night was like a dream. She sat in a box, a great bunch of hothouse flowers by her side, and gazed about in sheer delight.

The house was crammed, and was thick with the reek of oranges and oil and hot humanity, but Nell cared naught for that. From time to time she turned with some excited words to Mr. Howard, who lurked, muffled to the chin in a great grey cloak, at the back.

But Mr. Howard spoke little, though he was the first to his feet when, just before the curtain rose, there was a sudden hush and into the great box opposite a party was ushered. Cheers broke out and an amiable-looking, portly gentleman with a glittering star on his breast smiled in acknowledgment before he settled in his chair by the side of the handsome woman of whom Nell had so often heard, and she knew that the Duke and Mrs. Jordan had arrived.

The curtain rose.

Mr. Howard leaned forward a few moments later.

"Nell, he'll be coming now," he whispered. "Mark ye his opening words. Never did man speak truer."

And then there was her father on the stage, amid a crowd of torch bearers, although she hardly knew him until she heard him speak his opening line.

"'Tis better as it is," he said.

Mr. Howard, keeping in the background, chuckled, though Nell was unconscious of it; she was leaning forward enraptured.

It was as though she were in some sweet trance where nothing was real save the play. Even when the act finished and thunderous applause greeted the falling curtain, the spell was hard to break.

Mr. Howard seemed to understand. Indeed, he too appeared to have withdrawn into himself and he did not seek conversation. Nell was very grateful.

As the play drew to its end, an intense stillness fell upon the house.

There was an untellable sadness in Mr. Vernon's voice.

The strain snapped in an agonised gasp as he stabbed himself. Yet the silence fell again for his last lines, that carried in eerie whisper to the very roof.

"I kiss'd thee ere I killed thee: no
    way but this,
"Killing myself, to die upon a kiss."

The tragic Moor fell dead.

Tears were streaming from Nell's eyes. Behind her Mr. Clarence Howard was sobbing. The curtain fell in silence. And then the house went mad.

Never had such a reception been known in Portsmouth Theatre. Never such a clamour of applause. The very walls seemed to tremble. The lamps flickered and swayed as Mr. Vernon came forward to take the first of many calls.

Mr. Howard's hand falling lightly on her shoulder wakened Nell from her trance.

"Come, lass, let's go and see him," he said softly.

He led her through narrow, draughty passages and up a dingy, ill-lighted stair to his dressing-room. And there he knocked. Sam opened the door.

Beyond there was a glimpse of Mr. Vernon relaxed in weary fashion in a chair.

"Go in to him, Nell," Mr. Howard whispered, and beckoned to his man. "Relieve me of my cloak, Sam," he added huskily, plucking at its fastenings.

Sam's hands went out and Mr. Howard drew himself free.

Beneath the long grey cloak he was carefully attired in dark blue coat and satin breeches. Mr. Howard shook his ruffled cuffs and hunched his shoulders to set his coat at ease. He adjusted his wig with care and glanced down at the silk stockings that enveloped his plump calves.

"Am I all right, Sam?" he asked.

Sam regarded him critically.

"Aye, you're all right—as ever you were, and you know it," he said deliberately.

"Eh, Sam? Eh? What's that?" Mr. Howard retorted sharply.

"You ought to know your own business," he said.

Mr. Howard's face softened.

"I know it; well I know it, Sam. Announce me," he ordered.

Sam flung open the door.

"Mr. Clarence Howard," he announced.

Mr. Howard braced himself, then stepped forward. He carried his head high, there was a quizzical light in his puffy eyes. He entered his dressing-room as though he strode upon the stage.

Just across the threshold he stopped and with hand to heart bowed low.

"Sir," he said in ringing tones, "Clarence Howard would do himself the honour to pay his humble tribute to a great actor. Never has he been privileged to witness so magnificent an interpretation of the rôle." He bowed again, then: "Damme, Tom, 'twas perfect, superb. Eh, but I'm envious, man," he added.

Mr. Vernon rose to his feet staring in astonishment as Mr. Howard spoke, for there was no trace of huskiness in his voice. It sounded strong and clear.

"Clarry, ha' ye got your voice back?" he asked.

Mr. Howard smiled.

"Tom, ha' ye got your heart back?" he answered.

Mr. Vernon stood quite still, then a strange smile came to his face.

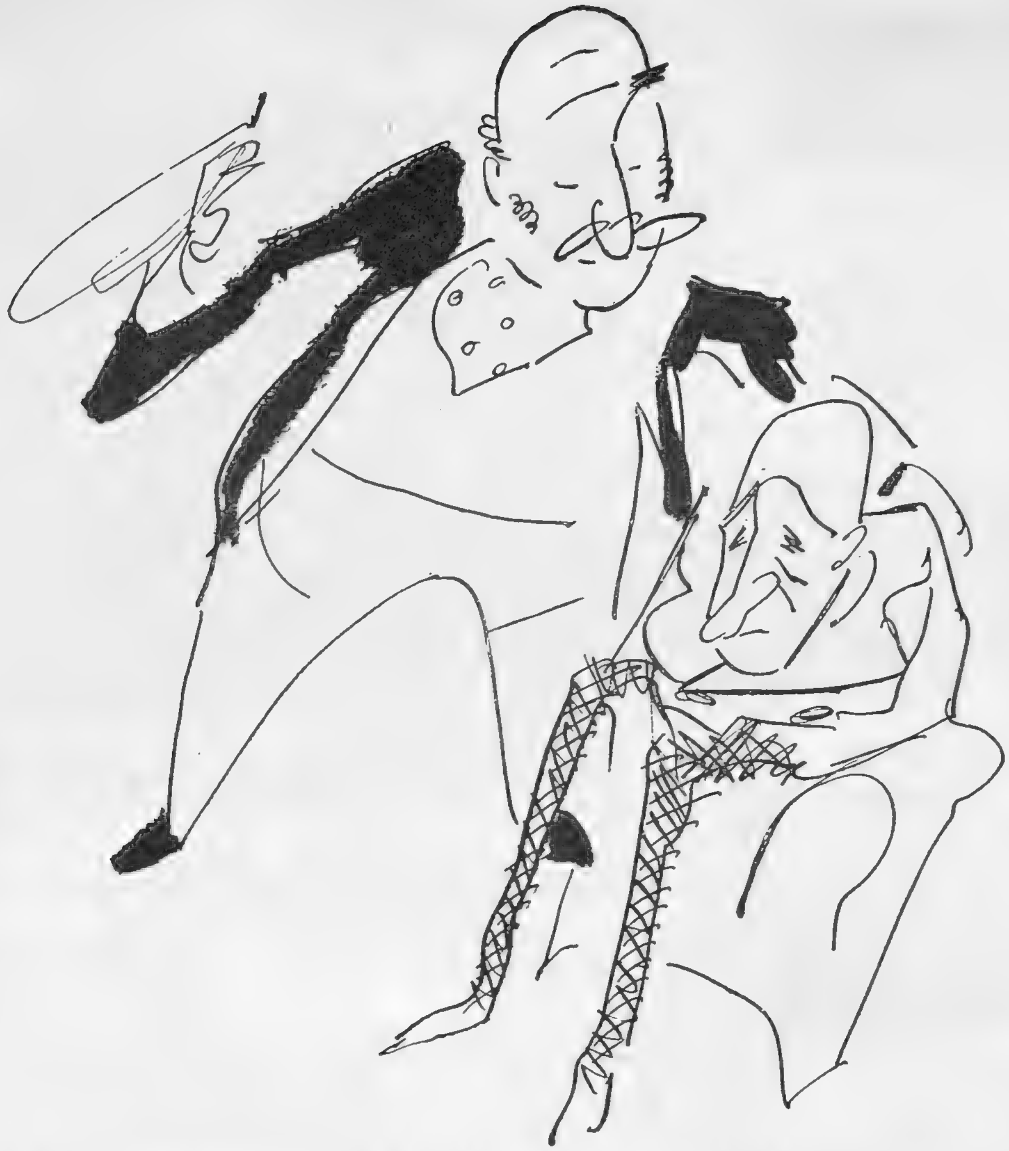
"'Twas all a hoax?" he queried.

Mr. Howard's great boisterous laugh filled the room.

"'Twas a neat bit of playacting, anyhow—you'll grant me that," he said, and turned to the door.

"Sam," he cried, "fetch wine, fetch wine, and of the best." His sonorous voice echoed along the dingy passages, bringing the players to their doors. "Aye, bring wine for the whole company, Sam, to drink to Mr. Vernon's health, for I'm rich, man. I'm rich. Have I not won a groat!"

END



There was an old fellow named Hughes
Who suffered each day with the blughes ;
Till his doctor laconic
Said "Daily—Schweppes Tonic"...
Now the roseate Hughes blughes eschughes.

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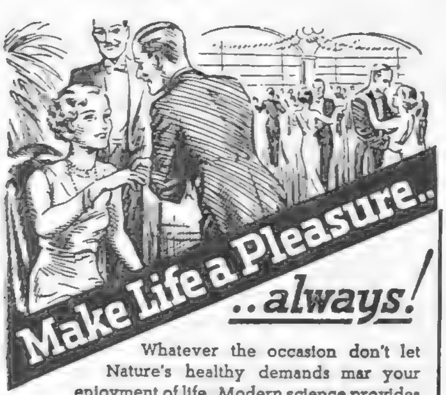
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TRADE **HOSEZENE** MARK
TOWELS
BRITISH MADE
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Left Overs into Triumphs

(*Continued from page* 68)

minutes. If the *pilaff* sticks or becomes too dry add more butter. You can also add a few pistachio nuts, having first heated them in the oven and removed the husks. Serve very hot with the following sauce handed separately.

Sauce à l'Indienne.

Melt in a small saucepan a piece of butter the size of a large walnut, add a pudding-spoonful of flour, and work together over the fire. Add a pudding-spoonful of curry powder (more or less, according to taste), salt, pepper, a pinch of mixed spice and a tiny pinch of powdered saffron.

Cook slowly for five minutes, then add, little by little and whipping all the time, enough warm milk to make a smooth, thick sauce. If by any chance the sauce is lumpy (which it need not be if you have whipped it well), pass it through a strainer into the sauceboat.

This sauce can be used with any *pilaff*, whether it is of fish, shell-fish, meat or chicken.

Crêpes à la Royale.

First make some very thin pancakes, using whatever batter you are most successful with, but omitting, of course, the sugar. Have two for each person and keep them hot.

Now prepare some Béchamel sauce, which is made of butter, flour, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and warm milk, in exactly the same way as the sauce à l'Indienne previously described, leaving out the curry, spices and saffron. Keep this warm.

Remove all the flesh from the carcase of the chicken, cut it into pieces, trim them and then chop the meat finely, but do not use the mincing machine.

Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, put in the chicken, salt and pepper, and enough of the sauce to bind the chicken well together. If you can spare it, a little cream as well is a great improvement.

When the mixture is hot, spread the pancakes flat on a board and put a little of the chicken on each, spread down the centre. Roll the pancakes and place them flat in a buttered fireproof dish—they must be side by side, not on top of each other—and cover with a layer of the sauce, to which you have added the yolk of an egg and grated cheese to taste (the sauce has then become a sauce Mornay). Add a few small pieces of butter and brown quickly under the grill. Serve at once in the same dish.

END

Plan for a Party

(*Continued from page* 69)

and then add grated cheese, about a pudding-spoonful for each person. Must be well seasoned with salt and pepper.

Moussaka.

A dish of minced mutton cooked with a tiny piece of chopped garlic and chopped tomatoes and plenty of pepper and salt. Fry first and then put in a buttered fireproof dish with slices of tomato all over the top. Should really be made with thin slices of egg plant when in season, but tomatoes do very well. Add a few tiny pieces of butter here and there on top and brown in the oven.

Cold Meats.

These can be bought at a delicatessen store. Have a mixture of, say, ham, pressed beef and one galantine, or other combination, being careful to choose nothing which requires a knife. Arrange on dishes and garnish with gherkins or slices of pickled walnuts.

Salad Malax.

Cucumber cut in slices and sprinkled with salt. Leave for one hour and squeeze in a cloth to extract moisture. Line the salad-bowl with lettuce leaves and fill with alternate layers of cucumber, white of hard-boiled eggs and beetroot. Pour over a dressing made of yolks of hard-boiled eggs mashed and mixed with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Fruit Salad.

Choose soft fruits. Pears and Colonial peaches with orange and grape fruit. If fruit is not plentiful or cheap at the time, have the ice, which is easily bought.

Rocquefort Cubes.

Soak the cheese in sherry for two or three hours, then mash it with butter and chopped parsley and shallots. Form into cubes and put these on ice or in the refrigerator to get quite cold.

A Day in the Life of a House-Proud Woman

(*Continued from page* 63)

with strange oblong-shaped plates and dishes. There are knives with squat, square china handles. There is a pretty glass set near by, with a frosted spot and stripe design in frosted glass. The decanter has a black glass stopper to match the stems and bases of the glasses.

She falls an easy victim to stair carpets and rugs which she thought at first were hand tufted. They are made by a new machine which exactly reproduces the work of the patient home rug-maker. They are said to be better wearing because they are closer cropped. "Marvellous, this prune-coloured one would look up my white and black staircase, with its rope balustrade," she thinks.

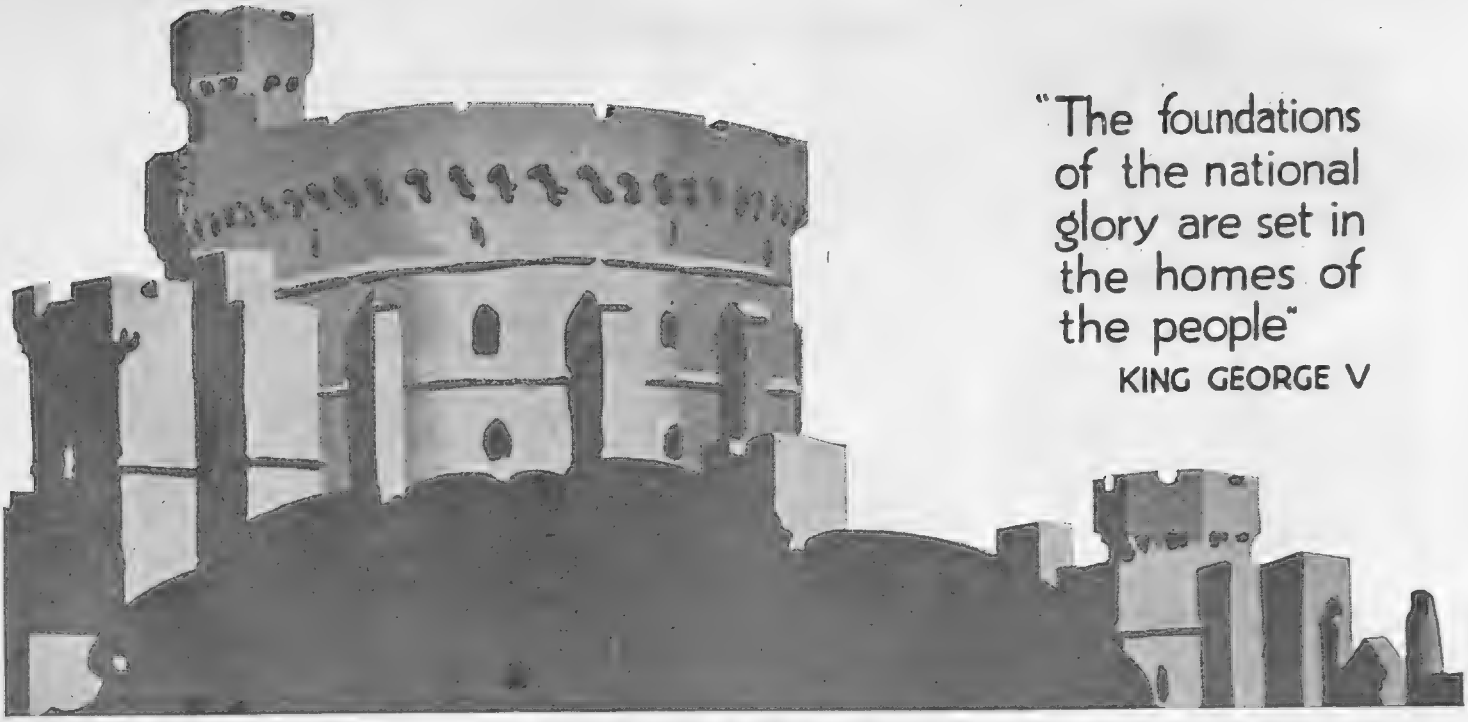
She is introduced to a novelty carpet which has taken two years to perfect. It is synthetic lamb's wool on crêpe rubber. It looks like the real thing, but is only a fraction of the price.

Anyone can fit a carpet of this, because you simply cut the unwanted pieces away with a penknife, the rubber back stripping off easily.

Goodness, look at the time. She has to dash off home, to rest a little, and then dress for a theatre party. . . .

Coming back from the theatre to linger over coffee and sandwiches in the useful little room that leads out of the sitting room, she shows John her new electric fire. It is portable and round-shaped, with copper shutters all the way round, like a Venetian blind. It looks like a giant hurricane lamp, and the top is a table which never gets hot. The couch, boldly covered with a new chintz, white on tomato, is very satisfactory in this quiet room.

"And if there's anything I've forgotten," thinks Mrs. B. drowsily, as she goes upstairs to bed, "to-morrow is another day."



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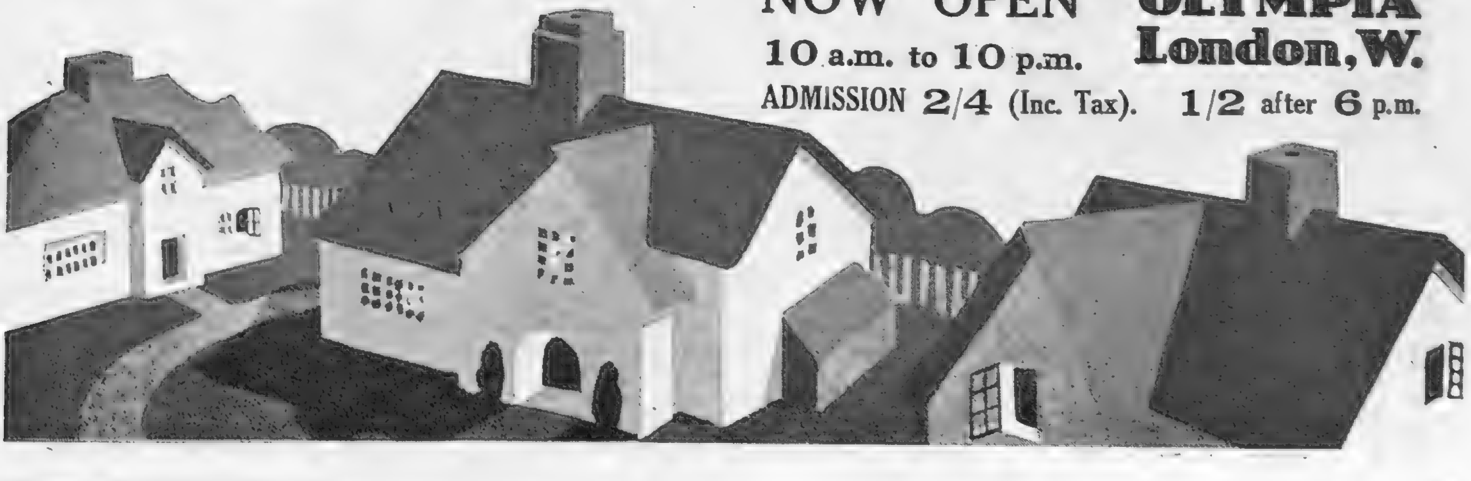

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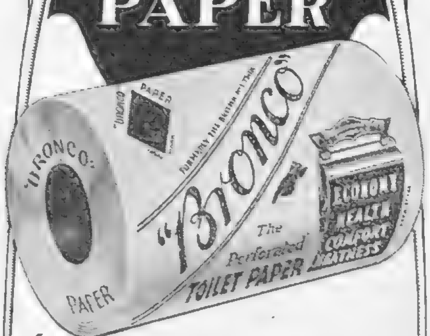
PAPER



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Wear this Smart Jumper in Washing Cotton

(*Continued from page 65*)

Belt.

Cast on 12 sts. (with No. 12 pins). Work in garter st. for 30 ins.

Point end, dec. one st. each end of every row, until 2 sts. left. Cast off.

Neck Band.

Cast on 12 sts. (with No. 12 pins), work in garter st. for 10 ins. Cast off.

Pockets (Two).

Cast on 24 sts. (with No. 12 pins), work in garter st. for 1½ ins. Make a buttonhole: K. 2, cast off 4. K. to end of row.

Next row: K. back, cast on 4 sts., K. 2. Work for 1½ ins. Cast off.

Sleeve Bands.

Cast on 12 sts. (with No. 12 pins), work in garter st. for 10 ins. Cast off.

To make up.

Sew up shoulder seams, sew up side seams. Sew up sleeve seams, sew in sleeves. Stitch belt band to lower edge of jumper. Then stitch basque to lower edge of belt. Sew on the sleeve bands and collar band. Stitch pockets down very neatly. Press on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew on buttons and work buttonholes.

You will require: 6 balls of Cotton.
1 pr. of Double Century Pins No. 11.
1 pr „ „ „ No. 12.
1 Buckle.
10 Buttons.

Measurements.

From top of shoulder to lower edge band, 15 ins.

Across back underarms, 15 ins.

Across half of front, 8 ins.

Underarm of sleeve, including band, 5 ins.

To fit a 32 to 34 inch bust measurement.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 49*)

eternal, amiable smile of protection and benevolence.

The greatest did homage to the great. . .

This was not the only honour bestowed upon him by the unrivalled genius. Later, Michelangelo Buonarroti consented to make a sketch in competition with Cellini, and the glory of both men reached its zenith when Michelangelo himself suggested that Cellini's sketch should be the one accepted.

AGAIN in Rome. Once more in close contact with Pope Clement. Now Benvenuto is Stamp Master to the Mint.

Also an order from the Pope to make the clasp for the Pontifical cope.

This was in competition. Cellini won with such ease that the Pope remarked that the other contestants had apparently tried to disgrace themselves.

Once Cellini watched a surgical operation performed on the hand of a girl. Outraged at the clumsiness of the instrument used by the surgeon, he bade him wait, rushed to his workshop, and in *eight minutes* constructed an instrument in steel so delicate and smooth that the girl underwent the remainder of the operation almost without pain.

FATE, it seemed, could not allow the life of Cellini to pass peacefully for very long spells.

His brother, Cecchino, then in Rome, was shot by a certain musketeer, called Maffio.

After several days of intense suffering he died, and Benvenuto, in spite of knowing that the man shot in self-defence, resolved to avenge his brother.

He describes his state of mind as a sort of disease that prevented him from working, from eating, from sleeping.

One day, he went to the tower of Mona, where the musketeer lived. He found his man just outside the door.

Although his enemy was fully armed, Benvenuto rushed at him, and plunged his dagger with a lightning thrust.

This was almost parried by a quick retreat, but Cellini was on him again. Maffio ducked. The second blow fell on his neck. The dagger was so firmly stuck that it could not be retrieved.

Four other soldiers came to the help of their captain, but after brilliant, fruitless sword play, Cellini made good his escape.

He would never have been discovered if, a minute later, one of the passers-by who approached the dying man had not been the very person to give the dagger—a Turkish weapon—to Cellini.

He recognised it, made known his recognition. . .

But Cellini had avenged his brother.

This time his influence in high places saved him all but a rebuke, but he had a quarrel with a certain Benedetto. He said that he "only threw a handful of mud in his face."

But in this mud there was a flint which had been heavy enough to shatter the skull of the unfortunate Benedetto.

The Pope, the clemency of Clement running dry, ordered Benvenuto to be hanged on the very spot where the deed had been committed.

Warned in time, Benvenuto sped from Rome. For a considerable period he wandered about—not as a fugitive, but as the great Cellini; received by nobles, presented to the Viceroy of Naples; protected by Potentates; and—of course—sought out by beautiful women.

IN 1534 Pope Clement VII fell dangerously ill.

Cellini took this opportunity of bringing the finished clasp to the dying man who was so ill he could not see it save as a blind man "sees" by touching it with super-sensitive fingers.

Three days later the Pope died. Benvenuto went to pay his homage to the holy remains. But there he met an old enemy of his, a certain Pompeo, a goldsmith of Milan, who also held an important position at the Vatican.

This man, strong in the protection of a dozen armed followers, assumed an attitude of intolerable arrogance. A steely glance—and then glancing steel was exchanged, . . . until Pompeo fell dead.

For the moment the attention of the world was all converged on the Conclave of Cardinals, and Benvenuto had ample time to decide what to do.

This was his third murder—besides his venial sins.

How would the new Pope take it?

The Pontifical chair was given to Cardinal Farnese under the name of Paul III.

Farnese had a (*Continued on page 110*)

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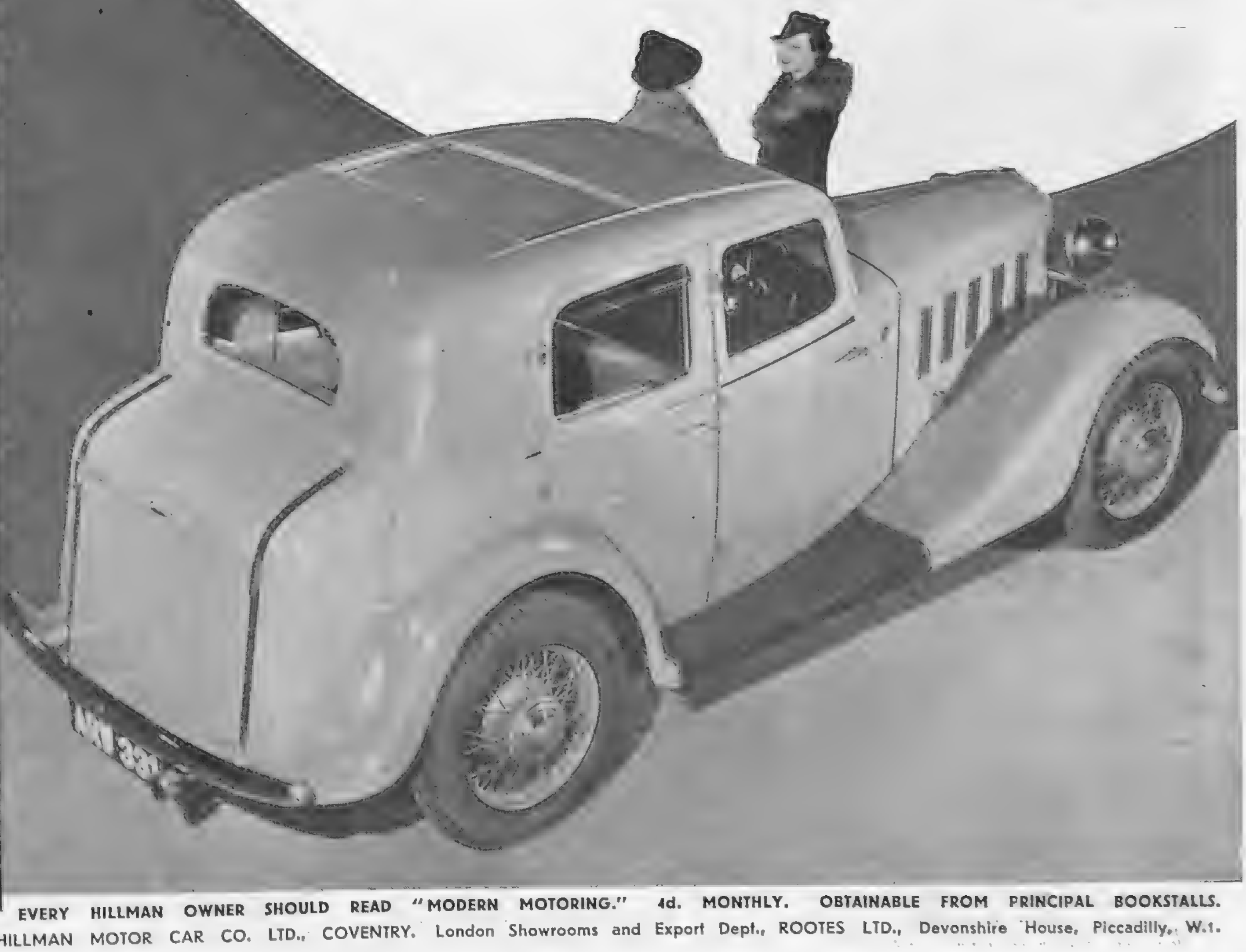

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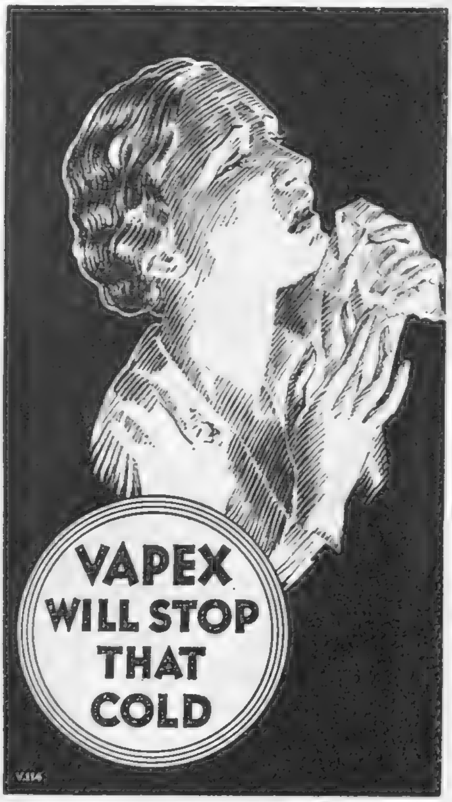

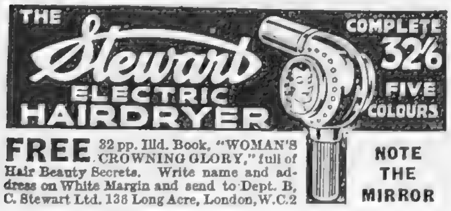
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NOTE THE MIRROR

son, Pier Luigi. Pier had a protégé, betrothed to Pompeo's daughter . . . Benvenuto left for Venice, where he met Sansovino.

At Chioggia an inn-keeper asked him for the reckoning in advance—a request unheard of with an honourable patron.

Cellini gave him what he asked and went to bed. But sleep gave way to plans for revenge. The insult must be wiped out in blood. . . . Set fire to the house? Kill the four superb horses in the stable? But he decided nothing. He left the next morning to put his luggage in the ferry.

He returned on a pretext to the inn, but he was told that the inn-keeper was "engaged"—he would not have left his room even for the Pope, he said, so the lady must have been attractive. . .

Cellini entered several rooms, destroyed four new beds—a vengeance suited rather to the stupid brutality of an early nineteenth-century schoolboy than a sixteenth-century artist. But men are not cut all from the same cloth. . . .

Cellini went to France, where the King held him in high esteem. But he fell ill, perhaps from nostalgia.

So he returned to Rome, and managed to put himself on good terms with the Pope. He opened a beautiful shop, but while Benvenuto peacefully attended to his work, a storm gathered in the Vatican.

An accusation not of murder but of theft was launched against him. He was accused of having stolen a considerable amount of jewels during the sack of Rome.

He was warned to get away, but he scorned to give even the illusion of guilt.

One day, a captain, followed by a prudently strong posse, arrested Cellini in his shop. He went obediently enough to the Castle of St. Angelo—his first taste of gaol.

He found kindness and friendly treatment, and was allowed, on parole, a considerable amount of freedom. He was also permitted to work.

When he was called on to speak for himself, he spoke with effect. His peroration rings even to-day: "From the sack of Rome, I got no gems, no gold, no wealth—save the scars of honour, the wounds of the enemy and the gratitude of Holy Mother Church."

No sentence was pronounced. He was taken back to the dungeon.

But a monk—a fellow prisoner—was caught with a duplicate key. It was discovered that he had used wax belonging to Cellini. . .

Then Cellini, though guiltless, was subject to more rigorous treatment. Outraged at the injustice—for he had not supplied the wax—he decided to break parole.

He succeeded in getting clean sheets for his bed without giving back the soiled ones. He managed to steal a pair of pincers from the prison carpenter.

The door of his cell was covered with a thick sheet of iron fixed with huge nails. These Benvenuto began to take away, substituting them with heads made in wax, until the iron plate was sustained by just two nails.

In the meantime he cut the sheets into long bands, and sewed them together.

One night he knelt down in the middle of the cell, and this glittering child of the Renaissance prayed with the singleness of purpose of a saint . . . . but for a purely personal end.

The door resisted, but the efforts of Cellini overcame the resistance.

Cautiously he crept towards some private rooms of the tower. Under his arm was coiled his rope of sheets. In his boot, reaching to his calf, stuck his favourite weapon—a dagger.

He removed two tiles from the ceiling and sprang lightly upward to the roof.

He bound his rope firmly to a projection, and lowered himself to the ground, unseen.

Exaltation took possession of him as he looked at the sheer face of the wall down which he had slid.

He turned and the flower of his exhilaration withered at a touch.

The way to freedom was still barred.

END

Frightened Lady

(*Continued from page 29*)

They chatted for a few minutes, and then Max said, "Time to go bye-byes. Come along! We're now going to escort this not-quite-so-frightened lady to her berth, and, Miss Turner—all right, Mary!" he twinkled—"we shall breakfast together to-morrow. Agreed?"

"Splendid!" said Peter. "And, please, may I say good-night to the 'nasty piece of work' as we go by? I'd like to plug him one."

"No!" said Max, the older and wiser one. "Leave it. We mustn't make a fuss. It isn't done. She'll be all right—bolt her door, and there's always the conductor on call."

"Very well!"

They swayed along to Voiture 3. The two men whispered "Late night final" instructions and comfort to their charge, squeezed her hand, and left her.

While they prepared for bed, Peter talked through the open door between 14 and 16.

"How much do you know of Miss Turner?"

"Not half enough," replied Max, brushing his hair. "You know—oh, you don't yet, but you will—that an Atlantic crossing is like a ferry. You're there almost before you realise you've started. And our ship was full."

"Her aunt was—is—a dragon. She never left her. We could only look and look and look at each other, but, oh, boy! it was worth it. I'll say it was. We got a dance or two—or three—and once—only—the night before we landed, the Dragon was missing on one cylinder—that is, she took her eye off Mary, and we managed a squeeze. And then, in all the bustle of landing, we missed each other, and I went back to Philadelphia with my bundle of memories on my shoulder. Oh!" Max sighed. He was very sentimental.

"I say!" said Peter. "Will he?"

"Will who—what?"

"The big bad wolf! Will he try anything on? Ooh! I wish he would." He clenched his middle-weight boxer fist.

"Don't be silly," said Max. "He won't dare—after seeing her with us. Shut that darned door and go to sleep."

"What's that?"

There was

(*Continued on page* 112)

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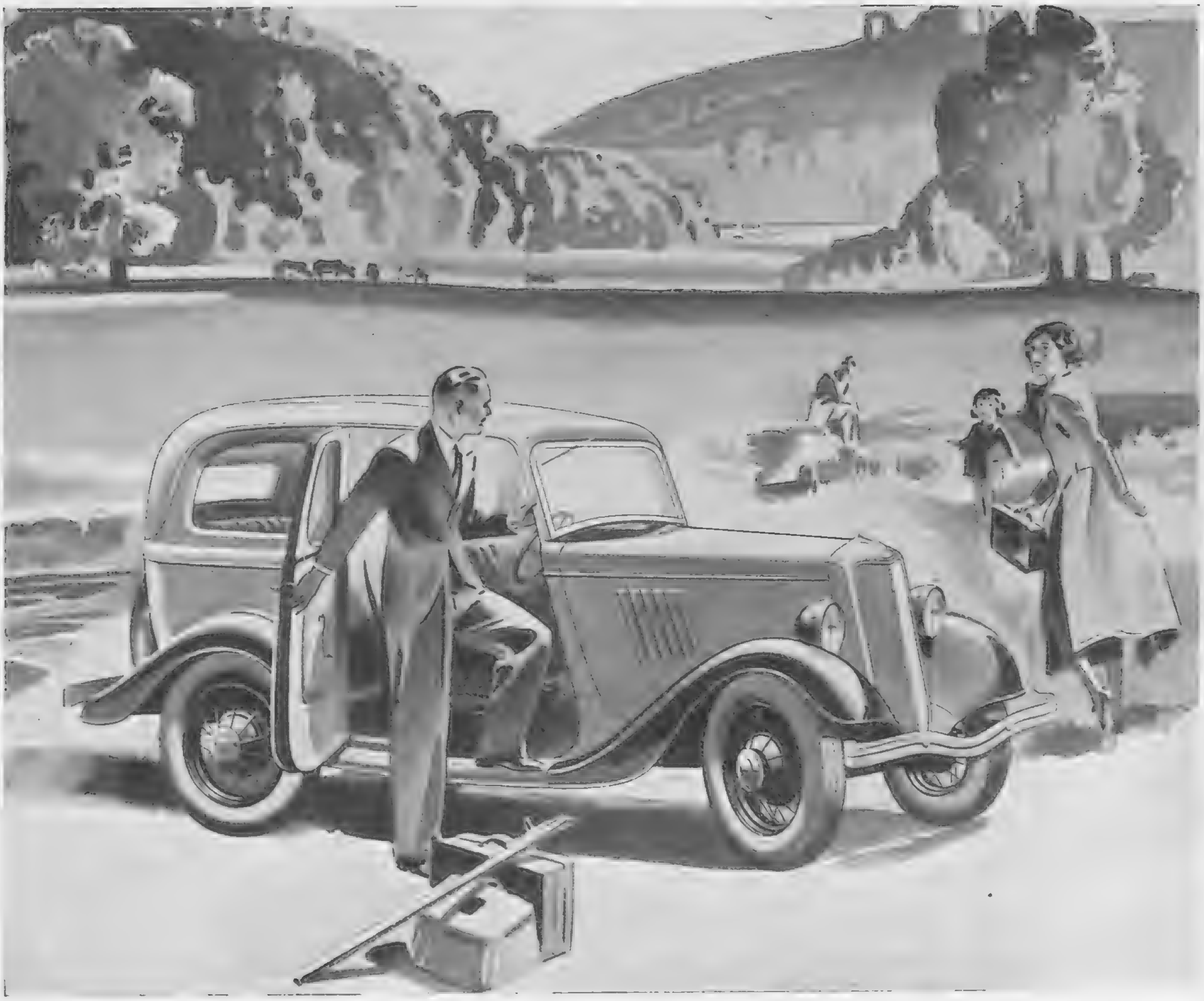

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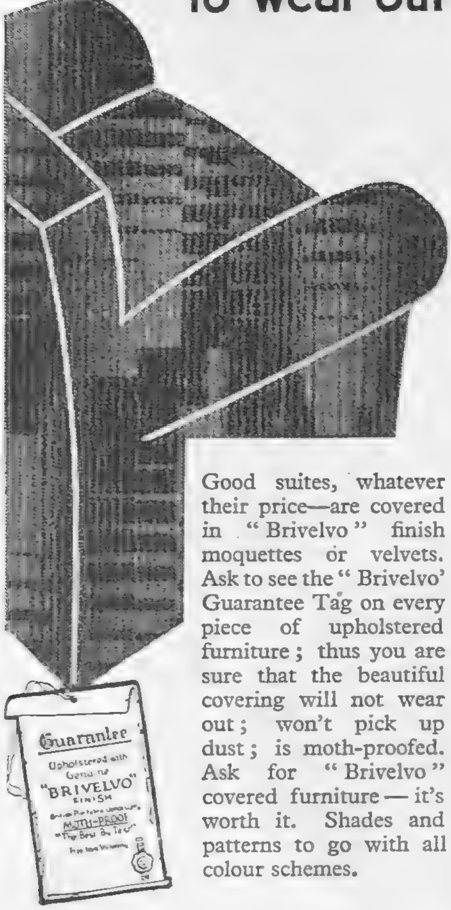

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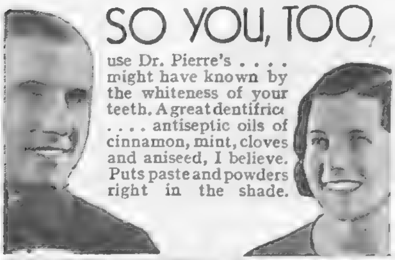

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knocking, impatient, insistent, on the door of 14, Peter's berth. He hurried into his dressing-gown and opened, to admit—her.

She was in négligé, and carried a large, sensible, zipp bag.

She collapsed on Peter's bed, trembling. "That beast!" she gasped. "He must have heard us say good-night. He waited until I was—well, ready for bed, and then he tried my door. You know, this one, between you, and he said. 'Open just a minute, only a minute. I want to speak to you—only a minute.' I could almost feel his beastly breath through the door. I pressed the bell for the conductor, but nothing happened. I think it must have failed to ring. It would—just when I needed it." She drooped.

"Easy now, honey!" said Max. "You're safe here, you know," and put his arm around her.

"Yes," added Peter. "Move up a bit. I'm on this committee, too!"

"Oh, that's nice." She nestled between them, and continued.

"All the time he was trying the door and muttering, 'Let me in—let me in.' The beast! I couldn't stand it—I lost my nerve. I slipped out in the corridor to look for the conductor. He wasn't in his place, so I came—to you."

"To hell with that conductor," growled Max.

"No! Bless him," said Peter, who had ideas of his own.

"This is just too soothing and sweet," she said. "My nerve is coming back. You must get some sleep; so must I. I'll go to my berth. Good-night, and bless you, you two dears."

Peter kept opening and shutting his right hand.

"Oh, no!" he said. "You're not going back till the morning."

"Not going? Why?"

"I'm quite serious. Look here, Max. She shall have my bed, and I'm going to sleep in hers. And if the big, bad wolf tries out any more of his rough stuff, I shall unbolt the door, and he'll get the shock of his life."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Max, lapsing into English. "But how about the morning—and shouldn't we toss for beds? That's your English way, ain't it?"

"Easy!" said Peter. "She's got all she needs with her—haven't you?"

"Yes," she replied, "here in my zipp."

"Very well, then. Here we go. Heads Max, tails me. It's tails. O.K. Now, frightened one, sleep in peace as long as you like, and then, come along to number 6 and knock me up. Then we'll change berths, and you can dress in peace.

"But, just a 'minutt'—I got that from Max," chuckled Peter—"I'm running this show. Back to your berth, Max, and no funny business. Oh, yes, you may shake her hand and say good-night—only that. O.K. Now, I bolt her door. Good-night, Mary—you may kiss me. No? Oh, very well. I deserve it, but let it wait."

Peter walked quietly to number 6, with the light of battle in his grey eyes. He purposely made a noise when going in, and switched off the lights with clicks intended to be heard.

He left only the blue night light, and waited—opening and closing his big right hand.

Then, what he waited for happened. The lock of the door between 8 and 6 was tried—and tried—and tried again.

"Madame! Open—open—I love you," muttered a guttural voice.

"Go on," thought Peter.

"Madame—you must open—you want me. I want you—open. I shall not stop until you open."

"All right, if you insist!" whispered Peter. Then he imitated a woman saying "Shshsh," slid back the bolt on his side with a click that the man could hear, and stood—ready. The door opened very slowly—and in the blue light there appeared the face of a leering, triumphant satyr.

"Beautiful one," he said. "I knew you would give in. Come!"

But instead of the frightened lady he saw—Peter!

He turned livid, backed, and tried to shut the door, but wasn't quick enough.

"No, you don't, you swine!" hissed the boy. "Thought you'd get her, did you? Hunt our women, will you? Put up your hands, you dirty stoat. Put 'em up and fight. You won't? Eh? Very well!" Woof! He crashed his fist into the satyr's face and laid him out, bruised and bleeding.

"And that's that!" said Peter to himself. "I'll bet ten bob he won't appear at breakfast."

Being efficient, he made certain that the man was not seriously injured—asked if he wanted any more—got only a moan for an answer, looked at his fist—also bruised and slightly bleeding—closed and bolted the door, turned in, switched off—and went peacefully to sleep.

MEANWHILE another door opened. A face, not that of a satyr—oh, no!—looked lovingly on the occupant of number 16.

"Oh! my dear! Isn't this marvellous?" She ran into his arms and kissed him.

"I'll say it is," said a bewildered but delighted Max, and hugged her tight, returning good for good, and then some.

"After all auntie did to keep us apart. We're here, and she's away back there. Oh! Max, together at last. We needn't go to sleep yet—just talk and talk." She smiled naughtily. "Only just think—if I hadn't caught this train—if that beast hadn't frightened me, we might have missed each other again, as we did when the *Tania* docked at Liverpool. It was to be. Oh! My dear. Bless your splendid boy friend, Peter, for all these mercies—and kiss me!"

At the sound of the boy's name, Max went rigid. "Peter!" he said. "Peter! Just a minutt." He disengaged himself gently but firmly from her arms and half-led, half-pushed her back into berth 14.

"Honey!" he said. "Now get this. Your mention of Peter has saved us both from a—a—what he would call a nasty piece of work. Listen, dear, while I figure it out—and—for goodness' sake don't 'paw' me while I'm talking to you—I can't bear it.

"Peter is what the English prize as a gentleman, who never does the things which are not done. Peter—my dear! please don't misunderstand me—looks up to me. His mother trusts me. Next to you, she's the sweetest thing that ever happened. She's tall, and dark, and handsome, (*Continued on page 114*)

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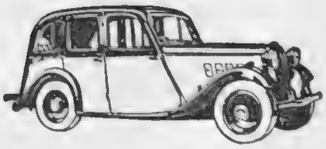

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Frightened Lady

and—oh! I don't know how or why these English can get away with it—but when this trip was planned, and I met her, I felt that I was being presented to a queen, in her drawing-room. And she said, 'I'm perfectly certain, Max, that our boy will be safe with you—he has never been so far from home before. He's impulsive and headstrong, but I trust you. You won't fail us.'

"There we are. I promised to look after the boy, and here he is looking after me. You remember what the boy said—'No funny business!' How would we feel if he were to come back and find us like this? I'd be ashamed to look him in the face. It would be like treading on a bare foot."

Her blonde head sank on Max's shoulder, but he went on bravely.

"Now, fellow countrywoman," he said, "let's pull ourselves together. Are we, the salt of the New World, going to take second place to these English in playing what they call 'the game'? No!

"Shall we?—can we?—allow it to be said that we do the things which are not done? No!

"I love you, Mary, and because I do, you are going to bolt your door right now, and I shall bolt mine. And in the morning at breakfast, we will meet Peter, who trusts us both, without a regret or a blush."

She drew herself up with charming dignity, held out her hand, and said:

"Max, the English haven't a 'corner' in gentlemen. I don't wish to meet a finer one than you. What you say goes. Good-night, my dear!"

"Good-night, my dear!" said Max, with his heart in his eyes.

Then the door between berths 14 and 16 was well and truly bolted, and while the Orient Express thundered along through the night to her next stop, Stuttgart, three clean, lovable young people slept the sleep of the just.

END

Landmarks

(*Continued from page* 37)

gentleman—you deal in manners and rules; you couldn't rise to Nature. I wish you'd kept your father's house and I'd kept my daughter."

For the first time Fentriss looked at him fully and honestly; for the first time Fentriss thought that perhaps there was some finer manhood deep hidden behind conventions, as yet untouched by him.

"I'll come," he said.

"It binds you to nothing," said Mr. Maule quickly. "You needn't stay long," he added. "Just a call now and then—"

Fentriss winced.

"You mistake the value I put upon myself," he answered.

"I don't believe I do, Mr. Fentriss. You put yourself above money, and a man can't show more pride than that."

"I shall be glad to come," amended Fentriss.

"Ah! I'm very much obliged to you. Any afternoon—make it soon—I'll tell her I've met you and asked you up."

TWO days later Fentriss walked up to his old home.

Curious to see the old place again; curious to be walking along the flat terrace, with the vases of dahlias and geraniums, and the views of the Weald, and to know that Kitty Maule was mistress there now, and he was going to visit her—why?

Out of pity, charity—or to satisfy some queer standard in himself?

She received him in the long room overlooking the garden that had once been a favourite of his; he noticed at once that it was untouched; every picture, every piece of furniture was scrupulously in the original place and position.

She wore black, and her face had lost the brightness, the robust look of composure he recalled so well.

She greeted him so indifferently that the two interviews with her father appeared to Fentriss like the fragments of some fantastic myth. She gossiped casually; her father joined them over the tea-table; they talked of the new golf course, of the agricultural wage, and a play none of them had seen.

And all the time Fentriss was thinking of half-seen things quickly forgotten and suddenly remembered, recalled to him, curiously, by Kitty Maule.

Something in her broad brow and shoulders reminded him of some hastily glimpsed picture of an Italian Madonna, something in her slow speech was like his mother's voice telling fairy tales. He remembered what her father had said of her; she was not elegant or even graceful, but she had the strong, fine lines of a healthy womanhood. Was he justified in disliking her aspect?

Fentriss was conscious of being stiff and awkward, of not saying or conveying what he wished to say or convey.

And when the girl's brown eyes that were tired and shadowed glanced at him, he felt foolish and treacherous.

When he took his leave she went with her father on to the terrace with him.

"I don't ask you to come again," she said; "you must dislike it so—it is so much your place——"

"No," said Fentriss, with sudden energy. "No—it doesn't affect me like that—"

Indeed, the house had come to mean less to him than he had ever thought it could.

"You find we have spoilt it for you?" asked the girl quickly.

That thought had not been in his mind; he meant rather that he had outgrown it, perhaps; anyhow, that it had no more power over him. He had been astonished himself to find that during his visit to his old home he had been thinking a great deal more of the Maules than of Fentriss Manor.

Below the gardens the rolling landscape faded into purple mists; the newly ploughed fields, the clustering farms, the tinted woods showed through a faint wash of pale sunlight.

The sweet impression of the scene on Fentriss was one of peace and beauty ineffable—and a great simplicity—compared to this Fentriss Manor was paltry—and his bitterness.

"How we complicate things!" he smiled. "Don't you think so, Miss Maule? We are all so chained."

"I should have thought you were free enough," she answered wistfully. "The world before you, isn't there?"

"But where is the providence to be my guide?" he asked. She obviously did not know the quotation, and he went on. "We are all so chained—by what we want to be

(*Continued on page* 116)

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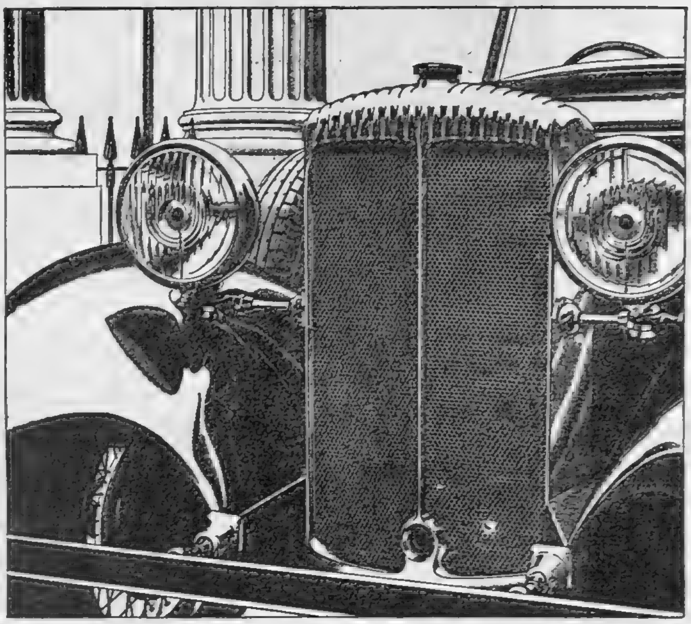

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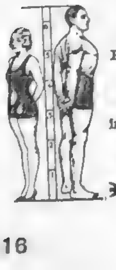

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—our ambitions clog, our hopes elude—our desires trip us up—look across that scene now—what does seem to matter ? "

She looked at him bravely.

" Nothing but loneliness."

" Ah, loneliness ! " smiled Fentriss ; that was an old disease with him.

" No one ought to be lonely," said John Maule, stoutly. " It's wrong—it's morbid, with all the decent human beings there are in the world."

Fentriss took his leave.

He looked back more than once at the tall figure of the girl in her mourning dress, standing on the terrace, looking over the serene and fruitful landscape.

He went again to the Manor House ; he met Kitty Maule in the woods and on the roads once or twice ; there was no advance in intimacy.

The girl made no attempt to enslave him ; no woman could have been further from the arts and the nature of a siren. Fentriss even thought she avoided him.

John Maule said nothing.

" I'm marking time, I'm slacking," thought Fentriss ; but still he could not find his incentive for action.

He went to Scotland for Christmas ; one of the sensations of the New Year was the failure of the concern in which John Maule had put his money ; one director was arrested, another fled.

John Maule's honesty was not impugned, but he was nearly ruined.

Fentriss lingered in Scotland ; he thought a great deal of the Maules ; he viewed their misfortunes in a detached way ; it was as if his mind swung in a void.

When he did return to Thorpe Fentriss the Manor House was closed.

But the place was not in the market ; John Maule had other valuable assets. Fentriss wondered if he would be able to keep the Manor after all.

One chilly, wildly blowing day of spring there came a letter from John Maule.

The address was that of a small hotel in London, and the contents were brief :

Dear Mr. Fentriss,—

You'll have heard how things went with me. I've settled all up now, but I'm through with money-making, and my girl wants a change.

We're sailing for South Africa on Thursday—I've got a fruit farm there. We feel we'd like, my girl and I, something new. You'll hear from my solicitors about Fentriss Manor.

We, my girl and I, want you to have it. It belongs to you, and we always felt out of place there. I've had to sell most of the land, but the house and a good bit of the ground is our free gift to you.

With kind regards from my daughter and myself.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN MAULE.

Fentriss laid down this letter with a sense of hatred towards Fentriss Manor ; it was an incubus, a monster; it was to chain him, hold him here in idleness, while others went forth and did things. John Maule, the vulgar little plebeian, was the better man.

And she—the woman ?

Going away, was she, without a word ? . . . Fentriss went up to London.

He found the quiet little hotel; he found Miss Maule in, packing her sketches in the ugly little sitting-room.

She had lost her poise, her air of efficiency ; she greeted him awkwardly.

" You've come to say good-bye ? That is kind of you, Mr. Fentriss. Father will be in soon."

" I can't take the Manor," he said, bluntly.

Kitty Maule flushed, showing her white neck—as he had seen her flush before.

" We've spoilt it for you ? " she asked, nervously. " But I was so careful not to alter anything——"

" That's just it—they want altering—it's unbearable they should remain the same."

" Do you feel like that ? " she asked in a low voice. " How funny. I thought you wanted the place so. It's no use to us," she added simply. " Father and I have got to make things, not inherit or buy them."

She was wearing a long grey gown, and Fentriss noticed how soft and noble and womanly were the lines of her figure.

" I, too, want to make things," he said.

The girl looked up at him ; she stood by the window, a dark and heavy figure against the stiff machine lace of the precise hotel curtains. By turning his head he could see, even here, in the heart of the town, flecks and flakes of gold from the fading crystal sky, and she, by looking beyond him, could see them, too.

" Do you ? " she asked simply, and he saw that the honest eyes that looked straightly at him were blurred as by many secret tears.

The mind and spirit of Fentriss swung from the void where they had hovered since he heard of the ruin of John Maule.

Everything became clear to him, clear and simple.

" I do," he said. " I want to get away. I ought to have gone away long ago—but I had no heart for anything."

" You don't want Fentriss Manor ? " she asked.

" No—it's old and dead—as your father said. It isn't any use to me—ancient landmarks, he said, are now being swept away——"

He faltered, looking beyond the cheap curtains to those patches of sunlight in the street.

" I must have always loved you," he added, " but I didn't know. I've thought of nothing else for so long now——"

She bowed her face in her hands and sat silent ; but the sense of her emotion was conveyed to Fentriss like a passionate embrace.

The whole world was beautiful to Fentriss and seemed as if it was as it was meant to be ; everything divinely right.

He went over to her and touched her fallen hair. She looked up ; her face was lovely as a rose kissed open by the sun.

" You don't want the Manor ? " she whispered.

" No—not now—come away with me—to start fresh——"

His hands closed on hers ; her touch was the magic culmination of his happiness ; they trembled with awe on the threshold of their kingdom.

In the doorway paused the stout figure of John Maule, vital, cheerful, fearless. As he saw his daughter and her lover a beautiful triumph flashed in his worn eyes ; he seemed to radiate splendour.

" Glad you've come, Mr. Fentriss," he said, softly.

END

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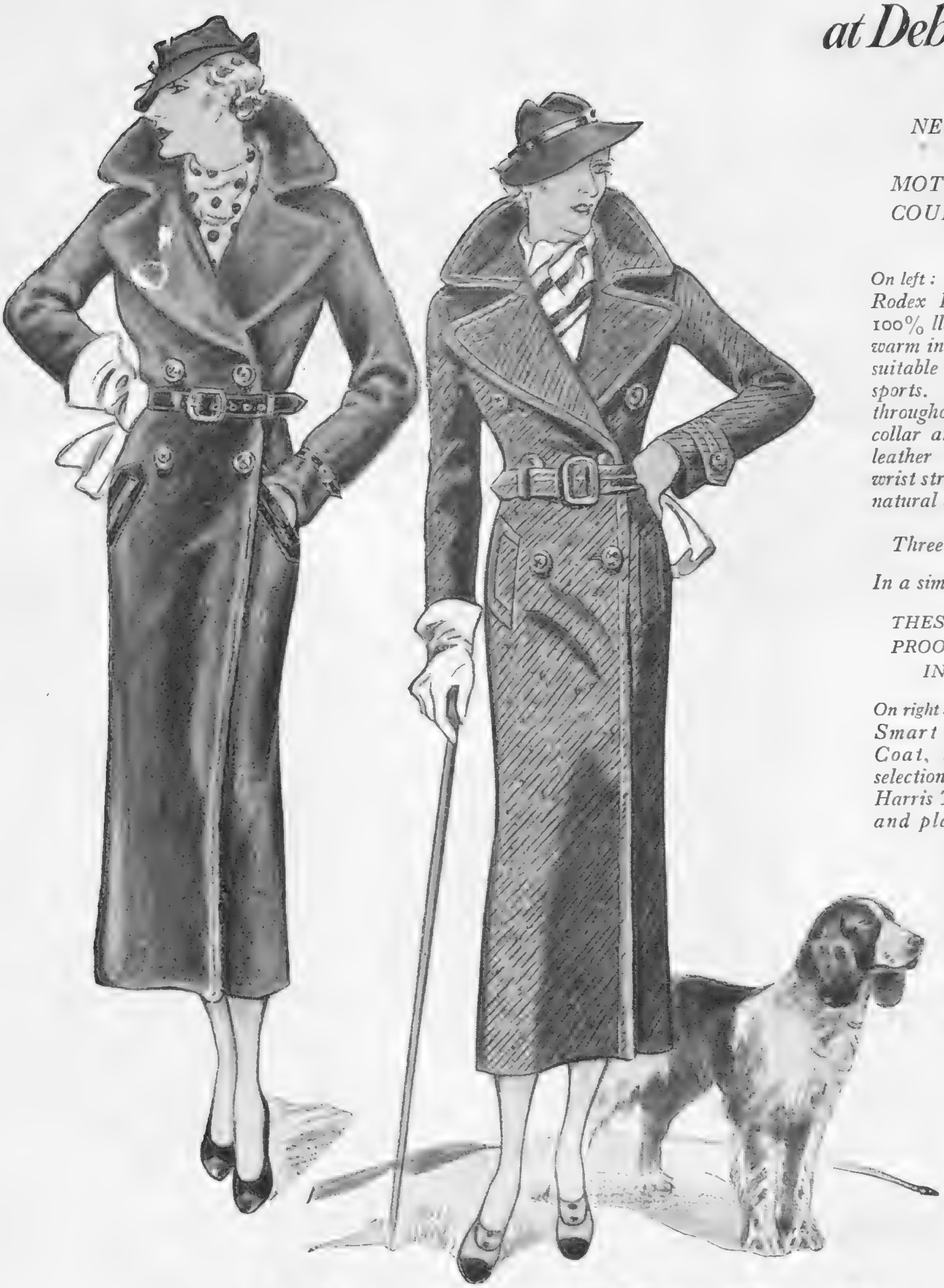
at Debenhams

. . .

NEW STYLES
for
MOTORING AND
COUNTRY WEAR

. . .



On left:
Rodex Llamavel Coat of 100% llama hair pile, very warm in wear and specially suitable for motoring and sports. This coat is lined throughout, has a high collar and is finished with leather pockets, belt and wrist straps. In shades of natural and brown.

Three sizes **8½ Gns.**

In a similar style 6½ Gns.

THESE COATS ARE
PROOFED FOR WEAR
IN THE RAIN

On right:
Smart Dexter country Coat, made in a good selection of wool Scotch and Harris Tweeds in oatmeal and plain mixtures and various new shades. The large storm collar fastens at the neck, and the style illustrated has inset sleeves; also stocked with raglan sleeves

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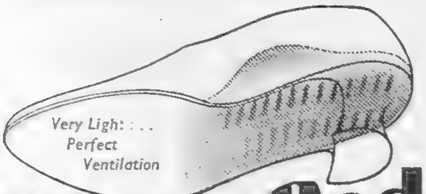

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
"Goddard's" Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 3/6

Books

(Continued from page 51)

writes in very short, almost breathless sentences; he keeps the tenseness but avoids the fatigue usually incidental to this method. With these jabbing sentences he punches each episode. There seems no more juice left; but later he will return again, and sometimes yet again, to give it one more thump, force one last drop from it, the drop he wanted most of all.

There can surely never have been a novelist who surpassed Mr. Hanley in power of immersion in his subject. Nothing, one feels, absolutely nothing but his book existed for him whilst he was working on it; and presently nothing exists for us either. As we read, the rest of the world drops away, leaving only a few households and a few streets in a seaport. Another volume by the same author, *Quartermaster Clausen* (Arlan, 3s. 6d.), shows that he is as effective in a short story as in a novel, and this is not surprising, for in his long book are observable several virtues peculiar to the technique of the short story—ability to make a quick, unhesitating start, to hold attention from the first word: agility: an eye for physical details. One of his short stories is a sketch or study for a chapter in *The Furys*. Second-rate artists are often more successful with their preliminary sketches than in their final versions. Mr. Hanley is not second-rate, and wherever the chapter in the novel differs from the short story the variation is an improvement.

Another eminent writer of short stories, Herr Leonhard Frank, author of *Carl and Anna*, makes a welcome reappearance with *In the Last Coach* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). There are eight stories in this volume, and two of them are gems—"Breath" and "The Bridge of Fate." The remaining six are good, but fall short of complete success. It is noteworthy that Herr Frank is one of those male authors who are happier writing about women than about men.

Mary Peters (Collins, 7s. 6d.) comes to England with a great reputation; that is to say, it is an American best seller which has won the praise of serious critics. It is a novel based on the family history of the author, Mary Ellen Chase, and she is a Professor of English Literature descended from sea captains. Her methods are very gentle—she is one of those writers who woo the reader with quiet charm—and if, at times, one feels almost too hushed and gentlemanly, still it is all very pleasant and restful. But was it wise, one wonders, to tell us about Miss Chase being a Professor of English Literature? Her book would, in any case, have been rather short of surprises. When one knows about that Professorship, it retains none at all. There is a delightful dust-cover by Maitland de Gogorza.

To those people who know anything of Mr. H. W. Yoxall it will seem possible that his novel, *A Respectable Man* (Barker, 7s. 6d.), is also, to some extent, autobiographical. The hero is a young man with literary ambitions who is forced into commerce. Such young men are common enough in fiction, and they are always, in the end, reclaimed by Art. Mr. Yoxall's young man, on the contrary, is surprised to find himself interested in the development of the family business, and he grows into a man with one foot in each world. This bare outline of the plot should be sufficient to show that Mr. Yoxall has serious ambitions as a novelist, and his book, though not likely to become widely popular, is of genuine interest and well worth reading. By contrast, such a book as *I Sing of Honolulu* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), by Shirland Quin, reads like the libretto of a musical comedy. We are promised a serious novel of life in the Hawaiian Islands by Miss Quin. I hope it will tell us, when it comes, more about the islands and less about the holiday makers who carry their own atmosphere with them wherever they go.

FROM the great surge of crime, mystery and detection I have grabbed two volumes. They are the work of new writers, one of them as obscure (if she will allow me to say so) as the other is famous. *Crooks in Cabaret* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.) is by Spencer Simpson, and if you live in Tunbridge Wells you may have met and been served by this young lady, aged 19, in the juvenile department of your favourite draper. Like a certain Miss Brontë, Miss Simpson surprised her publisher, who expected a gentleman. Miss Simpson has not yet written a *Jane Eyre*, but she has plenty of time and plenty of imagination. The other book is *Twice Round the Clock*, by Billie Houston (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). Miss Houston (What? Yes, of course, the fair one!) has written a very good thriller. In her wish to isolate the scene of the crime, she has gone to perhaps unnecessary lengths. Few houses in England can be 12 miles from a village, and no thunderstorm in history can ever have raged with quite the ferocity and persistence of Miss Houston's. Nevertheless, she has invented and built up a good plot; and she sees her scenes clearly, as she often shows by allusion to some detail of furniture or lighting. Such excellent powers of visualisation are important to writers of detective stories, but they seldom possess them.

END

Paris Fashion News

(Continued from page 57)

If this fullness is not all the way round, there is no rule to keep. Have it in the front or back, both ways are good and smart.

Seat length swagger coats, worn loosely, and capes of all lengths are everywhere. Some capes have slits for the hands; some have vests underneath; some are very full and gathered at the back.

If you don't care for these, you will be all right with a short, tight-fitting jacket, a short box jacket, a short, loose, bolero type of jacket, or a jacket to the waist, gathered on to a belt.

Sleeves are getting temperamental. They are very full, bell, puffed, gathered, varying in length from just above the elbow to just above the wrist. This last is chic for the right wrist, cruel for the wrong wrist.

While many arms can stand complete exposure, the wrists, on their own, looking stark and cold and shapeless, cannot.

A wise choice for such wrists is bishop's sleeves, always becoming and now especially good with the bloused tendency.

BLACK-AND-WHITE and navy-and-white are good for day. Very little brown is seen, except in accessories. All yellows, blues, from pastel down to something nearly black called "crow." Soft greens, from pale grass to deep moss. Vermilion.

Prints are all over the place, lovelier than ever, making dresses, jumpers and blouses under plain suits. Designs are either neat and geometrical or very flowery. Mainbocher has some very full seat length coats and dresses in heavenly prints, flower gardens on black grounds. He lines the coat with black taffeta, and they swish out so bell-like they almost ring.

Favoured fabrics are thinly woven woollens and flat woollens like serge and facecloth. Organdie and piqué for trimmings—piqué is back with a bang. Real stiff silks win above all other fabrics for afternoon wear. Silk and wool jerseys, in all kinds of weaves, are worn for day and evening. You see a few pebbly and blistered silks and crêpes and taffeta everywhere for mornings, noons and nights.

Linen wins, hands down, for sports.

BUTTONS, clips and ornaments have gone quite mad. Marcel Rochas puts paper under mica, in all kinds of designs from paper dolls to valentines.

There are crystal, glass, gold and silver metal ornaments, buttons and chains. Patent leather buttons of different colours on the same dress. Daisy buttons. Cameos. Patent leather musical notes, treble clefs and armorial devices for decorations and fastenings.

Gloves are made of every conceivable fabric, either matching your dress or harmonising with its trimming. Many have lastex palms. They are mostly long, because of short sleeves, but not gauntleted.

They are elbow length, but roll only half way up the arm. There are no fancy stitches or shapes, since the fabrics of which they are made are too important to add any fussy details.

Bags are larger, square or oblong in shape. They are outfitted like travelling cases.

Hats are of every possible type. Off-the-face the most general. Some of these are turned-up sailors, others look like grandma's bonnets. Some have rolled brims, some no brims.

Brimmed hats are fairly large, some of them enormous and in all sorts of curious shapes—oval, heart-shaped, oblong. They tilt over the right eye, sometimes with definite godets to form the tilt.

THERE are three lines for evening. *One.* The tailored silhouette I have referred to, which is accompanied by a neat little 1900 jacket with puffed sleeves gathered into a cuff above the elbow, and a demure round collar.

The skirts of these dresses are nearly always full and of stiff silk.

Two. The robe de style version with a tight bodice and very full skirt which often pulls up in front to show feet and ankles. Many of these have off-shoulder necklines. In others, the fullness is focused at the back and spreads like a peacock's tail.

(*Continued on page* 120)

LOVELINESS IN SPRING

Easter . . . . sunshine . . . . flowers . . . . you *must* be ready to greet the spring with youth in your eyes, and a skin as clear as an April sky after rain. Let Elizabeth Arden make you younger, more attractive than you've ever looked. You need just three things:

Ardena Cleansing Cream, light as dew, is liquefying and softening, so that it leaves your complexion lily-white and supple and puts blackheads and open pores to rout.

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Paris Fashion Notes

Three. The slim evening dress, very low at the back, and with the skirt either tremendously slit, or cut up in front to show ankles. In this category go Schiaparelli's Indian dresses, which have attached scarves that can be worn over the head—sari-like.

Lanvin went wild, and showed a lot of draped evening dresses after the Grecian manner, mostly in silver lamé. There is a lot of drapery for evening, especially in the third category.

As a rule, catalogues don't give us much of a kick. But when they are issued by Lillywhite we feel differently. Get hold of their Spring edition, and you'll know what I mean.

Spring and summer golf clothes, riding, country, tennis clothes—they are all in the pages, smart, tailored, active. The sort of clothes that will help your game, whatever game you are up to.

Highlight.—A tennis frock, Lillywhited (if I may coin a word), for fifteen shillings.

Whites, all mauves, baby blues and rose are predominating evening colours. And wildly flowered prints. Fabrics are luxurious striped silks, very stiff. Chiffons, mousseline and organzas are all very popular. Calais lace, which seems to be both heavy and spidery, cellophane, glass woven fabrics, sequins, dimities and tulles, nets, voiles.

Ostrich and coq feathers are used for trimming on evening capes. Molyneux lines coats with curly ostrich. Mainbocher shows coq feathers printed with the same design as their accompanying dress.

Molyneux uses inch wide kid belts on evening dresses. Other houses use sashes of stiff silk, moiré striped failles.

And now, I think, you know as much as I do about it all.

Yellow Streak

(*Continued from page 27*)

He smothered a shout at the sound of quick steps behind him. "Oh, Ronnie!" breathed a voice in the darkness. "Let's all stick together, and try ——"

A shadowy form was close beside him. Mixed into the dusty smell of the empty clubhouse was the fragrance of this girl's hair. He laid an arm round her shoulders, carefully turning the knife-point from her. It seemed so grotesque that he wanted to laugh.

"The Major's gone," he told her. "I've got to go, Sheila. Get back to the others. I'll be back in two jiffs—with a Chinaman's scalp."

In times of high emotional tension the tempo of life quickens. She was clinging to him, and as he felt that she was crying he knew that he wanted this girl more than anything he had wanted before. "My darling," he whispered, "don't cry. This sort of thing is an everyday business to fellows like the Major. . . . You'll be laughing about it next week."

"If you go," he heard her say, "I'm coming w—with you."

"You're going back to the others. D'you hear?"

"I'm scared."

"That's silly." In his mind he was picturing her eyes. Grey and heavily lashed, they had always looked to him distant and serene. . . . And her soft lips in that proud profile, with the high arch to her insteps, her slender feet and hands. Now she was clinging to him.

Fisting her chin up in the darkness with his water-pipe hand, he kissed her. "Now will you go back to the others?"

"When I've seen you to the door."

"All right. Catch hold of the back of my coat."

He groped his way down the stairs, across the card-room and through the restaurant. Patches of thin moonlight cut across the darkness, and through the silence the sound of their wary steps creaked alarmingly. At the door of the kitchens he paused. Now that the girl was with him he was not afraid. Something intoxicating in her presence had changed his whole outlook. The fact that she was scared, and was relying on him, raised a vainglorious sense in him. "Well, here goes!" he whispered and, holding her close, kissed her again.

"You'll go straight back to the others?" he asked. And when she did not reply: "You'll find your way back all right?"

A silver patch spread on the tiles of the floor, and in the thin press of the moonlight he saw that she was staring at him dumbly. "Good-bye!" he whispered. "I'll be back." As he closed the door carefully behind him he saw that she was still staring at him.

Outside, he realised with a start that he was in plain moonlight. Gripping his weapons, he dived for the shadows of the sheds. He waited there scanning the sky for the drift of the clouds. If only the life he had lived had not made him soft. He fixed his thoughts on the Major.

As the moon disappeared behind a long bank of cloud he cut across for the angle of the squash-rackets courts. Peering round the angle of the cement walls now, he could see his man, huddled still over the fire with the blanket swathing the lower half of his body. In five minutes he was going to kill that man—and with the knife he held in his hand.

The moon clouded again, and in the curtain of darkness he made the hut on the far side of the compound, a trip of some seventy yards. Now, he could see the firelight playing on the left side of the man's face—a flat, bestial head, the slit eyes buried behind the prominent cheekbones.

He knew as he cut across diagonally towards the cycle sheds that he could never do this thing, but something drove him on. The dirt of China—that endless, dusty plain mud—was under his feet. And in one hand was the club: in the other—the knife.

In the shelter of the cycle sheds he dropped his knife, and, clutching at his waistcoat, retched silently. His hand was shaking when the spasm passed and he groped to pick up the knife. Thinking of the girl, he knew he had to go through with this killing. It was worse still to consider confessing his shame before her.

He trod silently and warily now as he approached the end of the shed. Against the moonlit open ground he could see a row of bicycles in the distance. Ten yards beyond that was his man. When he reached the cycles his eye caught a heap on the ground. By the clothes he recognised the Chinese billiard-marker. His throat was cut, so that his head lolled grotesquely.

"That's what this fellow would do to you if he had

(*Continued on page* 122)

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KEEP WOMEN ON THAT HIGHER PLANE

the chance," he told himself. "Be a man—like the Major."

He reached the end of the sheds in a daze, desperate now in his determination to use that knife. He waited, crouched against a deal support, for the moon to cloud. His lips were clenched, his throat dry. His palm was sweating where he gripped the piping. Seven long silent steps, then a quick crash with the pipe. . . .

A bank of cloud was drifting swiftly up to cover the moon when the rug round the sentry heaved. For a moment he watched the movement, for the sentry seemed motionless, sleeping. The rug moved again, and the sentry stirred, bending forward. He spoke in a soft Cantonese dialect, and, as Cairns watched, a Chinese child shook himself loose from the folds of the rug.

The flat yellow face of the boy showed in the moonlight as he wriggled towards the rifle, lying beside the fire. From the way he walked Cairns took him to be about five years old. As the child tugged to raise the rifle the man on the box kicked off the rug and, jumping forward, rolled the boy over on the hard-baked earth.

For an age, it seemed to Cairns, the two of them rolled about the fire, the boy chuckling and the father crooning at him in soft Cantonese. Then, groping round for a flat, saucer-like tin, the Chinese sentry began to stuff the mouth of the child with food.

A flood of bitter rage seized Cairns. What was he supposed to do? Kill the boy, too? Hit him so hard on the skull that his arm "stayed there"? He felt he had been trapped, for he knew then that he could not go through with it. He pictured the Major's contempt. Harrison simply would not understand his cowardice. And Sheila?

The Chinese was pretending to put each morsel in his own mouth before pressing it into the boy's, and the boy was choking with laughter. Harrison would have killed his sentry now, and they would be waiting for him to return. He was letting them down. He imagined their faces when he said: "I couldn't bring myself to do it."

After an age of waiting he began to creep back along the shed. Black rage grew in his heart. To drop straight from office life in London to China and murder, and to have a girl like Sheila mixed up in it. Why couldn't he have had a chance? He shrank from what the Major would think of him more than from the contempt of Sheila Markham.

At the laundry sheds adjoining the kitchens he waited for darkness; then, sick at heart from his failure, he slipped quickly across to the blackness of the portico at the kitchen doors. His knee struck something which yielded, and with a smothered oath he jumped at it.

His arms were flailing when an imperative grunt checked him. "Steady, young feller," sounded the voice of the Major in a hoarse whisper. "Go easy, you killer. It's me! So you managed it? Fine!"

In the pitch darkness Cairns helped the Major to his feet. He would have given his right arm to be able to say: "I did not. I couldn't." But he was dumb.

"My man turned just as I reached him," Harrison whispered. "Awake.

Damme! But I stuck him in the throat and forced him over backwards before he could squeal. When I finished him I scouted round the building. All's clear. We get away now easily enough. It's up to young Reamer to drive like hell. Come on!"

Fumbling for the latch of the door, the Major pushed through into the kitchens. The long room was in darkness. "Reamer!" he whispered, a note of alarm in his voice.

They waited for a reply, and in the pause that followed Cairns made out the sound of voices somewhere in the darkness beyond. "Something's wrong!" the Major warned. "Gently."

They made their way across the kitchens and along the passage to the restaurant. At the swing doors the soldier pulled up short. A naval officer and four ratings were grouped in the lounge, and talking to them was Reamer, with the two girls.

A flashlight switched on them as they approached, and the officer's voice said: "Thank God you're back. We're all set to take you off in an armoured car. Came along on the chance there might have been someone trapped in the club and picked up your party together with some tale about slaughter and starting things. But there's not going to be any trouble—unless we start it."

In the circle of light Cairns picked out Sheila. She crossed to him, and in her eyes was something that made his heart ache. He knew he had to tell them. Now.

"You folks," he began. "I've got to—to . . ." His voice was dry with sheer misery. "I've got——"

"What's that?" The Major was pointing at a Chinese, standing between two naval ratings.

"Him? Oh, that's a sentry we found outside the place. We brought him along in case of any tricks. We're letting him loose as soon as we start."

Cairns looked quickly across at the Major. He wondered what the sailors had done with the child. The Major caught his eye and held it. He knew. To Cairns it seemed the man was looking right through him.

He drew a deep breath. "You folks," he almost shouted, "we went out to kill sentries. Well, there's something you've got to know. When——"

"I'll tell them myself!" barked the Major.

In the tense pause that followed Cairns felt the eyes of all of them boring into him. He had never imagined anything could be as bad as this.

"When I got out into the open," he heard the Major say, "I changed my plans. I wasn't in time to stop Cairns here killing his man, but I left my feller alone. And the lieutenant here, it seems, brought him in. I saw what the lieutenant saw, that there wasn't going to be trouble unless . . ."

It all trailed off into a blur of sound for Cairns. He was still staring at the Major, recalling that tale of his about knifing his sentry in the throat. The man was yellow. He had never meant to go out after his man. He . . .

Someone was shaking Cairns by the arm. "Better drop those tools of yours, young feller," the Navy man was advising. "You've a murder on your hands, and the sooner we're out of this the better I'll be pleased. Let's go!"

In silence

(Continued on page 124)

What's the difference between MACARONI and MILKARONI

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Yellow Streak

they crossed the car park to where the armoured car was waiting on the bridge. Cairns now recognised his sentry in the group of Chinese standing silently by the car. The lieutenant barked a few words in Chinese at them and turned over his hostage.

"Get to hell out of this—quick!" he shot at the man at the wheel, and the old wooden bridge seemed to whirl back from beneath them.

Squatting on the bare boards of the car, Cairns found the girl at his side. He could feel her trembling under his arm as he held her close. The lights of Tien-sin began to loom ahead. International banks, insurance offices, neon lights, hotels . . . a sensation of coming to after a dream grew on him.

He tried to catch the Major's eye, but the man avoided him, uneasily. "Knifed him in the throat!" Cairns heard himself say. Groping for the hand of the girl, he pressed it reassuringly.

She, at any rate, was real.

END

White Rabbits

(*Continued from page* 31)

"Then what is the use of doing it?" said Booster Jones. "Anyway, it's no concern of mine. If you can get sixty-four wild rabbits—well, they'll run faster than the others. So perhaps the fun will be greater."

The manager, somewhat mollified, went away. But in a few days he was back again.

"We cannot buy sixty-four wild rabbits," he said. "Will squirrels do?"

"No, squirrels will not do," replied Booster Jones. "White rabbits look innocent. Wild rabbits can run quickly. But squirrels climb. Besides, squirrels doesn't rhyme with anything except Birrells, and Augustine Birrell is the only Birrell I know. There can't be two of him."

"But Miss Pattison says we cannot buy sixty-four wild rabbits."

"Well, I don't care," said Booster Jones. "I've given you the idea, and that's the end of it. But why waste an idea? Don't you understand that rabbits run along the ground and that squirrels climb up drain pipes. Miss Pinkie Pattison may be a high-kicker, but I don't see her climbing up the walls of the Pavilion screaming, 'My squirrels! My squirrels!' However, have it your own way. As I told you, it is not my business. It's yours, or Miss Pattison's."

But when a week had passed, the man came back again. He said he could not buy sixty-four squirrels. Would a dozen do?

"Will you please go away and leave me alone," cried Booster Jones. "I've conceived what I thought was a tragic poem—the spectacle of sixty-four white rabbits running across the centre of London pursued by boys, pitied by old ladies, the victims of London's cursed traffic, the picture of innocence in the midst of murder

"And you ruin the idea by suggesting a lot of silly squirrels that could not run a yard. And then you say you cannot buy squirrels. Go away and breed them. The rabbits could breed fast enough. Buy two of them—and wait."

Well, with that, Booster Jones vanished out of the picture. He went on with his ordinary work of persuading a duchess who felt rather in the background of life that if she published, under her own name, a novel which he could have written for her by some hack writer, it might help to restore some of the glories of her past.

He concentrated on a new night club then in course of formation and wondered if, by persuading a titled friend, he couldn't get a minor royalty to be present on the opening night.

Publicity is exacting. It needs planning. It needs detail. And there is a lot of "sweetening" to be done. And so the white rabbits, and the wild rabbits, and the squirrels all passed out of his mind.

Then one day he took up an evening paper and saw in the correspondence columns a letter addressed, "To the Editor."

"I am sure your readers will share my feelings of disgust," wrote "Animal Lover," "when I record that, as I was passing the Pavilion music-hall yesterday morning, I saw a wild-looking woman pursuing an unfortunate squirrel and shouting, 'My rabbits! My rabbits!'"

And on the top it said, "Cruelty to Animals."

"Fancy," said Booster Jones. "One blooming squirrel. The mean cat!"

END

Bringing Home the Gas

(*Continued from page 17*)

carelessness in coupling up jetty pipelines to the valves on the ship—even from a spark caused by a worker's hob-nailed boots on the steel deck. At these installations the air reeks of gas; anything may ignite it; that is why they are usually at some isolated spot ten to fifteen miles from the nearest town, on desolate marshland or cactus wilderness.

When fire breaks out in a tank—there may be sixteen separate ones occupying practically the whole hull of the ship—the alarm is flashed from bridge to engine room; steam and chemical foam jets are turned on in an effort to smother it. If the outbreak is serious, however, it will have to burn itself out, and in doing so probably ignite other tanks. Engine-room fires are particularly serious, for the engines and appliances may be disabled, and the flames, roaring up through the skylights, sweep the lifeboat on the leeward side of the poop deck and render it useless, and possibly destroy the other one on the windward side as well, as in the case of the *Valverda*.

"When you've done all you can to smother it," said Skipper Larsson when we were discussing the pleasant subject on deck en voyage, "the best thing you can do is order all hands into the lifeboats—if they haven't been burnt—and watch the fire burn itself out from a distance. It's too dangerous to remain on board. You never know where the next 'bust' is going to happen, and you might be in the way of it. If there's a heavy sea—well, you've got to make the best of it until help arrives. It's no use staying on top of a volcano."

A tanker may be as dangerous when she is in ballast on the outward journey as on the return, loaded—more dangerous, in fact. The first few days out from the unloading port the hatches of the tanks will be opened for aerating by wind-sails hoisted over them, and for cleaning away rust. A residue of spirit always remains (*Continued on page 126*)

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★ **MIR -O- KLEER**

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John Tait & Partners

on the bottom; the gas hangs about in pockets. You gaze down into one forty feet deep, a huge dungeon which smells like a gasworks. "Yes," says the skipper, "you'd only want to drop a bit of metal down there and you'd be blown sky-high. Watch your pocket-knife."

So much for ordeal by fire. There is also ordeal by water. A tanker loaded is mostly a submarine. In rough weather the seas surge right over her decks, isolating poop aft from bridge amidships and forepeak for'ard. That is why it is called a "three island type" ship. In the neighbourhood of the Azores we struck a sixty-mile-an-hour-and-plus gale and mountainous seas which crashed against the bridge with the boom of 5·9 shells. They mounted the bridge—which is built above the tanks on steel stilts and as high as a three-storied house—smashed thick glass windscreens, flooded passage-ways and the captain's cabin, swept the navigating bridge aloft with clouds of spray.

Outside the saloon and cabins everything on that tanker was cold and wet and slippery. She had a lovely tipsy roll which sent odd bits of furniture, everything not clamped down, sliding and clattering. Every now and then she shivered from bow to stern as from a bad attack of ague. Some barrels on the poop deck began to dance about and had to be relashed. Deck hands and look-out men coming on watch had to dodge the waves on the leeward side and then make a dash for it, buffeted against the rail, staggering like drunken revellers, getting through somehow but getting very wet, oilskins or no oilskins.

Steward and cabin-boy bringing the captain's meals from the galley aft had to run the gauntlet of blinding seas smashing over a gangway fifty yards long—a feat similar to that of crossing no-man's-land in fighting equipment under cross-fire. There are times when the danger of being washed overboard is so great that the bridge may have to go hungry for an hour or more. And all the time, with the wind abeam, the ship, owing to the build of her poop deck-houses, kept heading stubbornly into the wind and would hardly answer her helm, making navigation difficult. In your bunk at night you were well rocked, but not always to sleep; for on a tanker you are closer to the raging seas than you care to be. Once or twice when a real header swept aboard even the skipper winced....

No matter. All the time those 8,700 tons of "gas" were getting nearer and nearer the petrol pumps of England....

What does matter to the tankermen, though, is the loneliness of their life. They do not see enough of their families, of womenfolk, of civilisation; in fact, they see precious little of the world in the social sense though they cross it shuttlewise all their days.

Eighteen or twenty days en voyage, then a meagre two or so loading or unloading—that is the usual routine. I nearly said "in port," but port would be a misnomer for most of the installations where they hitch up and get a few hours ashore. Ordinary cargo boats may go into port and stay there for a week or two; not tankers. Between installation and nearest town—except in one or two places like Montevideo, where the jetty is almost at the bottom of the main street—there are usually miles of dreary or dusty road *sans* public conveyance.

Skipper or engineer, sometimes chief steward, may be able to see a bit of life at the cost of a taxi both ways; seldom the crew. The first mate rarely leaves the ship at all, for it is his job to supervise the loading and unloading and taking of "ullages." He is on deck all the time, with the second or third, keeping a wary eye for accidents, dashing to a valve as soon as one tank is full or empty and diverting the flow into or out of another with no fewer than forty-two turns at a hefty wheel.

That is why, at intervals, we hear of a tanker officer or member of the crew disappearing on voyage. It's the monotony, the melancholy, anxiety, responsibility. They call it "tankeritis" in the service—and shrug. No complaints, of course. A man has his job to do. But why the deuce, if two tankers of similar tonnage and cargo, one British, one Scandinavian, are leaving Port Arthur, Texas, for Europe at the same time do they send the British one to Scandinavia, the Scandinavian to England?

"I'll tell you," says Skipper Larsson, who has actually had this experience. "It's because if tankermen managed to slip home in the short time available, many would never come back again. They'd miss their ship. This ship has touched Sweden once in nearly eight years, and then for overhaul."

When we had a birthday party singsong on board in mid-Atlantic I discovered that most of these upstanding Swedes knew and loved our English "Home Sweet Home." No wonder!

"TANKERITIS" . . . You hear tales of "tankeritis." The skipper of an English tanker was on his last voyage before retiring to grow cabbages and roses in some pretty little corner of the homeland. Two days out from Curaçao, about ten at night, he was reading in his cabin and listening to the wireless. He was never seen again. He just walked out and went over. And Curaçao is better than most places. The Dutch Shell thoughtfully provide a free 'bus and ferry service between Bullen Bay and the little town of Willemstad, with its terra-cotta houses, dancing cafés, bright shops, and darkie byways where proud negresses promenade in frocks as gaudy as tropic flowers.

The first mate of a Swedish tanker nodded goodbye to all that and slit his wrists in Rotterdam. He hadn't got on too well with his skipper, and men can't afford to quarrel on tankers; ill-feeling would be the last straw. I know a mate who lost his temper with another on voyage; in the dog watch, when the decks were dark and deserted, they came to blows. After that he wasn't the same man; he brooded; when the ship reached land he was suffering from a serious nervous breakdown and had to be signed off and sent home. No, you can't afford to quarrel on tankers. There's nothing to live for but work and good fellowship.

There was a skipper of a Norwegian tanker who had been a whaler in South Georgia. News came that his son had been killed in an accident in the United States. Shortly after that he heard of the death of his daughter, aged twenty. On land he might have found consolation. On his tanker he brooded and lost his reason.

(*Continued on page* 128)

WHAT COULD I DO WITH A REFRIGERATOR?

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My tanker was one of the best afloat for decent living conditions. The owner, Hakon Reuter of Gothenburg, knows the life tankermen lead and does everything in his power to make them comfortable and contented. Yet within the past three years two men had disappeared overboard—one at a second attempt, after being hauled out of the sea the first time; a third, who had been drinking heavily on shore, went mad. On the voyage back the radio brought us news of the disappearance of another tanker captain in mid-ocean.

But in the tankermen's life there are, of course, days of dream as well as of ordeal: south of the Azores in the Sargasso sea or the Caribbean, for example, when the ship, all trim and painted and polished and practically free of gas, rides an ocean smooth as glass in a sunlight brilliant as topaz.

The officers are in tropic drill. Flying fish skim over the cobalt-blue water; porpoises romp in shoals. There are sunsets of amazing beauty with monumental cloud effects. After five o'clock dinner in the captain's saloon you may stand on the forepeak, right over the bow, in a solitude of sea and sky so intensely quiet that you feel if you raised your voice it would echo to the horizon.

Perhaps a bird wings out of nowhere and alights on the foremast crosstree, to remind you of the nearness of land.

In such a fair clime, nevertheless, there may be back-breaking work to do. Deep down in the well of the engine-room engineers and hands, stripped to the waist, are grappling with huge piston cylinders, wrenching off the metal rings and replacing them with new ones. The temperature there is 130 deg. Fahr. The sweat pours off them and they are smothered from head to foot in grease.

The oil we bring to Europe comes from the Maracaibo wells on the Venezuelan mainland—a stark, grim place at the foot of a wide gulf too shallow for ocean-going tankers. Oil was first obtained there in 1918, and the yield has increased at such a rate that within two years it jumped from 37,226,000 to 105,000,000 barrels, making Venezuela a severe competitor with Mexico. A mosquito fleet of small tankers carries the crude produce to the islands of Curaçao and Aruba where the big tankers load. Oil, in fact, has converted these from rocky, barren islands with meagre cocoanut, mango, and banana plantations to hives of industry with large industrial populations.

Curaçao boasts the biggest oil refinery in the world, with plant which can turn out 20,000 tons a day, 7,000,000 a year. The smoke from it blackens the landscape for miles; you smell the fumes everywhere, on the leeward side; adjacent are farms which have gone derelict because plants cannot grow in the atmosphere, nor livestock thrive.

I spent an afternoon going over this refinery, and deemed it the nearest approach I had ever been to hell on earth. In a maze of sixty furnaces, fourteen Trumble plants, five hundred and twenty tanks about the size of gasometers, the crude oil is refined by being vaporised at varying heats of terrific intensity according to the different boiling points of the hydrocarbons, and then passing through condensers. It emerges as motor spirit, kerosene, gas oil; and the output of the various oils can thus be adapted to the fluctuating demand. If there is a surplus of one kind it can be converted into another. In this way the market is maintained at a fairly stable level.

The crude oil is pumped through pipes passing through furnaces oil-heated to over 300 deg. cent.; and when you've peered into a furnace burning at that intensity you have some approximate idea of Hades. Sometimes the pipes will crack and the man whose job it is to watch for these fractures must be quick in turning off the supply if there is not to be an unholy blaze-up. There is actually one "cracking" plant which submits heavy oil to a blast of 500 deg. cent. All that is left after that searing process is gasoline and coke. I came out of that inferno resolved that the next time I wanted to inspect a modern refinery I would do it through a telescope. A Turkish bath is tepid by comparison.

I was sorry for the Dutch overseers who showed me round; but the Indian and West Indian workers, of which there are nearly 4,000, do not seem to mind it much. The European employees are provided with excellent bungalows, modern flats and clubhouse on Port Sunlight-Bournville lines on the town side of the works away from the smoke. From here the oil is taken by pipe-line to the loading quays at Bullen Bay and Caracas Bay. Adjoining these installations, too, there are excellent modern houses in bright gardens for the European staff.

And that, in outline, is the story behind the motorist's happy-go-lucky "Step on the gas!"

The tanker service, incidentally, has recently provided an example in rationalisation which may be followed by the international conference of shipowners now formulating a scheme for adapting the world's shipping to the world's present needs and laying up surplus tonnage.

Apart from the tanker tonnage owned by big oil groups, such as the Standard Oil, Royal Dutch Shell, and Anglo-Persian, there is about 3,500,000 tons deadweight, mostly Scandinavian and British, which works solely on charter. When the market collapsed in 1930 as a result of depression and decreased consumption freights dropped to an uneconomic level and a large part of this free-lance tonnage was laid up. Something had to be done to eliminate "cut-price" competition for cargoes.

In May last year, accordingly, the International Tanker Owners' Association was formed to start a co-operative "pool." A certain percentage of freight earnings—fifteen at the time of writing—is paid into a central fund for distribution among members who consent to lay up their tankers rather than compete for cut-price cargoes.

At the end of the first six months the pool fund stood at something like £125,000, enabling the owners of laid-up ships to be paid an allowance of approximately 2s. per gross register ton per month, or £1,000 a month for a 10,000 tonner. Mr. Schierwater, director of the United Molasses Company, was the prime originator of the scheme. Tanker-owners support it enthusiastically, claiming that it has already been instrumental in raising freight rates thirty to forty per cent. above slump level.

End

"I DID MY BEST-
but I didn't know about 'NIGHT-STARVATION'"
MISS JONES, I AM RATHER WORRIED ABOUT THE MATRICULATION CLASS. THE CHILDREN DID VERY BADLY IN THE LAST HISTORY TEST COMPARED WITH OTHER SUBJECTS
THAT NIGHT
WONDER IF THE HEAD WANTS ME TO RESIGN!
HOW CAN I FACE ANOTHER DAY?
MY CLASSES USED TO DO SO WELL ONCE
THE CHILDREN ARE BRIGHT ENOUGH — IT'S I WHO AM THE FAILURE
NEXT MORNING
I EVEN WAKE-UP TIRED, MOTHER. I FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO CONCENTRATE
MY DEAR CHILD, YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS — WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR?
AT THE DOCTOR'S
SOUNDS LIKE 'NIGHT-STARVATION'. DO YOU KNOW THAT EVEN DURING SLEEP YOU USE UP ENERGY? UNLESS YOU TAKE THE RIGHT FOOD AT NIGHT TO REPLACE THIS, YOU CAN'T HELP WAKING UP TIRED AND WORN OUT. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I ADVISE — HORLICK'S
OH YES — THE CHILDREN HAVE THAT AT SCHOOL
2 MONTHS LATER
HERE'S YOUR HORLICK'S, DEAR, IT'S BEDTIME
OH, THANKS, MOTHER.... YOU KNOW, THESE ESSAYS ARE REALLY ENCOURAGING!
6 MONTHS LATER
THE MATRICULATION RESULTS, WE ALL FEEL, ARE DUE TO THE SPLENDID AND UNTIRING WORK OF THE STAFF. IN HISTORY, THANKS TO MISS JONES, WE ACHIEVED SIX DISTINCTIONS — A RECORD, I THINK

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Spies in Jericho

(*Continued from page* 13)

knows that the old romantic bourgeois love was only another name for individual selectivity, charged with an emotional reflex, and is therefore completely counter-revolutionary. Individualism in any of its manifestations is a revolutionary crime. The sex-impulse must of course be satisfied, but without complexes, without specialism. The revolutionary ideal is the undifferentiated mass-man. That is the basic axiom of our ideology. Every child in the schools has heard that."

Ilia Mikhailovitch nodded.

"Yes. I've heard all that before, too. Over and over again. But lately I've been puzzling over some things. Don't be alarmed, Vania. I'm perfectly 'sound.' I've just been testing some of the formulas, that's all. It won't harm them to test them. We of the revolutionary vanguard must always be sure of our ground. We mustn't fuddle ourselves with illusions. Remember how Lenin used to hammer it in. Realism and logic! Realism and logic! That was why he was the greatest of revolutionary leaders."

Vania was half-convinced only. Lenin was, of course, the indisputable authority, his every word sacrosanct.

"Certainly Vladimir Ilyitch said that. But I don't see what that has to do with love—love as an emotion. Every emotion is an illusion, the psychic reflex which disguises a physiological process. As realists, we tear that illusion ruthlessly apart."

Ilia mused a moment.

"You think, then, that love has no reality? Yet it is an emotion that can impel men and women to perform acts sometimes detrimental to themselves."

"It is an absurdly illogical emotion, then."

"Possibly. But that does not deny its reality and its power. What do you feel for me, for instance, Vania?"

"I have a great admiration for you, Ilia—I have had it from the moment I met you. You are the cleverest Partyman I ever met."

"If I fell into the river, would you jump in after me to save me?"

"Of course I should!"

"At the risk of your own life. A self-detrimental act. And a pure piece of emotionalism on your part. I know you better than yourself, Vania. You have a genuine love for me. I am conscious of it, not logically but emotionally. And I have a genuine love for you."

Vania was silent for a moment. Yes, he did genuinely love Ilia, would instantly sacrifice himself for him. From the standpoint of pure revolutionary ideology, it was perhaps a weakness in him.

"I don't see where all this is leading, Ilia?"

"To this, logically. Love is a reality, not an illusion. It is a real cause which produces real effects. It is a constructive power which sacrifices the individual for something beyond himself."

"That is what we are doing, or trying to do, in Russia."

"Yes, but—and this is what I have been puzzling over—perhaps we are using the wrong motive power. We use not love, but hate—the antithesis of love. In Russia we mock at love and glorify hate. Everything is founded upon hate. We set people not to loving one another but to hating one another—even our own people. Every class must hate every other class. The proletariat must hate the bourgeoisie. The peasant must hate the town proletariat and the town proletariat must hate the peasant. Hate, hate, hate, everything is hate—we hate all the capitalist nations, and all the capitalist nations hate us, hideously. We talk endlessly about construction—the Second Five Year Plan and all the rest of it—but hate is not constructive, it is destructive. There is no happiness in Russia, Vania. You know it as well as I do. Let us be realists and logicians. There is only hate and fear. Yet why did we make a Revolution—why do we want to make the World Revolution? To make mankind happy, to make the whole world happier than it was before."

Vania was bewildered. Formulas clashed in his head. Ilia Mikhailovitch overpowered him by his cleverness.

"Then what do you think, Ilia?"

"I think, Vania," said Ilia, gravely, "that we have taken the wrong path—chosen the wrong unit of energy. We should have adopted not hate—but love."

It sounded appallingly counter-revolutionary to Vania. He spoke after a pause.

"Lately you seem to have been thinking a lot about love, Ilia Mikhailovitch."

Ilia answered, still gravely.

"Yes. I have been thinking a lot about love."

MORE weeks passed. Again there was much work in his department, and he saw very little of Ilia. He wondered sometimes if Ilia were deliberately avoiding him, although he was always friendly when they met. At the "cell" meetings, people commented that Comrade Samoilenko spoke less frequently than as a newcomer, and dodged away quickly at the close. He gave as his reason that he was studying hard. But on several occasions when Vania went to seek him at the little hotel where he lived the concierge informed him that Monsieur Samoilenko was out. One evening, just as the "cell"-meeting was breaking up, he made his way across to him.

"Let's go for a walk, Ilia."

Ilia hesitated, looking down upon him from his greater height. Vania noticed that his face was drawn and strained, not so handsome as formerly.

"Well, the fact is—I have some important things to study——"

"Nonsense. You're always studying. You work too hard. A little fresh air will do you good. Come along." He linked his arm in Ilia's affectionately. He could not help being very fond of Ilia. Ilia had been quite right that night when they talked in the Bois. He genuinely loved him—a sentimental weakness not to be reasonably justified, but absurdly potent in him. And, now as ever, Ilia was the most brilliant Party man he had ever met; he could not help but look up to him and admire him.

Ilia gave way.

"Very well—but I can only spare an hour. In an hour I must leave you."

At the door, Olga Petrovna intercepted them. She really was very pretty. She was wearing a very smart little dress, just like the French girls wore.

"I want to speak to you, Ilia Mikhailovitch." There was something peculiar in her manner. (*Continued on page* 132)

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"Another time, Olga Petrovna," said Ilia, politely.

Comrade Olga flushed a little.

"No. Another time won't do. I want to speak to you now. Come for a walk with me."

"I'm sorry. I've just promised to go for a walk with Vania."

She bit her lip. Vania thought he saw a sudden moisture in her eyes.

"I wanted to speak to you alone. But still——" She turned abruptly to Vania. "May I come with you, Ivan Andreievitch ?"

Vania didn't know what to do. "What do you say, Ilia ?"

Ilia shrugged his shoulders. "If you like," he said, indifferently.

It was not a very gay walk. Ilia strode along in silence, hardly replied to Olga Petrovna's attempts at light conversation. Vania was angry with her for having thus thrust herself upon them; she had long ago shown him that she wasn't interested in *him*.

They arrived at the Luxembourg Gardens. Olga Petrovna swung round to him suddenly.

"Comrade Migunov, please leave me and Ilia Mikhailovitch together for a moment."

Ilia said nothing. Somewhat bad-temperedly, Vania obeyed, went off to a bench, seated himself on it. Damn the girl! She had completely spoiled what might have been a pleasant walk with Ilia. What did she want with Ilia Mikhailovitch? There were plenty of other comrades who would be glad to go out with her. From the bench he watched them as they stood together, Ilia's head bent down to her, his face impassive.

Olga Petrovna was talking to him eagerly, pleadingly, vehemently. She put her hand on his arm. Ilia, tall and thin, stood like a statue. What was she saying? He could not hear. He saw Ilia shake his head, say a few words. Olga Petrovna began to speak again, rapidly, desperately. He saw her make an imploring gesture. Ilia looked sad, but he remained like stone. Then he spoke another few words, and brusquely turned away from her, hastened to the gate. Before Vania could reach him, he had jumped on a passing bus, disappeared.

Vania turned back to Olga Petrovna. She had stood as if rooted to the spot.

"What's the matter?" he asked angrily. "Where has Samoilenko gone?"

It seemed at first that she could not speak. She stared at him, and he saw that her eyes were red and swollen, filled with tears.

"He said he had to go. He had some important studies." She spoke with a visible effort.

Vania was bewildered. What was all this nonsense?

"Come and sit down," he said, brutally. "Everybody will be staring at you."

She surrendered like an automaton to his hand upon her arm, went with him to the bench.

"What's this all about?" he asked. Once he had thought of making love to this girl himself. Now she took no more notice of him than if he had been the stone figure against the trees opposite.

"It's no use telling you—you wouldn't understand," she said. Suddenly, disconcertingly, she burst into tears, covering her face, her shoulders shaking convulsively. He felt a fool.

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Presently she mastered herself, lifted a contorted countenance, dabbed at it with her handkerchief.

"I used to laugh at it too—used to mock at it. I ought to know better. But if you laugh at me, I'll smash your face, Ivan Andreievitch." She spoke with a controlled ferocity.

"Laugh at what?" he asked.

"Love," she replied, shortly. "I know it's wrong. I know it's absurd—it's being like a bourgeois. But I can't help it. I can't hide it any longer. I love him." The words came as if wrenched from her. She looked really ugly with her puffed face on which the rouge had become patchy.

"That's bad," he said.

"I know it is." She spoke through her teeth. "It's all we've ever fought against. It's emotional selectivity. It's counter-revolutionary. It's anything you like to call it. What do words matter? I feel as if I should go mad—mad. And he was so cold, so polite—when I told him."

He did not know what to say. She continued, with a sort of blankness, speaking more to herself than to him.

"It isn't as if I asked him to love me. I didn't expect him to love me. He couldn't, of course, with his principles. I only wanted him to take me—do what he liked with me. And he——" she checked, "—he wouldn't. Thanked me, said he couldn't." She swung round on Vania with a sudden vehemence. "Why couldn't he? Why? There's no reason why he shouldn't! We're all good Party people—we have no silly bourgeois prejudices—to him, it would be just another girl—like all the other comrades do. Nobody thinks anything of it." She stared at Vania. "Why couldn't he? Why wouldn't he?" She clutched at Vania's arm. "It's some other girl! It's some other girl he's found! But it's no one at the Embassy—I'm sure of that. I've watched him." She looked into Vania's face. "Who was that girl you and Ilia were sitting with at a café one night—soon after we came here?"

"She was just a girl who tried to get off with us. We left in a few minutes."

"You haven't seen her again?"

"No. Never."

"But you don't know Ilia hasn't seen her! What does he do with his time? He's never with the other comrades!"

Vania shrank at this fierce suspicion. He must protect Ilia!

"He's usually with me. We spend most of our free time together."

She searched his face. "Is that true?"

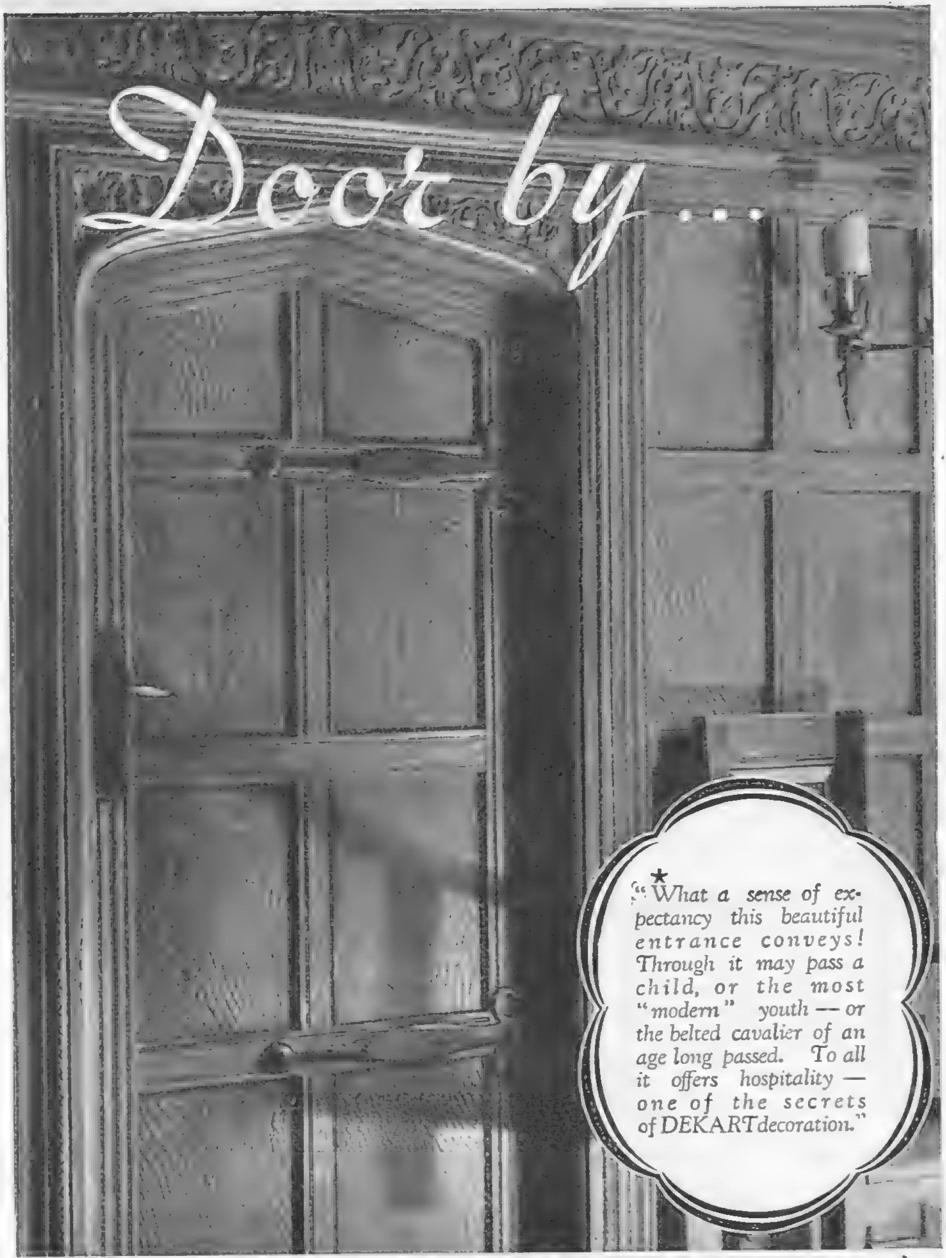
"Yes," he said, stoutly. A fear flashed into him. Where was Ilia now? He stood up from the bench. "I must go, too, Olga Petrovna. I also have an engagement."

She was plainly indifferent, had no desire that he should remain with her.

"Go, then."

He left her sitting on the bench, brooding he knew not what of thoughts. Damn these girl-comrades! They were always making trouble. He hurried to the gate, boarded a bus as Ilia had done. If only he found Ilia at home! After all, what *did* he do with his time? But it was impossible to think that Ilia would do anything counter-revolutionary. He would stake his life on that. Ilia was Communist to the bone.

Somewhat to his surprise—only then did he realise what his fears had been—the concierge (*Continued on page* 134)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said that Monsieur Samoilenko was in. He hurried up the narrow, dingy stairs to the attic-room where Ilia lived, tapped on the door. His heart was thumping. Ilia opened to him. Evidently, he had been studying. An open book lay on the table, half-covered with a newspaper. Vania was relieved, he knew not why, to find him alone. What absurdities he had been imagining! A splendid fellow like Ilia! He could have laughed.

"Olga made a scene after you had gone," he said, when they had sat down.

Ilia shrugged his shoulders.

"She'll find another one to-morrow. There's no lack of comrades."

Somehow, his tone kept Vania from further mention of the subject. Conversation, anyway, was difficult to-night. Ilia was abrupt, made remarks that were merely perfunctory. Vania could not think of things to say. They had not had a really good talk since that night in the Bois. There was a sort of barrier between them. But he loved Ilia all the same! He felt that at his heart.

Only once did Ilia make a remark which seemed to mean something. Vania had commented on the view over the tumbled old housetops from the attic window, for lack of anything better to say.

"A wide horizon! We revolutionaries must always strive for a wide horizon!" What did Ilia mean by that? It was true enough, of course.

At last, he got up to go. Ilia did not try to detain him. As he went to the door he knocked accidentally against the table. The open book fell to the floor. Quicker than Ilia, he bent to pick it up. A photograph fell out of it. The photograph of a girl. *The photograph of the girl they had sat with at the café!* He glanced at the title of the book. It was by Tolstoï—counter-revolutionary Tolstoï! Ilia was reading Tolstoï!

Ilia took book and photograph from him. They looked each other in the eyes. Ilia did not say a word. The world stopped still. It was terrible.

He could not speak, either. The shock numbed him. It was automatically that he went out of the door, descended the stairs. Ilia was reading counter-revolutionary literature! And the photograph of the girl? The world crashed about him. Ilia! Ilia! But he would not denounce him! He knew that he ought to denounce him—his conscience wrenched in an agony—but he could not denounce Ilia! He would talk with him, would reason with him, would bring him back to the solid ground of the Party faith, the Party dogma. Ilia must be saved. To save him he would commit the counter-revolutionary crime of not denouncing him. It was horrible. He hardly knew how he got back to his own little hotel. Ilia! Ilia!

A FEW days later, while he was working in the Embassy, a messenger came to him.

"Comrade Dmitrievsky wishes to see you."

He rose from his papers, went along the corridors to the assistant-secretary's room, knocked and entered.

Comrade Dmitrievsky, plump and amiable, sat behind his desk. Two other men were in the room.

He went towards the desk. "You wish to see me, Comrade?"

The amiability went out of the assistant-secretary's face.

" Comrade Migunov, I have to inform you that you are under arrest."

" Arrest ! " He stammered. " But why ? Under what authority ? "

" Under the authority of the G.P.U."

The Gay-Pay-Oo ! Terror was suddenly a cold sweat on him. He glanced at the two men in the room. Each held a formidable automatic.

" But of what am I accused ? "

Comrade Dmitrievsky smiled slightly.

" The G.P.U. has no necessity to formulate its accusations to the accused, Comrade. You should know that. It merely informs the accused of its sentence."

His mouth was dry. The world was whirling about him. Terror gripped him. It mattered nothing that he was innocent. Against the Gay-Pay-Oo one could do nothing. It was inexorably ruthless, answerable to none. The least that might happen to him would be the frozen North—the timber camps of Solovki. He shuddered at the thought of the muzzle of an automatic against the back of his head. He tried to speak.

" But, Comrade, surely——"

Comrade Dmitrievsky interrupted him.

" The G.P.U. does not permit of argument. It can, in certain circumstances, be merciful—suspend sentence."

He clutched at that. Fear was a madness in him.

" You mean—? I will do anything—anything, Comrade."

Comrade Dmitrievsky pushed a document across to him, held out a pen.

" Very well. In your case, Comrade, the G.P.U. is merciful. Sign."

He glanced at the document. It was his enlistment in the service of the G.P.U. He was not the first, by many thousands, hundreds of thousands surely, thus to be caught in its toils. He had no option. He signed, feverishly.

Comrade Dmitrievsky smiled.

" Now you are one of us, Comrade. You are under suspended sentence—which may be converted into approbation. And if you value your life, you will not mention this affiliation to anyone—however close to you. Do you understand ? "

His mouth was still dry. He was shaking.

" I understand, Comrade."

Comrade Dmitrievsky held out something else to him. He took it. It was a photograph—*the photograph of the girl they had sat with at the accursed café*—mercifully not the same photograph he had seen in Ilia's room !

" Do you know this person ? "

" I have seen her—once—Comrade."

Comrade Dmitrievsky nodded. He took something from a wallet.

" Here is an extract from her dossier. It may interest you."

Vania stared at the typewritten lines. " Natalia, ex-princess Obolensky, *dite* Mélanie Dupuytren, 24 years of age. Fled with her mother to Paris, October, 1918. Both parents Social-Democratic revolutionaries under Tsarist regime. Father exiled to Siberia, died 1913. Mother died Paris, September 18th, 1927. One of the most active counter-revolutionary agents——"

Comrade Dmitrievsky interrupted his reading, that reading in which once again the floor seemed to heave under his feet.

" You are friendly with Comrade Samoilenko ? "

He had to answer. " Yes, Comrade."

Comrade Dmitrievsky was again amiable.

" We have, of course, enough to arrest Samoilenko at any moment. But we want this counter-revolutionary to play her hand to the full. You understand ? To you is confided this special task——"

When Comrade Dmitrievsky had finished, when at last Comrade Migunov was liberated from that room, he felt that he had been living through a nightmare.

HE was sitting with Ilia, in Ilia's attic. Ilia suspected nothing. Vania hated himself, hated being here, but what could he do ? His own life was at stake. And Ilia had turned counter-revolutionary, associated with a counter revolutionary agent, read counter-revolutionary literature. He was guilty of who knew what of plots against the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. To Vania that was the ultimate crime. If only he did not, absurdly, against his will, against all revolutionary logic, love Ilia ! Then it would be easy thus to win confidence, to betray him. (*Continued on page 136*)

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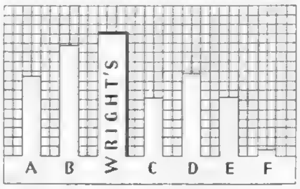

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He would have exulted in the duty. He tried to keep his hand from trembling as he lit a cigarette.

Ilia was talking. His initial reserve had broken down. Vania sensed that he was grateful to him. He must have expected a denunciation the other day. Now they were proven friends, could trust each other. Ilia was elaborating his old ridiculous thesis that love, not hate, was the only constructive force.

"That is where we have gone wrong in Russia," he said. "We have tried to do everything with hate. We have imposed a tyranny of hate. I am not in favour of capitalism, of course. It permits too many injustices. But it does leave one free to love. And in that freedom the immense natural force of love in the world has enormously mitigated the ancient social wrongs, is striving against them every day. If only there were enough love in the world, no wrongs would be left. All would be obliterated in universal love. This bourgeois civilisation at least has that ideal—love thy neighbour as thyself. In Russia, our hideous Russia of to-day, the ideal is to hate one's neighbour. The school-children are taught to mock at love as an unscientific superstition. To hate is a revolutionary virtue. And what is the result? The masses, terrorised by mutual hate, are but the slaves of a colossal soulless machine—the collective industrialisation we boast about. In their hate of one another, not even scientific industrialisation succeeds. The masses meanly cheat and rob one another, produce in a ratio ridiculously inferior to that of bourgeois countries. They starve, hating one another, because they hate one another. Did you ever see a happy face in Russia? That was what startled me when I came here—the happy, smiling faces. Since I've been here, I've had to think everything out afresh. I have learned many things. I have learned love."

Vania had let him run on. Now perhaps was a good moment to get that information he must have.

"And that girl we met—the girl whose photograph you have—is it she who has taught you, Ilia Mikhailovitch?" He tried to say it casually.

Ilia hesitated a moment.

"Yes. It was she who opened my eyes—made me see clearly—like a revelation—the wide horizon."

Vania held his breath.

"I should like to see her again," he said, puffing at his cigarette. If only he could inveigle her into a meeting where she could be suppressed!

Ilia's face went expressionless.

"That would be difficult," he replied, almost curtly.

There was a silence. Vania's mind sought hither and thither. How could he lure Ilia into such a meeting, trick this counter-revolutionary into revealing her plots? But he must not be impatient, must not be in too much of a hurry. He must lull Ilia into absolute confidence. It would take perhaps a week or two. A false move would spoil everything. It was exasperating thus to have to wait.

As he was thinking this, there was a footstep outside the door. Someone tapped. Ilia rose to open. A woman stood on the threshold, entered hurriedly. It was the girl—the girl of the photograph! Instantly, she and Ilia were in each other's arms.

"Ilia!"

"Natalia! Dearest!"

She gasped in that embrace.

"You must fly, Ilia—you must go at once! You are suspected—I have information——"

Vania went quietly to the attic-window, took his handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose. From a window opposite, another handkerchief answered the signal. He turned back to the room.

The girl released herself from Ilia's arms, perceived him as he stood silhouetted against the window, his face in shadow.

"Who is this, Ilia?"

"It's my friend, Vania Andreievitch."

The words smote Vania, horribly. But they were counter-revolutionaries. He must remember that.

"Hurry then, Ilia. There's no time for talking. I will take you to a safe place. Once you get away from here!" She was in an agony of anxiety, ignored Vania.

If only *they* would be quick! Comrade Migunov listened tensely for those imminent footsteps on the stairs. Ilia was rummaging among his belongings, stuffing things into his pockets. The girl stood clasping her hands.

There was no sound on the stairs—but suddenly the door was flung open. Three men, automatics in hand, stepped swiftly and silently into the room. The girl shrieked. In an instant, one of the men had sprung behind her, clapped something over her mouth. She struggled. Vania saw Ilia struggling with the other three.

He could stand no more. He went out of the door, down the stairs.

THE next day, at the Embassy, he read an inconspicuous paragraph in a Parisian newspaper. It stated that a woman named Mélanie Dupuytren had been found in her lover's room, chloroformed and stabbed to the heart. The murderer—a Russian named Samoilenko—had been found dead in the Seine.

A little later, he had occasion to go into the room where Olga Petrovna worked. The newspaper lay on her desk too. She was rouging her lips with meticulous care. She looked up at him, smiled—strangely—significantly—a smile of hate triumphant.

Returning, he passed the doorway which made him shudder, the doorway of the G.P.U. He was committed to it for his life long. Pinned to the wall was a large poster: "Workers of the World, Unite! You have nothing to lose but your Chains!"

END

The Queen's Admiration

WHEN Her Majesty the Queen visited the British Industries Fair in February she was particularly interested in the display of "Brivelvo" Mothproofed fabrics.

This remarkable pile furniture fabric is unequalled for long wear. Moreover, it is mothproofed.

Your furniture shop will show you designs, upholstered in "Brivelvo" which are modern in feeling and exquisite in colouring. A small tag is attached to furniture which is covered in this fabric.

If you want to know where "Brivelvo" furniture may be obtained, write to The Pile Fabric Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Sunbridge Road, Bradford. If you live in London go to the London showrooms, 137, Cheapside, E.C.2.

Get them into healthy habits

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
OVEN-FRESH
FLAVOUR PERFECT

Sometimes children have to be tempted to eat what is good for them. Not when you give them Kellogg's Corn Flakes, though. It's a flavour treat they clamour for. It does you good to see them enjoy a meal so much.

Kellogg's is full of body-building nourishment—and it encourages children to use more milk.

Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast, after school, at bed-time—with cold milk, cream, or fresh fruit added. Kellogg's save cooking—save money. A 6½d. packet, oven-fresh, ready to serve, contains 10 heaping platefuls.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA 6½d. per packet. Irish Free State excepted

473

VAREEN *The Satisfaction Liquid Nail Polish*

A Pleasure to use. Durable in colour and finish. Gives an exquisite finishing tone to My Lady's Toilet.

● *FAVOURITE COLOURS*

Natural, Rose, Pale Coral, Coral, Deep Rose, Pearl, Blush Pearl, Rose Pearl, White, Lake Red, Orange, Carnation, Dark Red, etc.

Liquid Nail Polish - - - - 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
Remover - - - - - - - - 1/- and 1/6
Cuticle Cream - - - - - - 1/- and 1/6
Nail White Pencil, which is also an effective cuticle remover - - - - 1/-

Obtainable from Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridge's, Whiteleys, all stores and chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers and Manicurists.

VAREEN LTD., LONDON, W.11

Vareen
Nail
Polish

Prepare your figure for the Summer *NOW!*

SPRINGTIME IS SLIMMING TIME . . . . .

The advent of Spring brings to mind new dresses and creations. The figure, which has been allowed to be neglected and concealed by winter coats, demands a course of SLENDENE-VALETTA to restore its graceful lines, and to do justice to fashion's decrees. No time should be lost. Start immediately and know the natural reduction of adipose and the invigorating tonic effects which only this perfectly harmless treatment can accomplish.

It is NOT a drug. It Tones as it SLIMS . . . . . .

Nothing could be simpler. You just drink SLENDENE-VALETTA as you would drink tea, preferably before meals. And you make it in much the same way—by simple infusion. No need for strict dieting. You can eat normally and with full enjoyment. Do not delay. Enjoy life more by being slim and fit. Send crossed P.O. or cheque for 7/6 and receive sufficient SLENDENE-VALETTA for six weeks' intensive treatment.

Dr. H. E. P. CLASSICS, LTD.,
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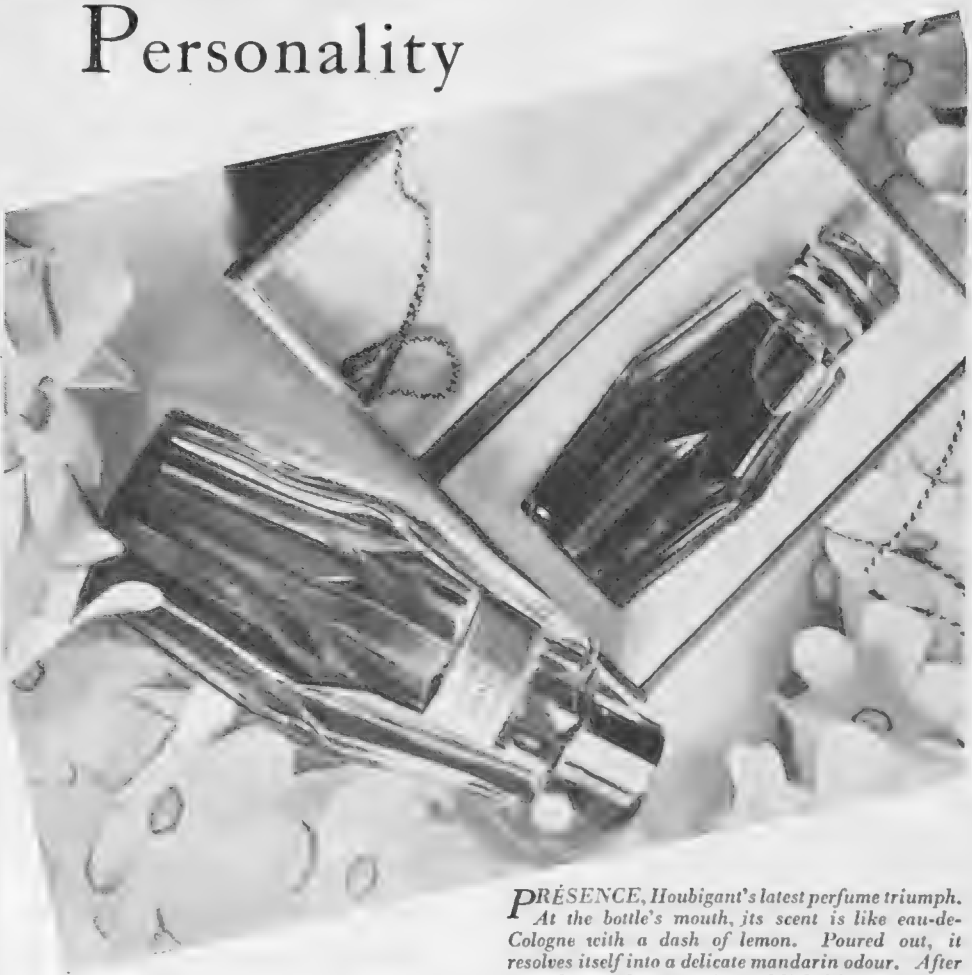
Close, London, E.C.I.

SLENDENE-VALETTA
SLIMMING TONIC

Perfume and Personality



PRÉSENCE, Houbigant's latest perfume triumph. At the bottle's mouth, its scent is like eau-de-Cologne with a dash of lemon. Poured out, it resolves itself into a delicate mandarin odour. After some hours, there remains a delightful scent, subtle, tender and sharply sweet. It comes to you in an attractive green moiré case. Eau-de-Cologne Présence and Face Powder Présence are in the same series

BELIEVING that it would be kind to give something frivolous and gay to one whose life is necessarily grim, I sent a bottle of luscious perfume to an elderly friend for her birthday.

She has no pennies left on Friday nights to buy such things for herself.

For what it cost me, I could have bought her any of the really useful things she badly needs. A new hearthrug, a pair of blankets, six pairs of strong wearable stockings, a good silk umbrella.

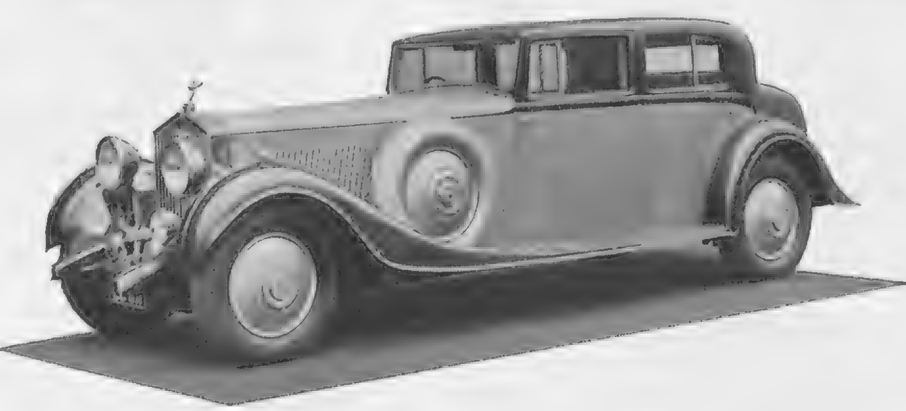
But I didn't. I gave her perfume. And it was my mistake.

I ought to have gone out and bought her something else. Something useless, of course, but something to cherish and admire, to bring a little colour and excitement into her life. A satin, kittenish bed jacket would have been an idea, or extravagant, feathered mules, or very expensive silk stockings, or an elaborate powder compact. Anything gay and lovely would have been a good choice, anything but perfume.

My friend sniffed it, replaced the stopper, and sniffed again, this time with a disapproval and a reproach she tried politely not to show.

For in that sniff she had detected the delicately clever blending of the heady and the audacious that made it a perfume which Nell Gwynne might have used.

And with that sniff I knew that the bottle will *(Continued on page 140)*



A BEAUTIFUL example of modern automobile construction is this 40/50 h.p. Rolls Royce supplied by The Car Mart Ltd. to Major Grigg

miracle-ride

a new page in motoring history!

No words can describe the miraculous riding comfort of these Studebakers . . . no specification can even suggest their really amazing performance. Not even a £1,500 car can give you a ride like these wonder cars. Their swiftness, silence, smoothness and utter security must be experienced to be believed. Do yourself the justice and pleasure of trying the Miracle Ride Studebaker . . . at our expense . . . to-day.

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SALOONS FROM £348

- The miracle ride Studebaker Saloon provides luxurious accommodation for 5 people, it does 80 m.p.h., 20 m.p.g. and the tax is only £19/10/-.
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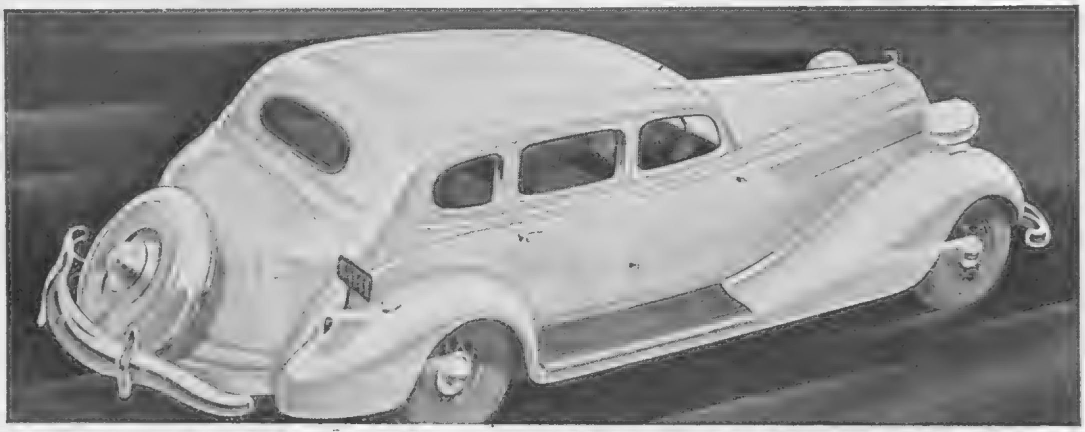

STUDEBAKER

THE SUIT OF THE MONTH

"HORTENSE"
Smart Linen Suit in crease-resisting guaranteed fabric, Colours: Natural, Pink, Green, Blue, Lemon. Hips: 38, 40, 42 in. Price 60/-

Sent on approval

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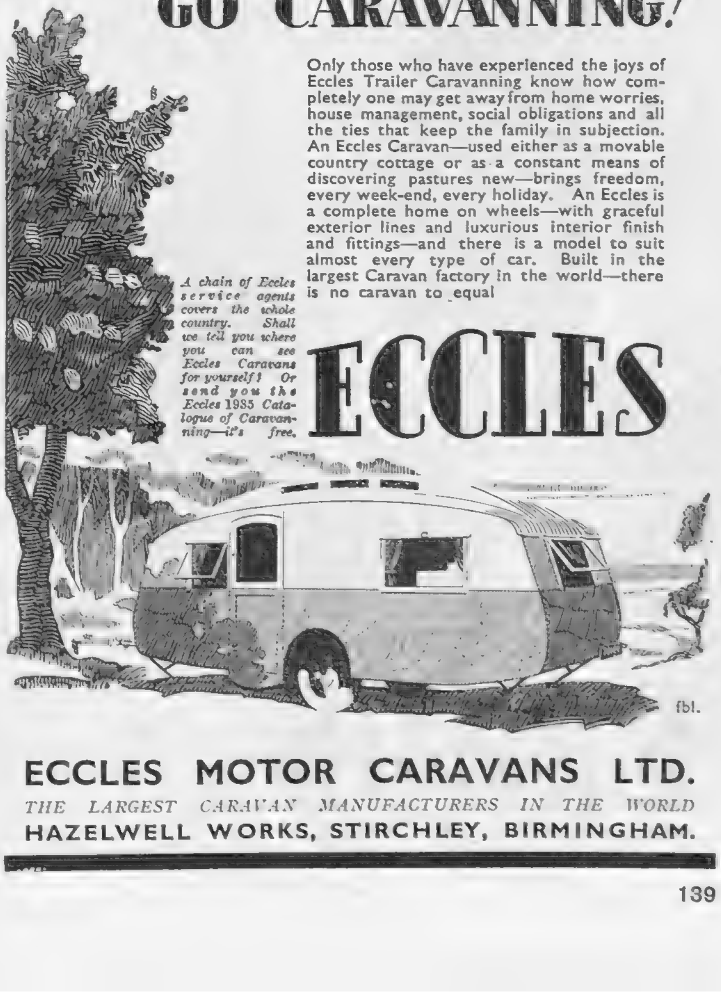
BE FREE
Get away from home ties....
GO CARAVANNING!



Only those who have experienced the joys of Eccles Trailer Caravanning know how completely one may get away from home worries, house management, social obligations and all the ties that keep the family in subjection. An Eccles Caravan—used either as a movable country cottage or as a constant means of discovering pastures new—brings freedom, every week-end, every holiday. An Eccles is a complete home on wheels—with graceful exterior lines and luxurious interior finish and fittings—and there is a model to suit almost every type of car. Built in the largest Caravan factory in the world—there is no caravan to equal

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HAZELWELL WORKS, STIRCHLEY, BIRMINGHAM.

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IN
MATERNITY
WEAR

Illustrated
Price List
on request

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Two-piece in light Wool with jabôt attached to the Dress. The Coat is faced up with printed Crêpe-de-Chine to match Dress

RICHARD
SANDS
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stay on her dressing table, a decoration, but nothing else.

My friend has a scent of her own. You detect it on other elderly ladies of her type, when they take the air in Kensington Gardens or go out to do the quiet shopping. It is a not unpleasant odour, a mixture of strong soap, furniture polish and camphor.

But it was as foolish to give her that perfume as to give a piano to someone who cannot play, or a lovely book to one who cannot read.

For perfume, to have any meaning, has to accompany your personality so closely that it seems to be the essence of it.

When it does this it adds charm, grace and delight to your life.

How important, therefore, to choose the right perfume, one which not only expresses you as a person, but slips into your atmosphere, your moods and the things you are doing at the moment.

That heady, white-flowered perfume—perhaps it is gardenia, jasmine, tuberose—which you lovingly use before putting on a star-spangled chiffon evening gown for an evening that is going to be remembered, won't suit you at all for a strenuous morning's shopping, or playing golf, or walking down the garden path.

Moreover, if your nose is snub, or you have freckles, or your sense of humour is perky, or your manner frank, or your way of life earnest, be careful before you experiment with the subtle, insinuating, artificial perfumes which abound in such good and infinite variety to-day. Instead of adding glamour, they may merely seem incongruous.

of flower scents, each blissfully reminiscent of its origin. Their "Lilas" is particularly fresh and lovely, so near to the scent of a lilac bush that, close your eyes and you might be standing next to one.

Eau-de-Cologne and lavender water suit almost every occasion, and practically every woman under the sun.

The sour-sweet sharpness of verbena is better, perhaps, to be the scented accompaniment of dusting powder, bath salts, toilet water, rather than your main perfume.

* * *

If you are not perfume trained, however, it is a good idea to go along and talk to someone who really does understand the art and science of suiting perfume to the personality.

At Coty's new salon in Bond Street there is an expert who will tell you at once which type of perfume dots the i's of your personality.

If your perfume does not come to you as a presentation, don't think of getting a cheap one. It is unwise to economise in perfume. Rather go without. A cheap perfume means it has been distilled in a synthetic alcohol, whose odour can never be completely submerged after application.

And when you have acquired the perfume which seems, more than any other, to be *you*, learn to use it wisely.

Be neither too frugal nor too wildly extravagant. The most gorgeous perfume loses its point if it is poured on so violently that it announces itself like the blast of a trumpet.

J. B.

OF THE MONTH
THE DRESS

"SUZANNE" -afternoon frock in Printed Crepe Cella. Colours: White/Lido/Black, White/Green/Black, White/Beige/Brown, White/Yellow/Navy, White/Pink/Black. Hips: 38, 40 and 42 in.
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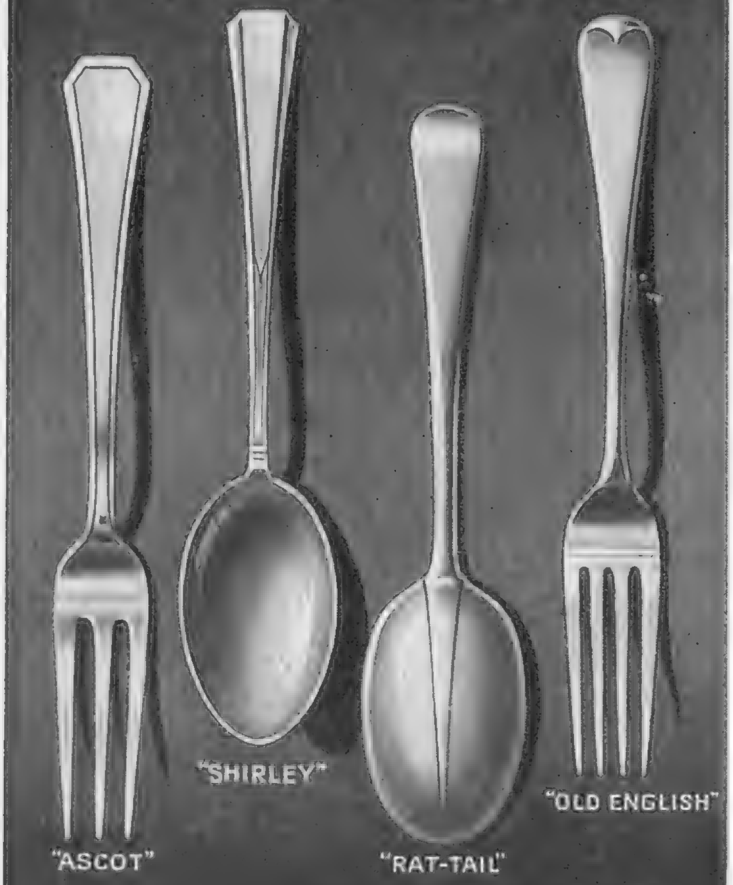
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. THE KING

SPOONS AND FORKS



		"ASCOT"	"SHIRLEY"	"RAT-TAIL"	"OLD ENGLISH"
12 Table Forks	Sterling Silver	£6.17.3	£6. 1.6	£5.12.3	£5. 7.9
	Regent Plate	£1.15.0	£1.15.0	£1.10.0	£1.10.0
12 Table Spoons	Sterling Silver	£6.17.3	£6. 1.6	£5.12.3	£5. 7.9
	Regent Plate	£1.15.0	£1.15.0	£1.10.0	£1.10.0
12 Dessert Forks	Sterling Silver	£4.19.0	£4. 7.6	£4. 1.0	£3.17.9
	Regent Plate	£1. 7.0	£1. 7.0	£1. 2.6	£1. 2.6
12 Dessert Spoons	Sterling Silver	£4.19.0	£4. 7.6	£4. 1.0	£3.17.9
	Regent Plate	£1. 7.0	£1. 7.0	£1. 2.6	£1. 2.6
12 Tea Spoons	Sterling Silver	£2. 9.9	£2. 4.3	£1.12.6	£1.11.3
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FRESHER

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LOVELIER

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Day after day, woman after woman leaves Marguerite Hoare's Salon looking younger, fresher, lovelier than before.

It is a concrete fact that certain signs of ageing can be corrected—are being corrected daily, hourly, in the Salon, and the good work is being continued in thousands of homes all over the country.

Obviously beauty cannot be mass-produced—every Marguerite Hoare client presents an individual problem and every treatment system is individually prescribed.

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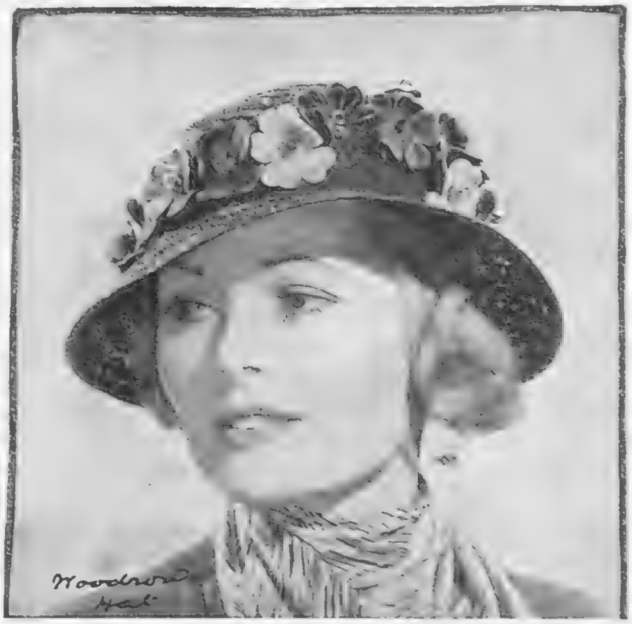
WOODROW

46, Piccadilly, London, W.1

By Appointment



28 B. & E. "The Viona." Charming Hat in soft woven Ramee plait, in a lovely new shade of beech brown, with dainty wreath of hand-made felt and velvet flowers in contrasting shades **35/-**

This hat can be supplied in all sizes; also in navy, black, red, grey, violet, hyacinth blue or beige.

Heavyweight crêpe de Chine scarf, Ombre effect, in lovely shades, **12/6**

AGENTS FOR DEXTER COATS.

A Selection can be had on approval on receipt of London trade reference, or an amount on deposit.

PYORRHŒA?

NOT
ME!

THIS MOTHER knows the value of healthy gums. Both she and her children have sound teeth in healthy bodies.

HER FIRST BABY. Before she had her first baby her gums became very tender, and her teeth gave her a lot of trouble. She asked her dentist's advice.

WHAT HER DENTIST TOLD HER. He explained that during the vital months, decay of the teeth and tenderness of the gums progress more rapidly than at any other time. Neglect at this period is a direct invitation to the dread Pyorrhœa germ, which lies hidden for years, and whose first visible symptoms are receding gums which bleed at a touch. An unhealthy gum condition can affect the unborn child's constitution. Healthy resistance to infection can only be maintained by regular care of the gums and sensible diet.

DARE YOU NEGLECT IT? The effects of gum neglect are tragic. Pyorrhœa means the loss of *good* teeth as well as bad, and a general poisoning of the whole system. Once Pyorrhœal symptoms are established, only a dentist can give you treatment—sometimes a long and disheartening business.

PREVENTION IS SO SIMPLE. Yet nothing is so easy to guard against as Pyorrhœa. Daily massage with Forhan's for the Gums keeps tissue firm and healthy—free from germs. And Forhan's, besides being a first-rate toothpaste, contains those astringent and antiseptic properties necessary for the prevention of Pyorrhœa. Don't risk delay—get a tube to-day!

● When next you see Forhan's displayed—buy then and there!

Forhan's
for the gums

FORHAN'S LIMITED, ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Pink Dynamite

(*Continued from page* 15)

the stuff offered, or see the price break. At the 122s. mark, it began to break, because the financial groups back of the corner operation were by now suffering from acute shellac indigestion. It was at this point that the private citizens who had been dabbling in the shellac gamble abruptly realised with horror that it was pink dynamite they held—and it was squibbing off in their fingers.

Most of these citizens came into the market through the back door of the stockbroker, or half-commission men, through whom they normally bought and sold stocks and shares. The citizen would become interested, from something his broker said, or from what he read in the finance columns of his paper, or because Bill Jones had told him he had bought a few hundred cases and urged him to help himself to a bit of a sure thing. The stockbroker would introduce his client to a produce broker, privately tipping off the latter that the client was good for so much—it might be £100 or £1,000—so that the commodity man would know how far he could safely allow the new client to speculate on credit.

METHODS of settlement vary with different commodities. In shellac, a speculator had a three-months run before he had to settle differences—pay out, or receive, cash representing the difference between his buying price and the price on settlement day. Many small speculators bought from 100 to 1,000 cases, believing that they were in something that might move a shilling or two at a time, leaving them with plenty of time to get out without a big loss.

But when the price broke, it broke suddenly 5s., and then 10s. One small speculator of my acquaintance, who had bought at 121s., wanted to cut his loss at 117s. But his broker told him the price was 115s.—and no buyers. No buyers! He must have felt like a man who goes mountain climbing and finds that the projections he has climbed by have broken off in his tracks. Why, the stuff might fall to anything; it might fall to 50s.—and he would have to find the difference between 50s. and 121s. on 500 cases! He got out at 113s.

But there were many others who hung on, bewildered, and unwilling to cut their loss. Some sold at 103s., saw the price recover to 116s. bought again to recoup their loss—and saw the price break away again and go down, down. All the time the thought was present in their apprehensive minds: "Oh, but the big groups I've been told about—they've got a million or more locked up in the stuff—they'll come back and restore the price—they must!" The small gamblers could not for a long time grasp that the big gamblers had made the usual mistake, and were in just the same plight as the ordinary citizen who had been lured away by the mirage of easy profits with practically no risk.

Of the sad story of the collapse of the attempt to corner shellac let us say no more than that the price as I write is about 70s. a case, and market men say it will take the big boys longer to get out of their shellac holdings than it will take the pepper group to market that mountain of pepper weighing 21,000 tons.

People whose (*Continued on page* 144)

You try . . .

Marmalade made from limes★ !

An altogether *new* kind of marmalade! The spiciest, fruitiest, juiciest marmalade that has ever gone into a jar! Luscious? Tempting?—why some people can't even wait to spread it—they just put it on in lumps. Lumps mind you! Extravagant maybe—but what an *excuse* to be greedy. *You* try some for breakfast to-morrow—only be sure you make plenty of toast.

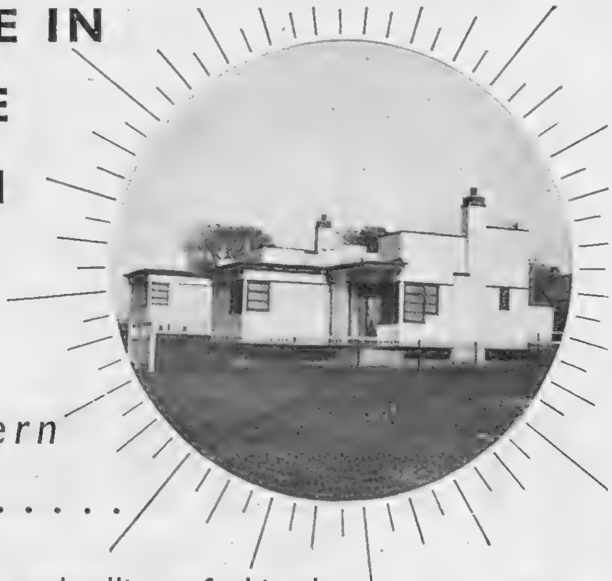
ROSE'S
LIME MARMALADE

ROSE'S
Lime Marmalade
10½d. *one pound jar*

★ *Made wholly from fresh West Indian limes and pure cane sugar. Acknowledged by medical opinion as a wonderful tonic for the blood.*

LIVE IN THE SUN

this modern way . . . . .



Live in a dwelling of this day and age. A timber built house, modern, refined and sound. A week-end bungalow or a permanent home which will be as much admired in the years to come as it is now. Cool in summer. Warm in winter. Dry always.

● *From £195, sent in sections, carriage paid to nearest goods station, for purchasers to erect on their foundations.*

Various Bungalow designs are illustrated in Catalogue 416—free on request.

BOULTON & PAUL, LTD.
NORWICH London Office & Showrooms: 139, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4

What are the eyes like that look back from your mirror?

Are they dull, heavy, lifeless—the eyes of age? Or are they clear, alert and sparkling—the eyes of youth?

Nothing makes such a difference to your appearance as your eyes. No amount of make-up can give youth and animation to the face if your eyes are dull and heavy from want of proper care.

It is so easy and simple to keep your eyes young—with Optrex. A daily bathe with this gentle astringent and tonic lotion keeps them fit and fresh, gives the whites the pearly gleam of youth, and keeps age-giving lines and wrinkles at bay. It takes no more time than brushing your teeth—and is every bit as important. Optrex is not merely a beauty lotion, it is designed primarily as a scientific treatment to keep the eyes in perfect health. All such minor eye troubles as styes, redness, bloodshot whites, waxed-up lashes, vanish before Optrex, and it safeguards the eyes effectively against the risk of dangerous germ infection.

The formula—the result of four years' research—is based on purified and stabilised plant extracts. It contains no harmful ingredient and is absolutely safe for regular use by young and old alike.

Start caring for your eyes as you care for your teeth, your hair, your skin. You will be amazed to find how much fitter and fresher you feel—*and look!*

OPTREX *BRAND* EYE LOTION is sold at 2/-, 3/9 (*triple size*) and 8/- (*family size*)

Whether you wear glasses or not, have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner

Optrex
keeps your eyes young

CHILPRUFE OUTERWEAR REGᵈ
FOR CHILDREN

An entirely new range of Chilprufe Outerwear for Children, *at lower prices*, is now on sale. Each garment cut by hand; style, fabric, finish and workmanship, fully up to Chilprufe standards.

FINEST PURE WOOL

See the wide selection of fast shades and lovely new effects, at your local Chilprufe Agency.

Dress and Knickers, 6280 Size 24" In Royal, Ariel, Saxe, Almond From 20/3

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Visit our STAND No. 201 GROUND FLOOR, EMPIRE HALL at The Ideal Home Exhibition.

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO.
(JOHN A. BOLTON, Proprietor)
LEICESTER

normal activities do not bring them into touch with the mechanism of the great markets, the bottlenecks where supply meets demand, are astonished when news breaks of these sensational attempts to corner some queer commodity, like ground nuts, pepper, or shellac. But a corner is a corner, whatever it happens to be in. I knew a man who some years back had the brilliant idea of trying to corner the ants'-egg market. He bought a shipload at Liverpool. But unluckily he was unaware that some canny merchant had a warehouseful on London docks, and he only got out by the skin of his teeth. I lately asked a market authority if a corner could be established in dried flies—a commodity, believe it or not, which has its regular market, with quoted prices for the several recognised categories—and he replied perfectly seriously that it was a practical proposition for any financier who cared to try it.

Corners in the stock market are not unknown, although they are less frequent than they used to be. There is quite an intriguing little story to be told about a cornering operation now in process in our own stock market, although I cannot tell the story here because it centres around the efforts of one giant company to gain control of a small but lively competitor, and is only in mid-career now. Let us then cross the Atlantic and glance at the successful corner established by Lucky Baldwin, the most colourful figure in American gambling next to Bet-You-a-Million Gates.

Lucky Baldwin arrived in California at the time of the great gold strikes, with his wallet stuffed with money made in a quick gamble in grain. They were opening up the famous Comstock Lode then. Baldwin fancied one of the mines called the Ophir, and bought stock in it. Soon after, the stock slumped on a pessimistic statement issued by the mine managers. But Lucky Baldwin knew a thing or two. He did not accept that pessimistic statement. Instead, he sent a practical miner into the workings and had a secret assay made. It was as he had thought. The mine was rich; indeed, it was so much richer than the mine managers had dared to hope that they wanted to get back the shares owned by the outside investors. Hence the pessimistic statement. But Baldwin beat the managers to it. He bought up stock faster than they did, gained control of the property, and made a profit of millions, selling his shares to the gentlemen who felt they must have them, or bust.

Bet-You-a-Million Gates likewise knew all about the beauties of corralling the available supply of shares just at a time when somebody wanted them very badly. He cornered the stock of a railroad that J. Pierpont Morgan the Elder wanted, to round out a system, and made the old banker pay through the nose for his holding. "You are a very clever operator," Morgan said, at their interview. "I admire you. We may be of use to one another. My group are interested in the XYZ railroad. This is for your private information. We cannot go in and try to obtain control, the market would boost the shares to a fantastic price. But you, as a freelance operator, would be able to do it. We would give you a reasonable profit. It

(*Continued on page* 146)

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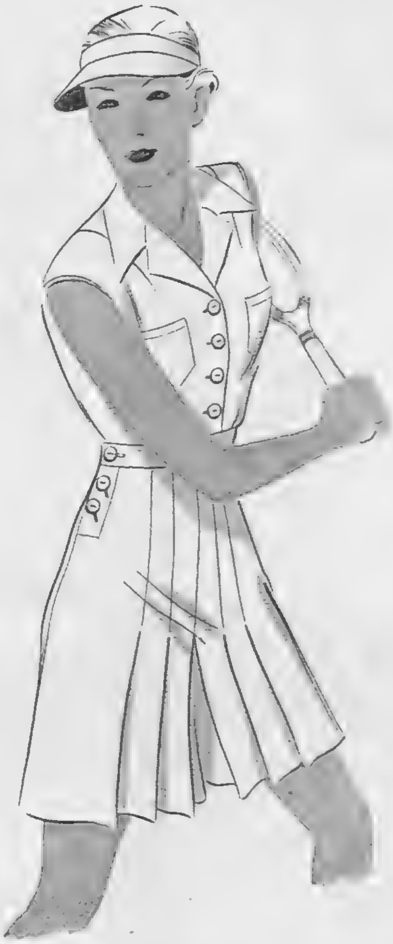

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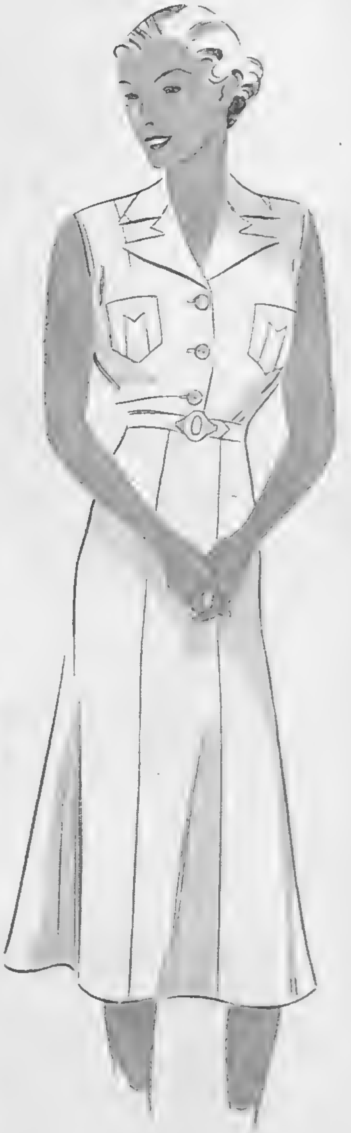

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One of the greatest problems of a newsagent is to decide exactly how many copies of a periodical he may require to meet the varying demands of the reading public. Over-ordering is responsible for much wastage. Readers are, therefore, asked to place, as far as possible, regular orders for their favourite periodicals to make the work of the newsagents easier and more economic.

would take a weight of money, probably more than you could swing; but our banks will back you." Gates, flattered, set out to corner the railroad. He went to the banks for his loans. At the height of the operation, his loans were called. He was busted sky-high. It is said that he went on his knees to old Morgan, who had tricked him, and that Morgan allowed him to get out with enough money to keep himself comfortably in his declining years, but on condition that he never operated in the market again—"for," said the old banker, "you're nothing but a buccaneer."

Gates, like Jimmy White for all his hardness and quickness, was essentially a simple soul. The functioning of his brain was severely circumscribed. He was easily taken in by the wily old financial statesman who owned a much more intricate mental mechanism. All gamblers have this curious flaw. They can be deceived, and usually end up by being badly deceived, either by men or by circumstances. The machines in their brain pans are not capable of making the requisite number of calculations to win the game when luck does not play their way.

Wheat has lured the great speculators as Cleopatra's smile enticed the conquerors of the ancient world. Twice wheat has been successfully cornered. But the number of men who have lost heavily, or been ruined, trying to corner wheat, is legion. The legion gained recruits last year.

Between 3,400,000,000 and 4,000,000,000 bushels of wheat are grown every year to feed the world's bread eaters. The big growers consume all they produce except 600,000,000 bushels which are bought by the other nations whose own crops (if any) do not cover their domestic needs. Hence, given normal or short stocks of old wheat, and short crops of new wheat, you will not have to buy many millions of bushels of wheat to establish a virtual corner.

It looked last year as if the conditions for a successful cornering operation were in sight. Weather conditions were phenomenal over the whole globe. There had been a remarkable diminution of moisture almost everywhere. In 1934 real drought came. Over the American wheat lands, an area twelve times the size of the British Isles, a strange dry heat, fanned by high winds, sucked the very life out of plants, grasses and trees. Even the sun-loving corn began to rustle and die over immense tracts, while devastating dust storms damaged or totally destroyed the growing crops.

Slowly, irresistibly, the price moved up. But the public did not notice it until the American Government crop experts published their sensational estimate of a spring wheat crop of only 70,000,000 bushels, against a normal of 240,000,000 bushels. Then there was talk of a wheat corner again, and the American gambling public jumped into the Chicago wheat pit and sent the price soaring. But did the big boys go on buying? They did not; they sold. Why? Because they know pink dynamite when they see it.

During the four previous years Nature had been so good—the rains falling, the sun shining, at just the right times—that the earth had produced bounteously.

(*Continued on page* 148)

GOLDEN WITH SUNSHINE

Why do people talk about the wonderful flavour of New Zealand Butter? Why do children (young and old) quickly come to prefer it to all others? What gives it that delightful golden colour? And why is it that it is always so perfect in quality at every season of the year? The reasons are far too many to state here, but the fact remains that wherever really good butter is appreciated New Zealand Butter will be found. Not long ago eminent doctors paid it high tribute by selecting it for special dietary test purposes. Indeed it is so much better than the next best, that it is always advisable to ask for "New Zealand" specially. You will see it clearly marked in all good grocers' shops.

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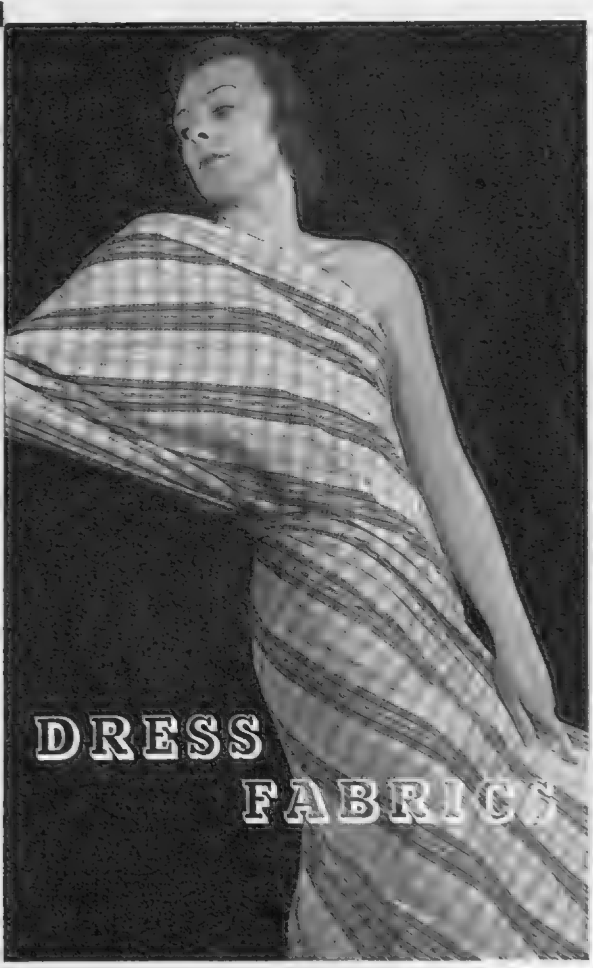

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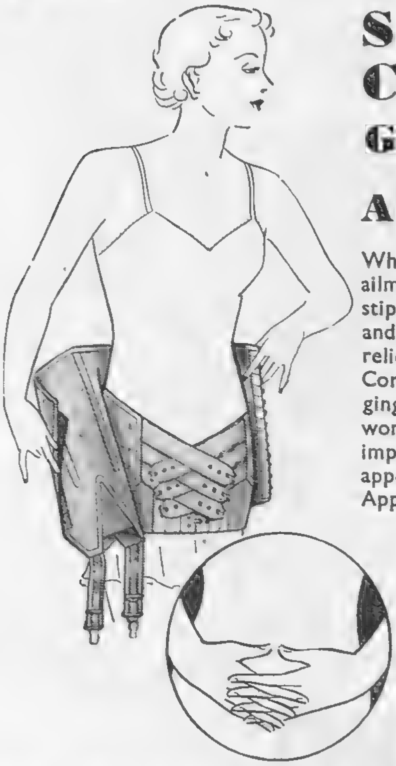

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Crops had been so huge that carry-overs had broken all records. The Canadian bins held 200,000,000 bushels; the American bins 156,000,000. The big operators knew that the world demand could be met from stocks, and that if they started any cornering operation they would be overwhelmed by an avalanche of old wheat. The pepper gamblers were not so wise.

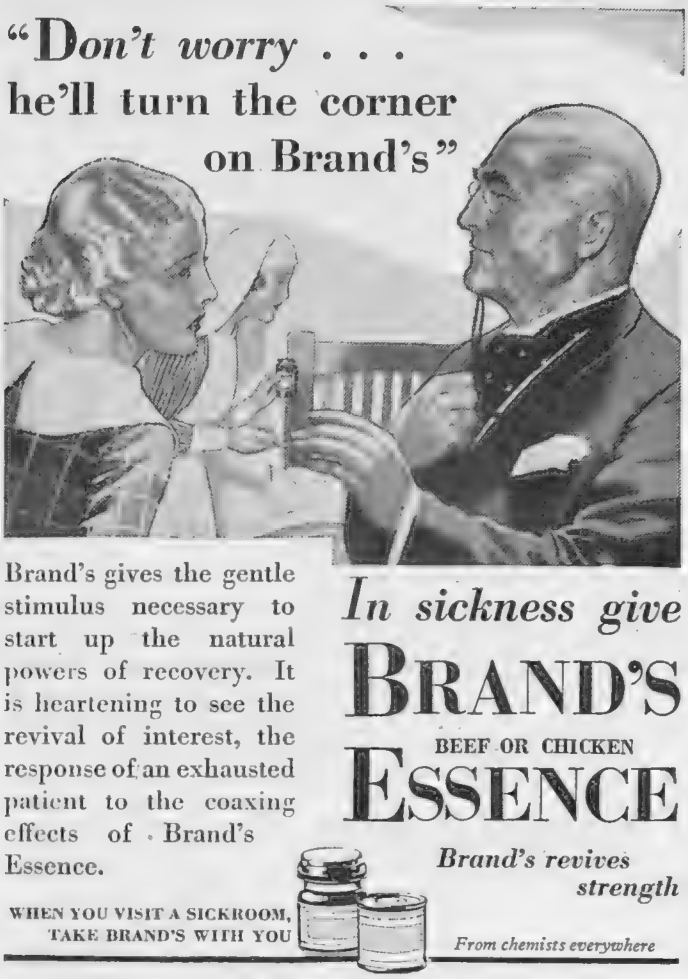
I KNEW a Lancashire man who made his first big fortune in a corner in a particular grade of cotton. It was back in the first decade of the present century. Trade was flat, had been flat for years, and our friend, a cotton broker, was flat, too. One day one of his spinning friends came in and said: "Jim (which was not his name), trade seems to be looking up. We're getting some orders." Our friend raised his long and sensitive nose and sniffed the air. A trade revival? He had practically nothing to lose, so he embarked on a gamble. Off he went with two of his clerks to the southern American cotton town where he bought his particular brand of cotton. A dead town. Warehouses full of cotton and nobody buying.

In the morning the Lancashire man began a round. "How much?"—"Oh, eightpence."—"Give you sixpence."—"No, sevenpence-halfpenny." — "Six-three-farthings." — "Sevenpence." — "Sold." The broker's two aides were doing exactly the same thing elsewhere. Presently men began to arrive at the club. "D'you know that blankety fool, Jim X? Well, he's bought my cotton! Haw-haw!" But when a dozen cotton men had come in and given vent to the same remark, the idea began to circulate that maybe the man from Lancashire wasn't such a blankety fool, after all; and when it was found that he and his aides had bought at lowest prices all the available supply of the high-grade cotton he dealt in, the surmise became conviction.

Next day, cotton jumped, and it went on jumping. By the time the broker got to New York he had a profit of £50,000 already on his purchases, and he could go to one of the big finance houses, which would not have looked at a cotton financing proposition three days before, and get all the money he wanted to carry his deals. He made £120,000 by the time he was through, not on a quick-turn on the market, but on the profit made selling the stuff he owned to the Lancashire mills that had to have it.

This man was not playing with pink dynamite. Nor was John D. Rockefeller, when he made the famous corner in oil which won him £30,000,000 in 20 years, and founded, with that block of capital, the world's largest fortune. Rockefeller knew he could never hope to corner crude oil as it gushed out of the subterranean reservoirs. There was too much of it. But he realised that he could corner the refineries, the bottlenecks through which the crude had to pass before it could reach the market. And he did corner them, buying up some and smashing others. It was as if one were to corner wheat by getting a stranglehold on the mills through which the grain must pass from the field to you.

So John D. is alive and rich, while Eugene Scales is dead and was broke before he died. Scales fooled about with pink dynamite— (*Continued on page* 150)



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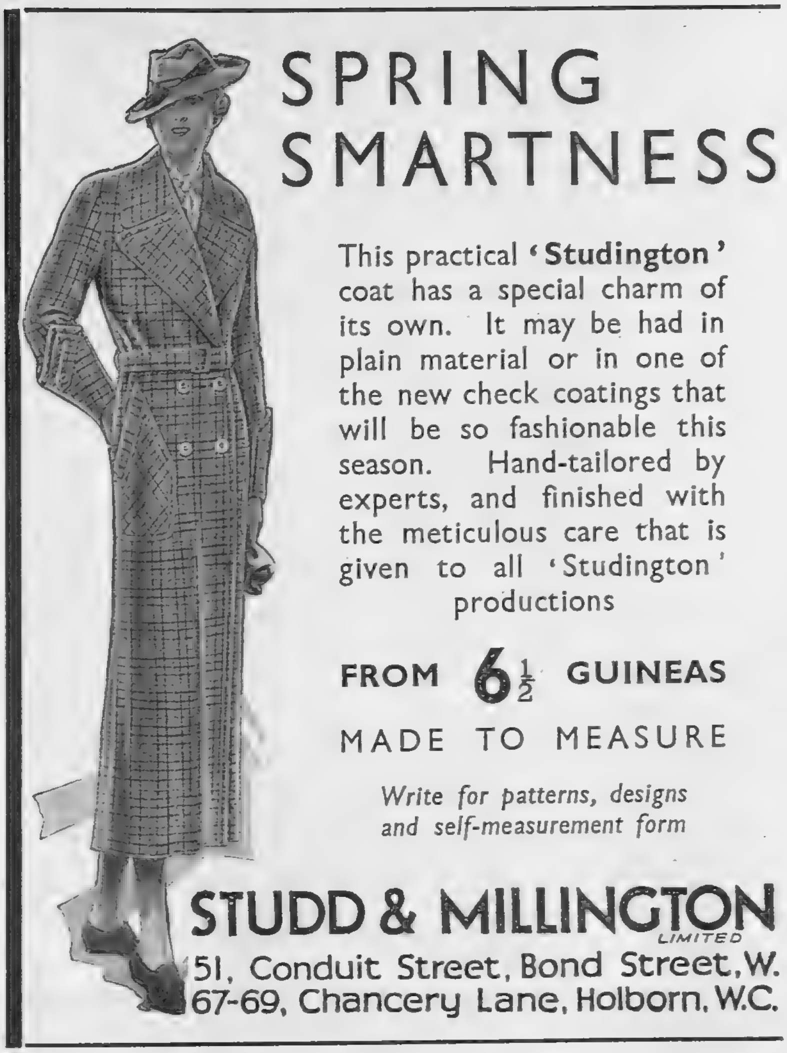

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just another grandiose gambler whose brain machine was not adequate to the task he set it. Once, he did manage to work the alchemist's trick with pink dynamite. He turned it into gold to the tune of £2,000,000 in 19 months. That was when he made his great corner in cotton—not buying cotton actually picked, baled, and in the warehouse, as our Lancashire friend, but cotton for delivery three months ahead. In short, he was gambling on the state of the crop.

IT was in April, 1908, that he undertook to pay 4d. a pound for July cotton. By July, cotton was selling at 5d. a pound; and he had a profit of 1d. a pound on 200,000 bales of 480 pounds weight each. He used his profit of £400,000 for bigger purchases in the "futures" market, gambling that cotton would rise further in price. And his gamble came off. By the summer of 1909, cotton was quoted at 6d. a pound.

Scales had 1d. a pound profit on 192,000,000 pounds this time. And still he gambled on, buying cotton at the higher price, instead of collecting his £800,000 profit and getting out of the market. He was gambling on the weather—a drought and a short crop. He proved a shrewd reader of weather reports. The 1908 crop had been 13,086,000 bales. The 1909 crop was only 10,073,000 bales. It looked as if a short crop the next year would raise cotton to 1s. a pound, and anyone who had bought ahead would make millions.

By the end of December, 1909, they were paying 9d. a pound for cotton deliverable the following May. Scales sold then, and took a profit of nearly £2,000,000. But, like all gamblers, he could not let well alone. In a few weeks, as the cotton market was rising still, he got in again. The market broke, and he lost most of his millions.

Then the market rose again, and three millionaires joined Scales in a pool to corner cotton. They bought, and saw cotton go up to 10d. a pound. But they failed to make the profits on which they had calculated, because they had forgotten that, if they were unable to sell immediately, they might have to accept delivery of the cotton they had bought, and store it, to keep it off the market, and hold up the price. And that is what happened. Their profits were whittled away by freight and storage charges in New York. Scales died a poor man.

To-day, we live in an age of pink dynamite. Even governments, seeking to raise prices by establishing corners and scarcities, are playing dangerously with the stuff. The Americans industriously slaughter pigs, and plough under cotton and wheat. The Brazilians zealously dump coffee into the sea so as to dispose of inconvenient stocks. The governments of the tin and rubber producing countries get behind their producing interests, who, thus backed, form a pool to push up prices on the rest of the world. France and America, having established a corner in gold, are now worried by the necessity for maintaining it, or seeing the price break. One of these days wiser men than we may find a way to handle this commodity production and marketing business in such a way as to neutralise the pink dynamite it contains. But that time is clearly afar off.

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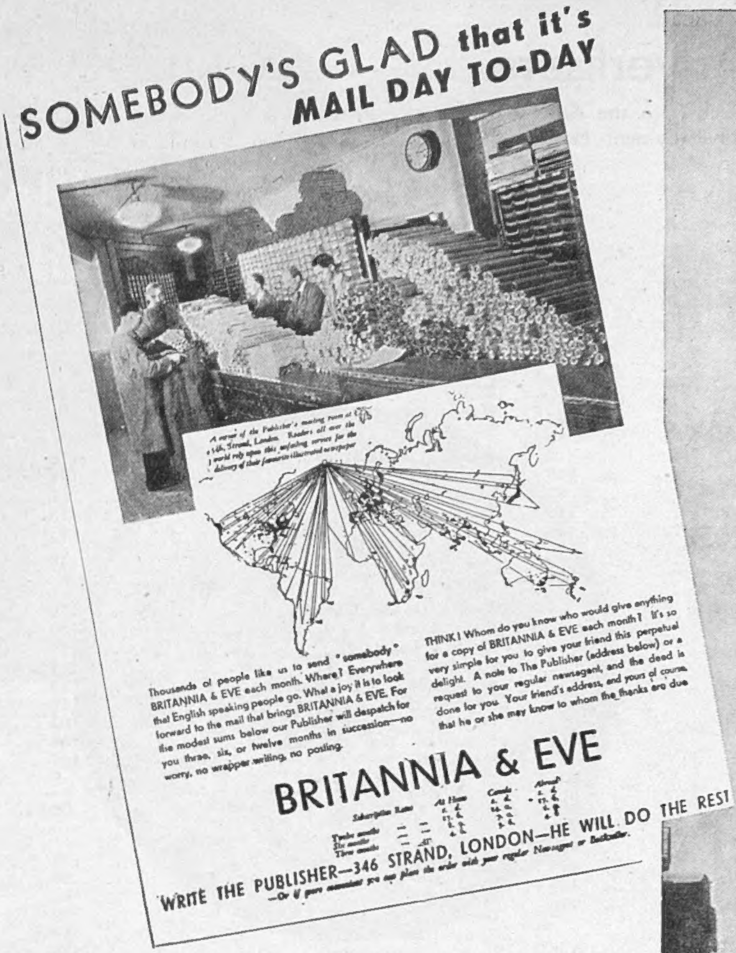

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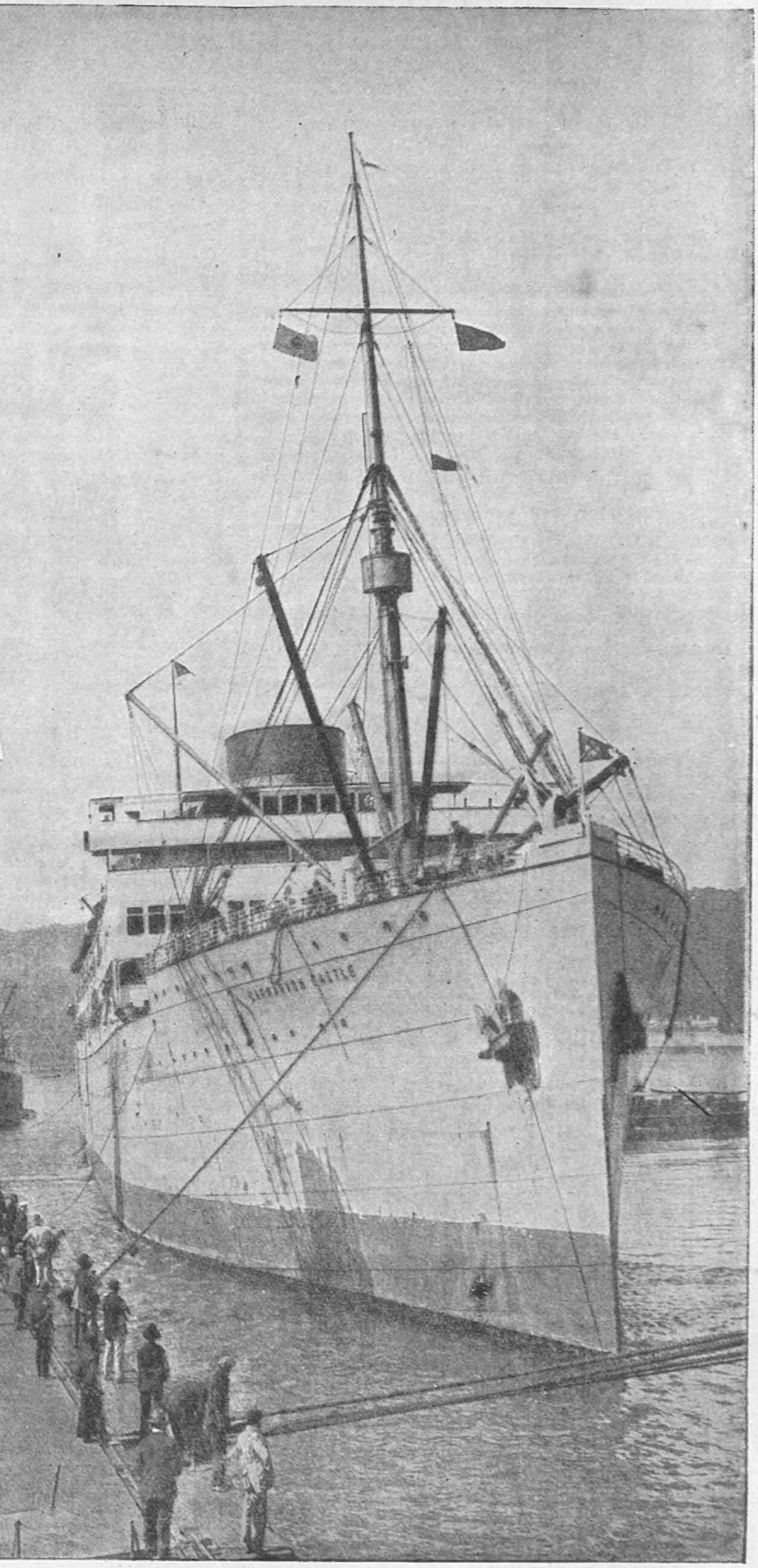

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132.P.J

Index to Advertisers

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PAGE

A
Abbott's Shoes 4
Allenbury's Food 146
Arden, Elizabeth 119
Aristoc 121
Austin Motor Co., Ltd. 78
Avon Tyres 82

B
Barnardo's Homes, Dr. 130
Bengers Food.. 130
Berlei Corsets.. 92
Bird's Custard .. .. .. Cover iv
Boulton and Paul 143
Bourjois 89
B.P. Ethyl 6
Brand's Essence 149
Bread 87
Brivelvo 112
Bronco 108
Burberry's, Ltd. 5
Byard Manufacturing Co. 132

C
Car Mart 82
Carr's Biscuits .. .. .. Cover iii
Cash's Names.. 110
Celanese 95
Chilprufe 144
Corot 1
Curtis, H. E. 148
Cuticura 128
Cystex 108

D
Daggett and Ramsdell 104
"Daily Mail" 107
Daimler 115
Debenham & Freebody 117
Dekart Panellings 133
Duroy, Helene 116

E
Eccles Motor Caravans, Ltd. 139
Energen Bread 145
Eno's Fruit Salt 97

F
Ford 111
Forhan's 142

G
Genasprin .. .. Cover iii
Goddard's Plate Powder 118
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths 141

H
Hampton & Sons 4
Harbutt's Plasticine 108
Henry Heath .. .. .. Cover iii
Hilfield Park 132
Hillman Motors 109
Hoare, Marguerite 141
Horlick's Malted Milk 129
Horrockses 147
Hosezene 106
Houbigant 85

K
Kayser Stockings 125
Kellogg's All Bran 84
Kellogg's Corn Flakes 137
Kelvinator 135
Kestos .. .. Cover ii
Kiwi 104
Kolynos 122

L
Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet 137
Larola 4
Lilla 106
Lillywhites 145
L.M.S. 149
L.N.E.R. .. .. Cover iii

M
Maclean's Stomach Powder 152
Mansion Polish 115
Mappin & Webb 124
Mariaherba Tea 134
Marmola 100
Marshall & Snelgrove .. 139, 140, 148, 150
Medilax 152
Meltonian 98
Milkaroni 123
Min Cream 134
Minty 76
Morris Motors 91

N
National School of Chiropody 132
Nestol 134
New Zealand Butter 147
Nugget Polish 115

O
Optrex 143

P
Palace Hotel, Torquay 150
Perry Pens 100
Phillips Patents 118
Phosferine 94
Phosferine Tonic Wine 132
Pierre's, Dr. 112
Player's Cigarettes 103
Pond's 101
Prestcold 127

Q
Quaker Oats 90

R
Restorene 152
Robinson & Cleaver 96
Ronuk 88
Rosebank Fabrics 73
Rose's Lime Juice 116
Rose's Marmalade 143
Ross, Malcolm 116
Roussel, T. 131
Rowland's Oil 118
Rubinstein, Helena 114

S
Sands, Richard 140
Sashena 96
Schweppes 105
Singer 113
Slendene-Valetta 138
Stephenson's Floor Polish 132
Stewart's Hair Dryer 110
Studd & Millington 149
Studebaker 139

T
Tangee 86
Tootal Broadhurst .. .. .. 74 and 75
Treasure Cot 126
Twilfit 93

V
Vandre, Ltd. 94
Vapex 110
Vapo-Cresolene 98
Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. 2
Vichy Celestins .. .. .. Cover iii
Vita-Weat 99

W
Wakefield Castrol 80
Wincarnis 102
Wolsey Stockings 5
Woodrow 141
Wright's Coal Tar Soap 136

Y
Yardley 120
Yorkshire Relish 102

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Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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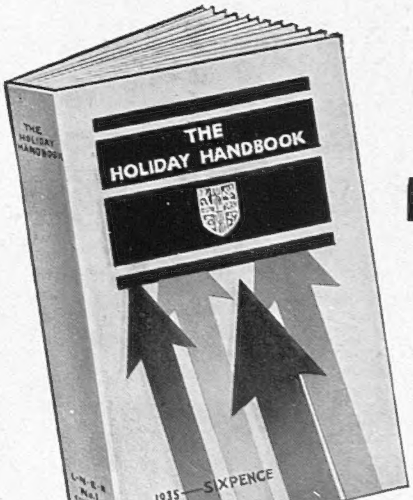

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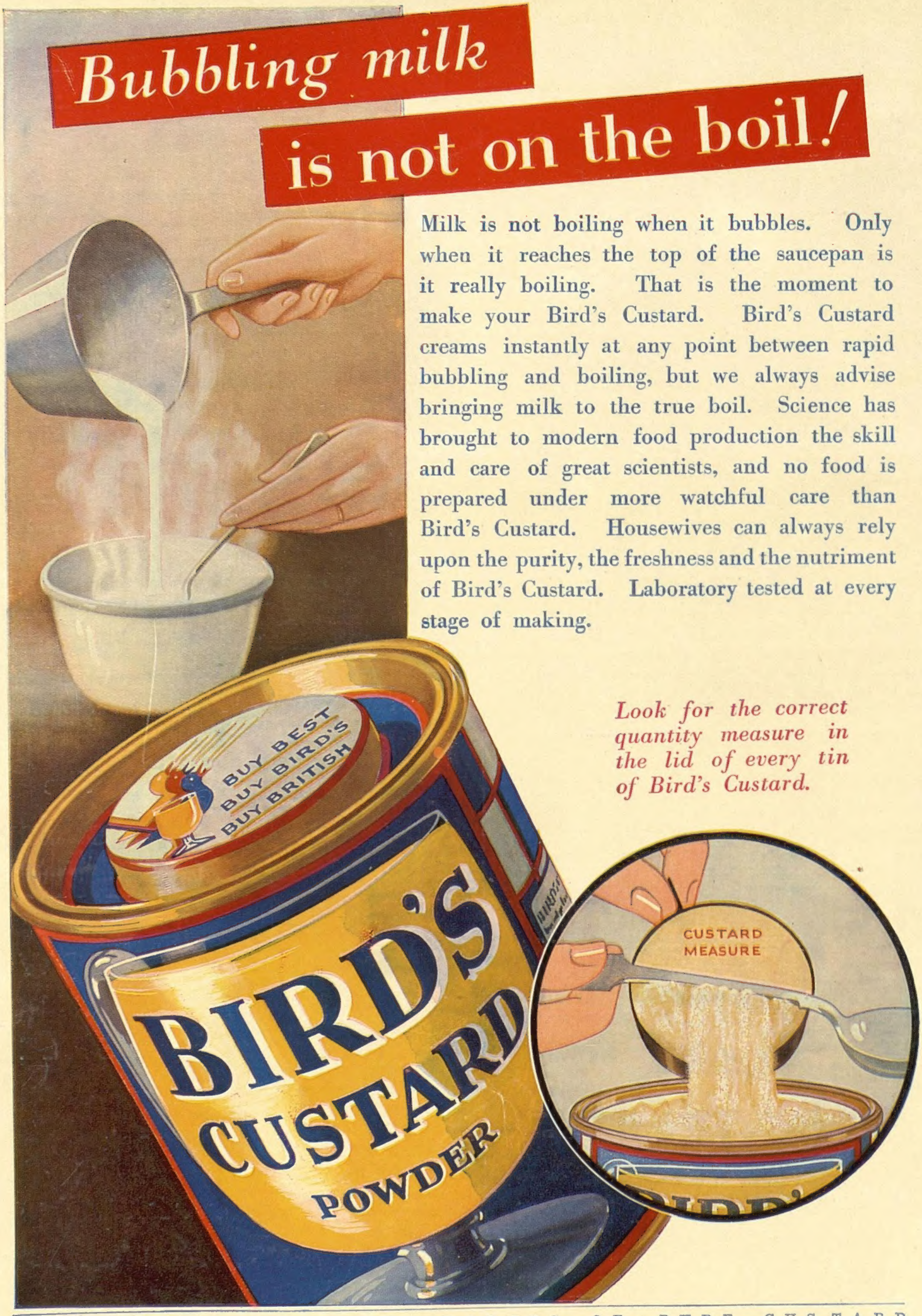

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